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THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

[The following is pronounced by the "Westminster Review" to be unquestionably the finest American poem ever written.—Ed.]

Within the sober realms of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dun waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther and the stream sang low,
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests erwhile armed with gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew—
Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before;
Silent, till some replying warder blew
His alienhorn, and then was heard no more.

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Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest,
  Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest
  By every light wind like a censer swung.

Where sang the noisy martins of the eaves,
  The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
  An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird that walked the vernal feast
  Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn;
To warn the reaper of the rosy east;
  All now was sunless, empty and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail;
  And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone, the pheasant drumming in the vale,
  Made echo in the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
  The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night,
The thistle down, the only ghost of flowers,
  Sailed slowly by—passed noiselessly out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most dreary air,
  And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
  Firing the floor with its inverted torch;

Amid all this—the centre of the scene,
  The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
  Sat like a fate and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow—he had walked with her,
  Oft supped and broke with her the ashen crust,
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
  Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
  Her country summoned, and she gave her all,
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume—
  Regave the sword to rust upon the wall.

Regave the sword, but not the hand that drew
  And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
  Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the dropping wheel went on,
  Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone,
  Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed,
  Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene,
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
  While death and winter closed the autumn scene.

THE REFORMER NEEDED.

Every student of history knows that there have been periods, when the ordinary principles which till then regulated human affairs, have failed ; and when strange passions have arisen to disturb the general weal. At such times love of old institutions and respect for the views of ancestors have no restraining influence; and States grey with age and enjoying the accumulated wealth of generations, grasp at innovations, heedless alike of the results of experience and the dictates of wisdom.

I do not advocate the violent radical changes which are often demanded by a frantic-stricken people ; but I *do* believe that the boasted enlightenment of the nineteenth century has been attained by a rapid succession of rigid, social and political reforms.

The spirit of reform induced the Peers of England to demand from the feeble, but tyrannical John the celebrated charter of English liberty at Runnemede. The spirit of reform animated the people of England to resist the profligacy, the proscriptions, and the Catholic usurpations of James II, and caused them to request the ruler of the Dutch to cross the English channel. William, Prince of Orange, accepted their petition, and hurled a race of arbitrary monarchs from the throne. It was this same beneficent spirit of reform, that constrained the valiant heroes of 1776, to resist taxation without representation, and they have bequeathed to us a heritage, of which any land might well be proud—the Constitution of the United States.

Passive obedience might never have obtained this inestimable blessing.

Who, then, will accept the philosophy of evolution as applied to the physical world? The theory may appeal in behalf of science, the so-called benefactor of mankind; it may have the support of great names, but we will not believe that no teaching or policy can advance the work of social development beyond a certain normal rate. The time has not arrived when the reformer, like the fossil animal of the past, should retire from the living world, and leave the task of progress to social evolution. He will never become extinct, till that millennial day shall come, when man will have attained that standard of excellency, that as yet, exists only in the imagination of the most sanguine idealist. Who can truthfully controvert the beautiful statement of Mr. Motley, that the generation that plants is not the generation that gathers in the harvest, but all mankind at last inherit what is sown in the blood and tears of a few?

Away, then, with the deceptive doctrine that reforms are never demanded! But, is the reformer needed now? This is indeed a marvelous age. It is the age of a Franklin, of a Morse, of a Maury, and of an Edison; it is the age in which man has forced science to disclose the hitherto hidden and wonderful resources of nature; it is an age of prosperity and progress, and it is as truly an age of reform.

The genius of liberty has been blown by the strange breath of reforming energy over all the continent of Europe. From the classic Mediterranean to the cold and sluggish Arctic seas the thrones of despots are trembling at the ominous tendency of the times.

In England there is an intense radicalism which is struggling to abolish the existing government and to erase the last vestige of royalty. The French have forgotten the "Reign of Terror;" they have forgotten Robespierre and Marat. Else why some time since, was the most attractive portion of Paris laid in ashes? It was the victim of madness of the Commune. In Russia there is Nihilism, and a Czar has recently fallen before the desperate purpose that controls and inflames a large portion of the inhabitants of the realm. The reforming element in Russia is discovered in the numerous attempts to assassinate the venerable William. The periodicals of the day are filled with the Irish agitation. What will issue from this great restlessness of Europe? Will statesmanship disregard that political barometer, public discontent, and seek to restore quiet and repose by vigorous and tyrannical repression? Recognized suffering cannot be removed by oppression, neither can its stern demands be successfully answered by violence.

Nihilism must be appeased by many concessions; the Commune will change the political complexion of France; and England will respond to the Parnell agitation by granting a beneficent "land-law" to the Irish people. Yes, the re-

formers will yet liberate Ireland, oft misrepresented, sorely oppressed Ireland! These are some of the calamities with which the Eastern world is threatened.

Who can say that the condition of affairs in the United States is better? We have not a perfect government yet. The issues between the political parties of the nation are now scarcely appreciable. This is deplorable. Two parties, with dissimilar platforms, are essential to the welfare of any government; the one being necessary as a restraining influence upon the other. Our country longs for a party with distinct, clearly defined, and important purposes and views. It is tired of campaigns conducted solely upon shameful personal attacks on candidates. It is tired of the "bloody shirt;" tired of all sectionalism in politics. Let party-leaders, North and South, remember that the people are looking to them for this great reform!

Then there is *Socialism*, with its levelling precepts and degrading aims; Communism, which overrides even the love of life, and silences even the fear of death; *Mormonism*, that hyena of modern debasement, the consequences of whose ravages no man can contemplate without horror, if he values those most inestimable of all jewels, domestic peace and social happiness, and reverence that great law, that sacred command of nature and nature's God, upon which all good government is based, and without which society itself would be a curse. Socialism, Communism, and Mormonism are dangers that threaten the existence of our society.

The labor question is a momentous issue, involving one of the chief problems of reform. There exists also the portentous conflict between the madness of Communism and the grasping rapacity of capital. How can this conflict be safely ended? The capitalist must learn that manual labor is honorable, and that he cannot control the sentiments of the working classes. The reformer must teach the laborer that strikes never accomplish their object, that it is only by the happy co-operation of labor and capital that his own interests are best subserved and the whole country made prosperous.

There is another topic that challenges the helping hand of reform. There should be a complete and total separation of our civil and ecclesiastical affairs. Even the very appearance of this unhallowed miscegenation should be avoided; and public sentiment should compel those learned northern divines who, regardless of their saintly mission, would tamper with politics, to cease defiling the sanctity of the Christian religion by forcing it into corrupt alliance with ungodly political enterprises. These are some of the errors into which we have fallen. Upon their reform may depend the future welfare of our republic.

The reformer is needed. But, who is to be the reformer? What can burst the ties that bind us to these delusions? If there is a panacea

for our ills and dangers, it is *Universal Education.* By education we mean that course of instruction that regards the triune nature of man, and seeks to cultivate his physical and moral, as well as his mental nature. The nation can never prosper, or fulfill its mission, so long as there is an ignorant populace whose passions the demagogue may recklessly kindle. We need a more efficient system of public instruction. The mental and moral educator is the reformer needed. It is he that will mould the fortunes of the coming years. And the printing-press can materially assist him in his important work.

To the educated press of the land, the people are looking for an abolition of the feeling now existing between the two great sections of our country. Soon one-fourth of a century will have elapsed since the avowed termination of civil strife; the issues of '61 are of the past. Shall the passions and prejudices engendered by those buried issues continue to be inflamed by our periodicals? May the day speedily come when, forgetting North, forgetting South, *Americans* all, with one honest and harmonious voice shall exclaim: God of nations! God of mercy! cement and save the Union of our fathers!

The task of the reformer is great. Let us all aid him in his grand, his glorious mission. Let us aid him with all possible means to

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring out the false, ring in the true!

N. J. ROUSE.

VIRTUE, LIBERTY AND SCIENCE.

[Extracts from an Address delivered before the Philanthropic Society in August, 1876, by F. D. Winston, of Bertie county.]

These words are the motto of our Society, the faith of its members, and the glory of its founders. They carry the mind back to the days of the Revolution, when Virtue achieved Liberty and Science was born of both. They lead the mind forward into the future, when the nations of the earth shall be gathered together, when man shall love man, and truth alone shall reign. They typify the noblest qualities of the race, the strongest forces of civilization. What is Science without Liberty, and what is Liberty if Virtue be dead?

Among the Ancients virtue was synonymous with valor. To be virtuous meant to be brave. The highest type of virtue was the sacrifice of life for one's country. Horatius stood on the bridge and defied the host of Etruscans. His country's reward was liberty, his own was immortality.

"Go, stranger, and at Lacedæmon tell,
That, in obedience to her laws, we fell."

How sweet it was to die for liberty within that mountain pass. Inhaling the perfume of the laurel,

in the dim morning light saluted by the merry notes of the earliest songsters, kissed by the rosy lips of blushing morn, the little band laid down their lives. They did a deed whereon the world may gaze forever.

With us virtue is greater than valor. It implies piety and reverence, and gratitude towards God; justice, loyalty and charity towards others; chastity, sobriety and moderation towards self. Virtue is the hand-maid of poverty. It loves to dwell with toil and labor. The possession of wealth leads too often to license and lust, destructive no less to the virtues of the soul than to the strength of the body. Most nations in their infancy are virtuous. Virtue is not then overpowered by wealth, and poverty is not crushed by the heel of power. Our Society was born in the infancy of this great republic; and well did the heroes of those days understand that the true basis both of national and individual greatness is virtue.

"Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall."

Virtue is the mother of all good qualities; the great ocean of goodness, whence all the streams and rivers of human kindness have their birth. Every good heart is the dwelling-place of virtue; every doer of good deeds a soldier in its service. But virtue must be illumined by knowledge. Good intentions must be directed by the spirit of truth. Intelligence is essential to the highest virtue, and therefore Virtue is allied with Science. Mr. Buckle, the philosophic historian, defines this union as follows: "There can be no doubt that a people are not really advancing, if on the one hand their increasing ability is accompanied by increasing vice, or if, on the other hand, while they are virtuous they become more ignorant. This two fold movement, which is of both a moral and an intellectual nature, is necessary to the very idea of civilization, and includes the entire theory of mental progress. To be willing at all times to attempt to perform what we know to be our duty is the moral or virtuous part, and knowledge of how it ought to be performed is the intellectual or science part, and the more compact the union between these two parts the greater the harmony with which they will work."

Knowledge is vain without virtue, and virtue without knowledge is blind. Virtue not only gives an inexpressible charm to greatness, it is greatness. It is, indeed, its own reward. The power of virtue is irresistible. Its possession is eternal. Well and truly says Pope:

"What nothing earthly gives nor can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize."

That Liberty should be one of the pillars on which the founders reared this edifice is in harmony with the circumstances attending its foundation. The Revolution was ended and freedom was won. Our fathers had sanctified it by their blood. They were now tast-

ing its sweets. The founders loved it and made it the central pillar of our arch. There is no happiness without Liberty. The national cry of every living, moving thing is for freedom. The lark, as it soars up to bathe itself in the golden waves of sunlight; the daisy, turning its modest, gladsome face to greet the dawn; the merry, prattling brook, that goes babbling and dancing over the pebbles; the everlasting hills clad in green; the restless wind and the patient grass, all exclaim, "I will be free."

Natural liberty is unrestrained. It was given by God to man at his creation, when he was endowed with the faculty of free will.

Political liberty should approach as nearly as possible to the liberty of man in his natural state. "Civil or political liberty," says Blackstone, "is nothing else than natural liberty, so far restrained by human laws as is necessary and expedient for the general advancement of the republic." It was for this liberty that our ancestors crossed the ocean, conquered the wilderness and the savage, and defied the power of Britain.

America is truly the home of liberty. There was a time when men were proud to do menial services for the monarchs of empires long since destroyed, but the proudest boast of a freeman to-day is, "I am a citizen of the United States." All the nations of the earth are paying homage to our republic. They are breathing in at Philadelphia the inspiration of freedom. We are sowing broadcast the seeds of liberty. Their harvest will yet cover the globe with a robe of peace, plenty and equality. Before the throne of freedom kings are no better than peasants, slaves are the peers of masters.

As we stand to-day,

> "With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
> And freedom's banner streaming o'er us,"

let us not forget the heroes that died to make life worth living; let us not forget that the founders placed before us Liberty as a constant summons to eternal vigilance, a reminder of the past and a safeguard for the future.

The third pillar of our arch is Science. It enlightens Virtue and adorns Liberty. There is no civilization without Science. There is no perfect happiness without knowledge. It is the sunlight of the intellectual world.

> "Ignorance is the curse of God,
> Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."

The Ancients trembled before the lightning and worshipped the moon. Moon and lightning are now harnessed in the service of Science. Man talks to man around the globe. The dream of the poet is daily realized.

> "I'll put a girdle round about the Earth
> In forty minutes."

Swifter yet! fairy Puck.

The annual records of science are more wonderful than the Arabian Knights entertainment. Knowledge is the only magician. No longer do men watch the sacred chickens eat or interpret the voices of the wind rustling among the

leaves. The nymph has fled from the fountain, the maid from the sea, the priest has given way for the philosopher, the augur for the man of science.

Science is the natural outgrowth of Liberty. Tyrants and bigots fear the light of knowledge. Newton or Fuller or Morse would have been burned by the Spanish Inquisitors. Socrates, nearest to God of all the Greeks, was made to kill himself for impiety. Jesus was crucified for giving mankind the light of truth. Liberty and Science go hand in hand. Virtue leads them both. Each is infinite in power, illimitable in action. Science to know, Virtue to wish, and Liberty to do what is right.

This is the watchword left us by the founders. Need I say how faithfully it was guarded, from the foundation in Aug. 1795 to the dark days of 1868. For us, who took up the banner seven years later, it remains to bear it faithfully on in the battle of life. In these halls where wisdom has been spoken and wisdom has been learned; where statesmen, orators, divines, soldiers—men—have been born; here we are moulding our characters. Heaven grant that they be clad in the pure and holy robe of Virtue, enthused with the spirit of Liberty, and illumined by the sweet light of Science.

FRIEDRICH WOEHLER.

Four weeks ago our papers brought us news of the death of Woehler, the great German chemist, and since then notices of his life-work and its close have appeared in scientific journals all over the civilized world. In this rapid modern life of ours things grow old and pass out of remembrance much too quickly, and the constant crowding of new discoveries pushes out of sight those which preceded them. We are apt to overlook the steps which brought us to our present elevation, and to forget the men who led us, or rather who by faithful labor with hands and brain paved the way for our progress. We seldom think of our indebtednes to the past, with its busy workers, yet simple gratitude should make us turn now and then and do reverance to the great names we find there. Let us stop then by the grave of Friedrick Woehler and reckon up some of the debt we owe him. He was one of the last links that bound the chemical science of to-day with the days when chemistry could hardly be called a science, but was just emerging from the darkness of empiricism. Born in the first year of the present century, he received the most important part of his chemical training under Berzelius at Stockholm, and the name of Berzelius takes us back immediately to the founders of the science. Sweden was famed at that time

throughout all lands for its great scientific men and science-teaching. Students flocked from Germany, England and France, to hear them, and translations of their text-books were used everywhere. Calling over the roll of these first great workers in chemistry we find Scheele, Bergman and Berzelius in Sweden. In France we have Lavoisier, whose clear head did wonders in giving to chemical theory a firm foundation, and yet who lost that head upon the guillotine during the Reign of Terror; and Berthollet the savior of France as some historians call him. When his country was in geat need of powder and guns with which to drive back the invading armies pouring in upon her and could no longer draw her supplies from England, Berthellet taught them how to produce their own saltpetre and manufacture with it all the powder they needed, and he showed them how to turn their iron into steel and that steel into guns. He was Napoleon's friend and teacher and followed the First Consul to Egypt, aiding and advising him wherever his science could be of use. In England there was Cavendish, the eccentric nobleman who first discovered Hydrogen, and Black, of Edinburgh and queer old Dr. Priestley, who stumbled in his rough and humble way on so many discoveries, the greatest of them being oxygen, and who was forced to run away from England by persecutions for political and theological opinions, sailing across to America to settle in Pennsylvannia. Eight years ago they celebrated the centennial of his discovery of oxygen and exhibited the apparatus he had used so far as it had been preserved. When we read over the scant list of retorts and alembics and mattrasses we lose our surprise that they did not discover facts which seem to lie so near the surface now that we know them and our wonder rather is that they found out anything at all. It was with such tools that Woehler commenced to work, for Berzelius his teacher still used the queer sounding phraseology and awkward sentiments of the old founders of chemical science. With Woehler and largely through him sprang up the New School of chemistry and new instruments were invented and methods perfected leading to the wonderful variety and excellence of the apparatus of to-day. Woehler proved the fallacy of the old saying that the products of vital force could not be imitated, and by his artificial formation of one of these, in 1828 broke down this barrier of prejudice which had retarded science so long and opened up the grand new field of organic chemistry. We cannot begin to estimate the indirect benefits which we enjoy from this discovery, for the history of the growth of organic chemistry contains the record of the progress of civilization and the amelioration of man's condition. That food and clothing, the necessaries, comforts and luxuries of life are cheaper and better is due to the labors of that

great band of workers who have busied themselves in the field opened up for them by this discovery of Woehler. It would hardly suit the objects or limits of this paper to give a list of his other investigations and discoveries. Such a list would be long and would hold much of importance—his discovery of the new metal aluminium, by which another valuable servant was brought into man's employ—his work on tungsten and the platinum metals, and many other valuable researches which we must pass by. He labored in conjunction with other great men, especially Liebig and Deville. His old teacher, Berzelius, watched him with an approving eye, and wished him to call one of his discoveries by a name signifying "dawn of day," because he thought it portended the birth of a new era in chemistry, and his prophetic eye did not far deceive him. For speculations, however, and discoveries of theories Woehler did not care much. "He had a genius for methods," writes one of his historians, "which has never been equalled. The obstacles which had baffled his predecessors were surmounted by him with ease. He was in this respect a truly great man." And how are we to measure his influence as a teacher? At Berlin, at Cassel, and for forty-six years at Goettingen he imparted to others the riches of his gathered wisdom, and through his pupils the influence of his methods and genius is felt in every part of the civilized world. His days were spent quietly, simply and unostentatiously, and his kindly disposition endeared him to his students. Only two years ago all the chemists of Germany were invited to meet together and do him honor on his eightieth birth-day, and many pleasant reminiscences were recalled and loving words were said. And was full of years and honors, his life-work done and nobly done, he has gone to his rest, but the spirit of his genius still lives with us. Useful, honored and beloved, a noble ambition for our youth and a precious thought to comfort the last days of our old age. P.

THE XIVTH ODE OF IIND BOOK OF HORACE IN ENGLISH VERSE.

"Alas, dear P., the years glide swift away,
Nor aught will piety avail to stay
The wrinkled face, or pressing stride of age,
Or death untaught as yet to curb his rage;

"Not if, dear friend, for each departing day,
Three hundred choicest victims thou shouldst slay
To still the wrath of Pluto, sternly tearless,
Circling his realm with wave all dark and cheerless.

"Upon that wave, forsooth, must all spread sail,
Whoe'er we be that hold life's tenure frail;
Whether of royal blood we rule the land,
Or tread in wretched want a foreign strand.

"Vainly we'll shun the wargod's bloody plain,
The foaming billows of the storm-tossed main,
And shun in vain the dread miasma's chill,
On autumn breeze upborne, a deathful ill.

"Death's dark slow moving stream we must behold,
Cocytus wand'ring wide all to unfold,
Danaus' cursed race and him of old,
To endless labor doomed of stone uprolled.

"Thy native land, thy home, thy pleasing spouse,
All must thou leave, and these fair trees whose boughs
Now kindly shade their brief-while master's head,
Save the sad cypress shall forsake him dead.

"An heir shall quaff, a 'better fellow' far,
The Cæcuban now kept with bolt and bar,
And tip upon the marble flow a wine
Than all the feasts of pontiffs far more fine."

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Thus sang the bard of old, for whom no light
Illumed the grave, but all was dark as night—
So would he bid, "Eat, drink, live while we may"—
Heed not the word—there is a better way.

H. S.

Raleigh, January 10th, 1883.

WHAT IS READ BY OUR STUDENTS.

We had some time since in the MONTHLY an article on "What to Read," but as we see, each Wednes day and Saturday, the students of the University visiting their libra ries in large numbers, the question arises, what *do* they read? As one meets the young gentlemen on the campus, books in hand, the question may be fairly guessed at. The greater number holding in hand a medium size book, in colored cloth binding, well thumbed, have been up for another book of fiction. The less number, with clean looking volumes of larger size and more substantial binding, have gotten out something in history, science, biography or philosophy. Then some have been on a hunt for a speech and come with Congressional Globe or review in hand.

But there is a better way still to find out what students read. Take a stroll among the alcoves of the libraries, and take down a book here and there and judge of its use. There are some that stand in their places year in and year out, having long since become companions of the book mentioned by Washington Irving as complaining because it was not read as in former years. Every library has such. But what books in our libraries are most used? The classics remain in their cold corners unsoiled and unsought, unless indeed there is "a pony" among the shelves; have enough of that at home. The alcoves of theology have grown yellow with age, and unless, perchance, some stray preacher calls around they are not often disturbed. For a man in search of examples of oratory where can they better be found than in the discourses of the French preachers of the 17th century, such as Bossuet, Fenelar and others, or for pure English who excels John Bunyan or Robt. Wall of England?

In poetry, Shakespeare is only moderately read, Longfellow, Byron and Poe being the favorites; few read Milton or Dante. A good judge of such things has said that every educated man should *know* Shakespeare, Milton and Homer, the latter in translation if not in the original.

The histories are poorly used; Macaulay is the favorite, while Green and other later historians are being more generally read. The exhaustive histories of short periods are not much read, of course, for the lack of time.

The speeches of certain men have been much handled, and it is not hard to imagine something of the work that has been done over them, under the law, "speak, or pay a fine."

The books on Science are clean and stand squarely in place, too precise to be dog-eared, and not soiled of course, for the young man who reads these would not loll on the bed as over a novel, but must sit in a stiff chair with his feet on the table! There are many new

and excellent books in this department.

Now for the fiction alcove. A crowd is generally there; the books are well worn, and generally on the go. The selection has been well made, and need only to be replaced as the old ones wear out. Dickens, Thackery, Geo. Elliot and Wm. Black seem most read.

On looking into this matter it is a great privilege to get a peep at the Librarian's record. Some men read only novels and quantities of them, the lightest they can find; others read only politics; others science or history alone. Some mix their reading so wisely that seemingly it could be no better done. The per centum read from the various departments, as shown by the record of one of the Librarians, is as follows: Fiction 44, History 10, Poetry 10, Biography 11, General Literature 9, Reviews and Magazines 9, Science 3½, Politics 3½, Theology 1. Leaving out the first item, the proportion is excellent; but it is too much that fiction should nearly equal all the others together. There is some excuse for this, of course, since recreation is made a feature in a great deal of reading by students, and fiction is generally best suited for that purpose. There are other things that might be mixed with the fiction making the recreation as pleasant and by far more helpful.

In conclusion, with such libraries as we have, there is nothing to hinder wide, varied and useful reading; read widely, read wisely.

JAY.

REPUBLICANISM.

Republicans never tire of talking and boasting of their many glorious privileges and liberties. They think that the form of government under which they live and enjoy blessings is superior to all others. We are proud of our government and call it the "grandest the sun has ever shone upon;" but if we consider history, and think upon its store of facts, our promises of the republic will not be so extravagant.

The lovers of the republic claim that their favorite government places no restraint on religious scruples, and offers to all the right of free speech, the right of free thinking, and the inestimable right of the free press. These are great advantages, and if they were the natural outgrowth and permanent and necessary quality of the republic, it would have few opponents. But has a single republic ever enjoyed these liberties for any considerable time? On the contrary, the republic is noted for its instability, and is even now far from being considered a complete success. A retrospective glance at the ancient republics confirms the statement. To judge rightly of

how certain events will turn out, we must first see how similar ones have resulted. We can tell, as to the action of States, what can be done only by what has been done.

Greece and Rome, the earliest republics that we read of, were the first principal seats of power. At Greece, learning of every kind was carried to a high degree of perfection; for Cicero calls Athens "the inventer of all branches of learning." Her Demosthenes and Pericles spoke words of counsel and wisdom to the people, and swayed multitudes, with their eloquence, as they wished. Her Aristotle wrote the profoundest philosophy; her Homer sang heroic and soul-stirring songs; her Lysander and Epominondas fought, as only Greeks could fight, with the courage and determination of gods; and her elegant paintings and majestic buildings tell of the skill that her painters and architects once had. And yet, this form of government, constructed by Solon, the poet and philosopher, and consented to by the people, after a few brief years of prosperity and greatness, lost its purity and integrity, and was finally ruined. A tyrannical republic immediately followed.

It was the very nature and constitution of democracy that caused its destruction, and causes the ruin of all other democracies. This cause not only brought Athens low, but also overthrew all other ancient republics, and threatened modern ones. An artful man became popular; the people had power in their hands; they devolved a considerable share of it upon a favorite; and the only use he made of this power was to plunge those who gave it into slavery. He became the instrument of the lower classes, he was no longer a guide to the better. An author, writing of this republic, when it had arrived at this stage, says: "The citizens of Athens banished and murdered their best and ablest citizens, dissipated the public treasure with the most senseless extravagance, and spent their whole time, as spectators or actors in slaying, fiddling, dancing and singing." To such a depth had the republic fallen! Every inhabitant became a Nero. And the deeds done by this republic while its people were drunk with pride and power exceed in cruelty and injustice the deeds of the murderer of his mother.

Rome's statesmen, warriors, orators, sculptors and painters were famous. Her Cicero and Virgil were peers of Demosthenes and her Homer, and her paintings and statues, though not quite so artistic, were more vigorous than those of elder sister. "Rome has a more venerable aspect than Athens, greater wisdom and more uniformity," says a well known writer. Her fate is known to all. The tale of our republic's decline and fall is the tale of them all. The causes that led to the downfall of Rome were the same that overthrew Greece. "Rome had the same factions that Athens had, the same tumults, the same revolutions—and the same slavery."

If the republic is the best government, it is a pity that it is not able, in some way, to perpetuate itself. Praising the freedom of republics sounds very well, and we Americans like to hear it; but does it always accord with the facts? During the first days of Athens, when she was basking in the bright rays of the resplendent sun of liberty, and was admired and honored by all her neighbors as the Queen of the Universe, there were only from ten thousand to thirty thousand freemen, while there were four million slaves in the Athenian republic. The freemen of Sparta and Rome were not more numerous in proportion to their slaves. The freemen in these republics were never one-twentieth of the people. These states, when they were republics, were called "free states," "popular governments," "confederacies," and other similar appellations; but they differed little in reality from "pitiful and oppressive oligarchies."

The most remarkable and, up to this time, the most successful republic is our own. The world points to it as an example proving the rule that a people can govern itself. It is generally asserted that one enjoys perfect freedom in the United States, that America is the country for the poor man, the Eden for the downtrodden and oppressed subjects of European kingdoms to rush to and find peace and prosperity. But statistics show that, though some benefit may be offered to the poor in America, yet pauperism is in the same ratio of increase in the United States as anywhere else. Men may wonder at and brag about the rapidity with which our railroads, our post offices, and our manufactories are springing up over our broad land. but they are not so surprised and are not quite so proud when they hear that such improvements are going on just as fast all over the civilized world. And they can boast of very little freedom from taxation, too; for they have to pay taxes to support a standing army, just as the subjects of an oppressive monarchy, sixty million dollars and over being drawn annually from the hard-earned wages of the people to pay a standing army. In our cities, also, taxation is very burdensome. As burdensome, perhaps, as in any city of the world. And the other republics of the day are but "concealed despotisms," all having a tendency to fall into "radicalism and anarchy."

Then, considering the past, what is the future of America? Since, as Edmund Burke says, "republics, for the point of their space, and the moment of their duration, have felt more confusion, and committed more flagrant acts of tyranny, than the most despotic government which we have ever known," and since all of them, after flourishing awhile, have grown into strong, oppressive governments, having lost all those liberties that we call sublime. Cannot we, from such facts, draw the conclusion, though our pride would hide it from our

eyes, that the way in which all former republics have gone, in the same way our republic is doomed to go in the future. It has to keep clear of the same gulfs in which Greece and Rome were sunk. It is slowly, but surely, being concentrated to Washington. Each Presidential election finds it possessing fewer liberties, nearing the vortex of ruin. The question is, shall it be wrecked or shall it be saved? We may hope and pray that it will weather bravely and safely all its terrific storms, without one mast broken or one sailor lost; but we hope and pray against reason, and the actions and the facts of the past.

WIXIE.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

[The original of the following poem was found in an Irish manuscript in Trinity College, Dublin. There is reason to think that the poem was written by one of those primitive Christian bards in the reign of King Diarmid, about the year 554, and was sung and chanted at the last grand assembly of kings, chieftains and bards held in the famous Halls of Tara. The translation is by Dr. Donovan.—ED.]

Like a damask rose you see,
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah made,
Even such is man, whose thread is spun.
Drawn out and out, and so is done.
  The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
  The flowers fade, the morning hasteth,
  The sun sets, the shadow flies,
  The gourd consumes, the man—he dies.

Like the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's there to-day,
Or like the pearled dew in May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of the swan;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
  The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,

The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The bubble's out, the look forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like an arrow from a bow,
Or like a swift course of waterflow,
Or like the time 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole;
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate.
The arrow shot, the flood soon spent,
The time no time, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt, man's life is done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in a song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like snow when summer's come,
Or like a pear, or like a plum;
Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

SOUTHERN DEVELOPMENT.

Forty centuries ago the genius of civilization, like a youthful traveler, started from the arid regions of Asia. Pursuing its destined journey westward it landed on the fertile shores of Greece. There for a season it amused itself with the songs of poets, the martial strains of music; with the eloquence of her orators and the logic of her philosophers. It had not found its ideal people. It left the land of the warrior and theorist; next it is at Rome, where received with princely honors, it basked in the city of the Cæsars, till the incursion of Goth and Vandal bade it seek safety in flight. Confusion and anarchy were to rule the world. Old ideas were to be l st amid the decay of church and government. Had our traveler been lost in this world-wreck? No! Its onward march was guided by the faint light which the "star of empire" shed through the gloomy clouds of ignorance. The Dark Ages were at an end. Collecting a little band in discontented England our wandering genius set sail for America, the Canaan of its ambition. This band has formed two mighty elements in our government. Those who landed on the shores of New England constitute the North; while the remainder who sought a summer-land are known as the South. Though each had brought the trophies of Literature and Art, the spirit of the Puritan and of the Cavalier had not been left behind. These two elements were doomed to conflict. It seemed that Providence had set apart America and her vast resources for the Anglo Saxon race, the mighty monarchs of civilization, before whose tread degraded ignorance and nature's barrier alike disappear as mists before the God of day. The barren shores of New England did not invite agriculture. Her people feeling that while nature had done less man must do more, turned their attention to manufacturing. It was not so with the South. Her fertile soil, smiling in rich verdure, or groaning under mighty forests, at once suggested agriculture, not only as a ready means of subsistence, but also as the surest path to wealth and power. Difficulties presented themselves, those majestic forests had to be felled. In her vast lowgrounds, where nature had grown, flourished and died with each succeeding year since the morning of the world, disease and malaria, deadly to the white man, floated on every breeze. Hence these were to be not only cleared but drained. They produce in rankest growth the great staple of our continent. Slavery was introduced. It was, perhaps, a necessity. Where else could the labor be obtained? The negro, inured to the hardships and diseases of a warm climate was called into service. By his big arm and willing heart the problem has been solved. By fulfilling this office, he changed field

and climate till white labor could equal his own.

Some say immigration to the South has been very limited, but this sustains the point equally well. The South was almost entirely agricultural, and the immigrant could not compete effectually with the slave. Was slavery wrong? Was the mild form which we had wrong? Was it beneficial to both parties? It it was, then slavery was a blessing. That it has benefitted the South who will deny? Has it been a benefit to the negro? Go ask the benighted millions of his countrymen struggling in the brakes and fens of Kaffir ignorance. Tell me! Let the colored people of the South answer. Has the light of knowledge, shining upon them, as they stand on the giddy eminence of the 19th century, enervated their powers and dwarfed their energies? No! I compliment their race when I say the negro and the South are inseparable. Sectional feeling clamored for the freedom of the slave. The irrepressible conflict came at a timely moment. Although the South had, to a great extent, denied the negro an education, yet intercourse with the white men had prepared him to learn, and to appeciate and to use learning far better than would have been possible without that interconse. His social condition had reached its utmost height possible under the existing circumstances. Slavery had not only asserted itself in building up the South, but by confining her to agriculture it had placed Northern manufactures on a firm basis. Had the industrial interest of the South been co-existent with those of the North, the latter would have shrunk into insignificance under our superior advantages. Though education in the old South was confined mainly to the aristocracy, yet they had given us eminent statesmen and jurists, who had framed constitutions which needed little revision even in the dark days of Reconstruction. Everything was prepared to receive the inevitable blow. The civil war came. The South bravely defended the principles she had professed. In this terrible conflict it seemed as if the mighty fabric of our nationality would be destroyed, but the South was overcome and the slave was freed. While we pay a passing tribute to the "peerless Lee" and the gallant Jackson, with their brave followers, who fought and died under the folds of the Southern flag, need we hate the North? The event of the war opened a new channel of industry to the people of the South. The time had come when she was to seek her fortune, not only in the growing cotton, but also in the humming spindle. The industrial dawn of the South is ushering in the sun of a bright and prosperous day. The South must succeed. Nothing hinders our progress. Sectionalism and hatred, bloodshed and strife are at an end and live only in the fanatical brains of designing politicians. The dreams of European statesmen can never be realized. Our country can never

be broken up owing to the enormous extent of our territory. The American inventor, nothing daunted, has grappled with that idea, and to-day the breadth of our land, the mountains, rivers, valleys and plains of three thousand miles are spanned by art, linked and tempered by magical type, steam and fire, till distance itself is little more than a name. A few months ago when the deceased Garfield was pierced by the fatal bullet the subtle wires throbbed out to the very limits of our land the sad whisper of death, and in an instant the nation stood at the bedside of its wounded President. Let us hope that North and South may flourish as one. What has been the development in the South for the last few years?" Wealthy syndicates have been stretching railroads into every State. It is by these and these alone that Southern products can find a market, but while we encourage their construction, let the Legislator be mindful of his duty. Our industrial progress shows no signs of hinderance. Last year the South, receiving encouragement and money from the North, made an exhibition of her manufactures. There, as it will always do, the great staple gave name and significance to the enterprise. There North and South mingled expressions of wonder and joy, and strewed flowers of gratitude on altars laden with proof of their common prosperity. Success must follow the footsteps of this enterprising people. The young men of the South are turning away from the old grooves of politics and the professions. They have been taught that he is the greatest doctor who cures the land and its people of poverty, that he is the noblest lawyer who has the earth for his client and its bounty for his pay. Now we will have the help of Northern skill and machinery. Education for a great day is the philosophy of our past, prosperity is the synonym of our future. It is only from the proud battlements of knowledge that fate waves the banner of our hope. Build up the means of education! Open the school house door on every hill! Drill and blast till the granite-beds of ignorance, till springs of knowledge burst forth as free and fresh and pure as sparkling water. Then will the immigrant come, but not as a disturbing element Then, when the protecting arm of legislation is thrown around it, capital will seek the hidden resources of our mineral wealth and bathe its industrial wheels in our rushing rivers. What will be the prosperity of the South no one can estimate. Go, see the magnificent factories of New England frowning down from their dearly bought eminence, multiply these by a thousand superior advantages of the South, you have the picture.

J. T. Strayhorn.

June 1st, 1882.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The present century in America has been productive in men of genius in every walk of life. In literature, not less than in other things, has the free, bold spirit of American progress shown itself.

Poets have arisen to sing of her prowess and glory, and historians have linked her name with the great peoples of the globe. Foremost among American thinkers and writers of this century stands the subject of this short sketch. He has been styled the "Columbus of modern thought," but, whether that title is fitting or not, few others have exercised such a wide influence over the educated mind of his day.

And although his influence is great and lasting, yet his life has been spent in undisturbed peace and quietude. He was born in Boston, May 25th, 1803, and died at his home at Concord, Mass., April 27th, 1882. His ancestors for several generations back had been Unitarian clergymen, noted for piety and eloquence, and it was natural that he should have been drawn to the pulpit. He graduated at Harvard, taught five years, and then began his career as a minister in Boston. He preached only three years. As soon as he found that his mental freedom conflicted with his clerical duties and beliefs, he quietly dropped the Reverend from his name, and settled down at Concord as a private citizen. He was too independent to have his powers hampered by any sectarian dogmas, or his freedom of thought curtailed in any way. At Concord he gathered around him a circle of friends, composed of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Alcott and others, among whom he shines out as the creedless, though mighty, philosopher, the great moral teacher and philanthropist, and the poet of true worth and beauty. Rightly to understand Emerson's career as philosopher and poet, we must first examine some of the influences which were brought to bear upon his intellect and character.

In religious matters, Wm. Ellery Channing, the great apostle of free thought in New England, was the leader of a reaction against the cold, puritanic sway of the early New Englanders. He and his followers ignored the harsh discipline and formulated creeds of the established church, and clamored for independence of thought and action. This, of course, led into excesses of all kinds. Drunkenness became prevalent, divorce more frequent, and a general looseness of morals prevailed. To this reaction against the old Puritan principles is due, in a great measure, the looseness of New England morals of the present day, and the pestilent *isms* and schisms which so disturb New England society. Yet this reaction benefitted New England in that it developed a more liberal sentiment among the people, and gave birth to a new school of

letters, linked with a new philosophy, and new conceptions of our duties of life.

In poetry, Wordsworth was leading a revolution against the pedantic and mechanical party of the Dryden and Pope school. The reformers took nature as their theme, and went to the other extreme. They laid aside mere mechanical finish for ruggedness and picturesqueness. This fact accounts for harshness in many of Emerson's poems. In endeavoring to keep out of the old ruts he stumbled over the rocks by the roadside.

He was an ardent admirer of nature, and loved to commune with her "visible forms." He delighted in roaming the woods and fields, and in one of these excursions we we find him exclaiming :

"Oh when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome,
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan ;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?"

As few have done, Emerson has combined poetry and philosophy. His poetry abounds in bold, speculative thought, and his prose writings are full of poetic beauty. In religion, as in everything else, he is thoroughly independent. He refused to be the disciple of any worldly master, the mere organ of any sect or party. His views were universal, he seemed to live in a higher atmosphere than other mortals. Yet it was not his purpose to overthrow the then existing creeds and beliefs and substitute for them a dogmatic system of his own. He only had opinions of his own, and was fearless, but not unreasonable in making known those opinions. He combined the self-control, patience, reverence and deep learning of the clergyman with the boldness and recklessness of the philosopher. His character was tinged by Puritan tradition, but he left the old Puritan faith. He was influenced by the free-thought of Channing and others, but he never preached or believed the extreme doctrines and heresies of their fanatical followers. Whatever was free, noble, beautiful, manly, found an exponent in Emerson. He believed in "action—noble, God-like action." His reading was general, his sympathies were with the people, his thoughts are on universal things, and for universal minds. He seemed to see the divine soul in everything, for, says he, "when this soul breathes through the intellect of man, it is genius ; when it breathes through his will, it is virtue ; when it flows through his affections, it is love." However mystic and fanciful and incomplete his philosophy may seem, yet it is never morbid, sensual, or ignoble, but always cheerful, elevating, and inspiring. Most of his prose writings have been given to the world in the shape of lectures and essays. And although his views concerning the relations of life and destiny do not exactly coincide with the majority of people, yet he has millions of admirers and readers, who can find something in the great storehouse of his works upon which they

can feed their minds and souls. His style is pointed, and every sentence is pregnant with thought. His sayings have furnished texts for sermons, themes for discussions, and questions for dispute. It is to his independent, fearless, original manner of expressing great and lasting truths—truths that concern life and destiny—that his success is due. His creedless philosophy, though calm and fascinating, must now fall to the ground for lack of support. The great leader is gone. His life was the life of his philosophy. He left no "Emersonian" behind him, but his influence as a great moral teacher and as a genuine poet of nature will live on.

His social life is without a blot. Calm, sweet-tempered, amiable, he drew around him at his home at Concord a circle of brilliant friends and admirers. These served to stimulate each other in their literary labors, and to make smooth the declining path of age. Longfellow was the first of this bright circle to "cross the river," and now Emerson, its brightest member and leader, is gone. One by one the great actors who have played their part in the literary drama of the first century of American letters are dropping away. Let us hope that the next generation of American writers will not only prove worthy of the great spirits who have gone, but that they will give us a purer literature, founded upon the basis of a firmer and more vitalizing religious sentiment.

Some have asserted that Emerson was a follower of Carlyle. He is like Carlyle in his ruggedness of style, boldness of thought and fearlessness of expression, but he writes on almost entirely different subjects, and is free from the great Englishman's peevishness and despondency. He represents all that is vigorous and original in American literature. Unlike Carlyle, he saw the divine in everything, and through nature looked up to the Great Being. Although Carlyle, with his bitter irony, "made the bankrupt institutions of England resound with their own hollowness," yet he sneered at all human greatness, and assailed Christianity and everything else that chanced to displease his morbid fancy. Emerson, on the other hand, was lavish in his praise of noble action, and was always cheerful and hopeful. Nothing is more beautiful than to see the old philosopher at his cheerful country home, surrounded by family and friends, calmly awaiting death, spreading sunshine all around him, and exemplifying by his vigorous and manly youth, and by his declining and ripening old age, "that it's not all of life to live nor all of death to die."

Whatever rank future generations may assign to the great seer and thinker, when time, with its mellowing influence, shall have made rough places smooth, the present generation will render the willing verdict, that

> "The elements so mixed in him that
> Nature might stand up,
> And say to all the world,
> This was a man."

A. W. L.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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The recent election for editors resulted in the changes which may be noticed on the title page.

We come before our patrons with all the freshness and sad lack of experience, that tradition attributes to the freshman. We come with our young ardor dampend by the harrowing tales of journalistic life that a retiring editor recited for our encouragement. But so long as your interest continues; so long as Society pride remains the same; so long as the bright, silvery smile of the needful currency continues to greet our business editor, just so long may you rely upon our unflagging, if perchance, feeble efforts in your behalf. We dislike being so practical in our salutatory, but knowing too sadly well our financial status, we feel obliged to indulge in business rhetoric. We trust that we are fully alive to the high compliment you pay in selecting us the editors of your Magazine, and we certainly feel the responsibility under which we rest.

We demand aid of pen and purse, and we demand it of you. Make the MONTHLY a matter of College pride and the credit will be yours, while the failure, if such a misfortune be in store for us, will be ours. Excuse our plain, pointed preface, but do not forget our appeal.

For some months past, the *Nation* has expended all of its energy in condemning, as unworthy of the civilization of this the nineteenth century, the South for her laxity in punishing homicide in high business and social circles. It compares the North and South in this respect, and I am sorry to admit that the latter must suffer from the comparison.

The *Nation* began without any sectional feeling, it seems, but some of the Southern papers, too sectional to take it fairly, accused the *Nation* of sectional bitterness. This served to arouse whatever feeling may exist in that quarter. Hence the *Nation* has made some deductions warranted only by sectional feeling.

Here is what it has proved beyond a doubt. Homicide is rarely

ever punished if the defendant has either money or social standing, whether it occurs North or South. Homicides under such circumstances are much more frequent South than North.

Southern editors instead of looking for the truth in a cool manner, replied in bitter haste. Denying the premises, instead of the deductions. Paliating the crimes and ignoring the disgrace, instead of leading towards improvement. Pushing the South farther from the moral condition which now they vainly try to show. Thus they have assailed the *Nation* in an invulnerable point, neglecting those exposed and calling forth triumphant bitterness, to their own discredit and their countries disgrace.

The *Nation* claims that the South is in a state of barbarism compared with the North, simply because the North shows better in this point.

According to the *Nation*, life is all we live for, and consequently its sacredness is sum and substance of the highest civilization. Burglars, robbers, incendiaries and assassins are no imputations on any civilization. The purity of a thousand fair virgins is naught beside the life of the vilest villain. Ingersoll is an honor, Beecher a blessing, John Brown a hero, Wall Street a pride, John Kelly and Tweed bring no discredit, and the Northern spirit in the reconstruction legislatures no disgrace. The New York legislature calls for no blush, nor even the millionaire's judges. And the fairest and purest maiden may rejoice leaning on the arm of a Malley.

To prove that we are not behind the world should please not satisfy us. The *Nation* complains truly of a great blot upon our civilization, and nothing short of its removal should satisfy us. No one will dare deny that it exists. Upon the young men now in college, more than any other class, does this task devolve. The *Nation* has attributed it to the institution of slavery, (happily now no more,) to climatic influence, but mainly to natural lawlessness and devilishness. Memories of the war and Northern bias originate the latter and conceal the cause of the former. The North, by destroying our governments, taught us to live without law; and then, by forcing upon us governments worse than anarchy—more corrupt than the East has ever known—whose heads now repose at home in the penitentiary—to despise the name of law. And when again we have won sound governments for ourselves, they blush not to taunt us with the remnant of the curse which they forced upon us.

There is not the respect for law in the South that we should wish, nor can there be while men remember the cotton tax, while the revenue and tariff laws, so plainly unequal, unjust, are enforced. I ask the North if law was not in disrepute there while it protected slavery? But we hope that time will remedy all this, and meantime let us do all we can by example to

substitute the pen for the shot gun, and the court house for the street. More stringent and efficacious libel laws would mend the social list. When money shall be a less power, and when it shall make more difference how it is gotten, then will end much of the imported rascality in business, and many less homicides will occur.

When things get once more in a natural condition, and the ill-gotten wealth is spent and the social standing is gone with it, when those in the front ranks belong there *per se*, and not *per acidens*, we may expect to hear less of gentlemen murders. And if the line could be drawn now our showing would improve much.

We are pleased to see in the November number of the *Journal of the American Chemical Society* the publication of two analyses by a student of the University of North Carolina, Mr. Thomas Radcliffe, of Wilmington, of the senior class. The first is of rock-salt, from Saltville, Washington county, Va. The specimen was brownish-red in color, with a crystaline structure, and was obtained while deepening one of the salt wells. This rock-salt is not mined, the brine alone being used for the manufacture of salt. The capacity of the works is at present 450,000 bushels per year, though at one time during the late war the yield was as high as 10,000 bushels per day. The rock-salt contained 93.05 of pure salt.

The second analysis is of a deposit of zinc oxide in a blast furnace at Longdale, Va. The deposit was very large, nearly choking the mouth of the furnace. The specimen had a laminated appearance and was greenish-brown in color.

The committee on papers and publication in the *Journal of the American Chemical Society* are Elwyn Waller, Charles A. Doremus and L. H. Friedburg.—*Raleigh News and Observer.*

F. S. Spruill, whose editorial ardor we so greatly miss since his resignation, goes before the Supreme Court for license in February. We predict a brilliant future for our brother quill driver.

Subscribe to the MONTHLY, only one dollar a year.

College Record.

The boys who prefered to take their Christmas here, entertained themselves and the villagers by giving a Christmas tree. It was conducted under the efficient management of Messrs. Williams, Ransom and Manning. The "tree" was burdened with presents for young and old, students and professors.

At 7 o'clock the arrangements were complete, the doors opened, and the audience admitted. It was such an audience as must have sent a thrill of emotional joy to the hearts of the boys. A crowded house, the *elite* of this and neighboring cities—learning and beauty in profusion.

The tree was a beautiful evergreen, handsomely decorated with drooping moss and fragrant flowers, was situated on the rostrum and a curtain drawn between it and the eager spectators, concealing all except a small part of the top, where could be seen varieties of presents in delightful profusion. This glimpse was but a foretaste, and created great anxiety among the girls and small boys.

President Battle and Rev. Dr. Jeffries had accepted invitations to make short talks, assuring us that their remarks would not be "too serious."

To the surprise and gratification of all, President Battle read, in his own inimical manner, a poem composed during the evening for the occasion, which brought continued applause from the audience.

Then began the distribution of presents, each one being prefaced by a happy little speech. Each Professor was given a present emblematic of his department. We mention, first, a "Conic Sections" for Prof. Graves. (Applause.) Next a bone for Prof. of Anatomy. A "Pure English" for Prof. of English. A dead cat for Prof. of Natural History. (Applause.) Next came the present for Prof. of Rhetoric, ——, supposed to be emblematic of the Rhetorical Art. President Battle's followed, which was the climax—a bag of "Jokes," presented to him amid deafening applause. To show his appreciation of the new supply, he immediately opened the bag and produced one. The audience (the male part) *howled with rapture.* The confectioneries were appropriated by the managers to themselves, and the bare tree given to the assembled people; thus making true the promise that all should be remembered. It was a good-natured, but successful sell, and all enjoyed it. We would be doing a wrong, however, not to mention Dr. Sawyer (Tommy) who, in consequence of strict performance of duty as marshal, and his elegant military bearing, won many encomiums from the brilliant array of ladies present.

Governor Jarvis, in his message to the Legislature, insists that an appropriation of two thousand dollars be made annually for the establishment of a Chair of Moral Science and Christian Evidences. We would inform the Legislature and the readers of the MONTHLY that Moral Science and Christian Evidences *are* taught and *have been* taught at the University from its foundation to the present. The lectures that are delivered by Dr. Battle on every Sabbath, and by Prof. Mangum in the class room, will embrace the difficulty that troubles the Governor. We will take the privilege of quoting that part of his messsge that relates to the University.

"There is fearful tendency," says he, "among the advance thinkers of the present age to ignore, if not to hold in contempt, the claims of Christian religion. I want to see our State declare in no mistakable manner that at her University no system of phylosophy is to be listened to for one moment that does not teach that God is the Creator of all things and the Ruler of all things, and as such is entitled to the services of all men, and that the Bible is the great Book for the study of mankind. I ask that an annual appropriation of two thousand dollars me made for this purpose, and that the trustees be required to make the selection." We state that the moral atmosphere at the University is pure, and absolutely free from all infidelity. Would it not be commendable in the Governor to advise the Legislature to take steps toward paying off the indebtedness of the University before we appropriate two thousand dollars to such a purpose. Her unpaid debt is the most *demoralizing influence* that exists among the boys.

Some years ago there came a penniless boy to this University, eager to be educated. Gratitude and patriotism inspired the Phi. Society to obey the dictates of humanity. The Society educated him, that he might be able to achieve victory in the battle of life. This beneficiary was successful—a good citizen, a safe and accurate lawyer. He is now dead! Died intestate, without heirs. His property is reputed to be worth several thousand dollars. In such cases the law of escheat arises. The State, overanxious *to do something* for the University (*and knowing in the meantime that a case of escheat scarcely ever takes place in this country*) has passed a statute giving to the University all lands in such cases. The Phi. Society could well hope to be compensated for her past benevolence. She ought to be the legitimate heir, as she was the parent of his success.

The students have returned to their oars after their pleasant vacation.

The University continues to grow in patronage. Several new students have registered for the present session.

John James, the recipient of the cadetship of the 1st Congressional district, has returned to the University to prosecute his studies until June next. He will then repair to West Point. We predict a bright career for him—he is blessed with a strong mind and a determination to succeed.

Commencement officers are as follows:

REPRESENTATIVES.

Phi. Society.

J. A. Bryan, S. C.
W. T. Dortch, Jr., Wayne.
J. R. Herring, Jr., Halifax.

Di. Society.

J. B. Hawes, Wilmington.
Z. B. Walser, Yadkin College.
J. C. Slocumb, Clinton.

BALL MANAGERS.

Chief Ball Manager, J. C. Roberts.
Phi.—1. Sub Manager, J. L. Borden.
2. Sub Manager, S. C. Smith.
Di.—1. Sub Manager, S. W. Dick.
2. Sub Manager, L. J. Battle.

MARSHALS.

Chief, M. R. Hamer, S. C.
Phi.—1. T. B. Cherry, Pitt Co.,
2. Sub, J. H. Bobbitt, Raleigh
3. Sub, A. C. Tate, Pender Co.
Di.—1. Sub, S. A. Holliman, N. C.
2. Sub, S. B. Turrentine, N. C.
3. Sub, W. H. McNeill, N. C.

SOCIETY LIBRARIANS.

Phi.—H. A. Latham,
Di.—W. G. Randall.

OFFICERS OF Y. M. C. A.

President, J. U. Newman.
Vice-President, N. F. Heitman.
Treasurer, H. A. Latham.
Secretary, James Thomas.
Cor. Secretary, S. B. Turrentine.

Washington's birthday will be celebrated here as usual. Thos. Radcliffe is the orator for the day. His oration will be good.

Among Our Exchanges.

Our exchanges for this month are very good—some of them possessing high literary merit. Our present store of adjectives is about exhausted, and in order that we may gain time to brush up our dictionary and Crabb's Synonyms in our search for adjectives, we will criticise but few of our exchanges this time; we will leave the following specimens of college wit from college literature to the tender mercies of our readers.

The formula for white brass is SOPH. Its chief properties are magnetism and ductility.

Seniors! Reverenced by the Freshmen, obeyed by the Sophomores, envied by the Juniors, and intensely admired by themselves!

They say we have a Freshman so short that when he feels unwell he can't tell whether he has headache or corns.

Professor in physics: "What's Boyle's law?"

Diligent Junior: "Never trump your partner's ace."

Prof. in Mechanics.—"What is the strongest force in nature?"

Student.—"The force of habit."

Compelled by the same force, the Prof. recorded a zero.

Jones says his chum is like the moon—gets round to his last quarter about once a month.

He was an '86 man; she, a blooming widow. He writes to his father announcing his engagement. The reply:

My Dear Son:—Accept my heartiest congratulations. I was engaged to the same Mrs. Bunter when I was at college and can appreciate the fun you are having. Go it while you are young. Your loving father,

Augustus DeForest.

Ladies, skip this paragraph! It got into my letters by mistake, and I ask the printers to destroy it or set it up wrong side up:

If there's anything worries a woman
It's something she ought not to know,
But you bet she'll find it out anyhow
If she gets the least kind of a show.
Now, we'll wager ten cents to a farthing,
This poem she's already read—
We knew that she'd get it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head.

Miss Society (idly turning her music)—"Do you know "When the leaves begin to Fall'?" Fresh. (thoughtfully)—"Why, yes. Generally along in the first two weeks in October. It depends somewhat on the weather."

Oh! maid with laughing, laughing eye,
For what those tears? Oh! why that sigh?
She murmurs, as the blushes come,
"I swallowed a hunk o' chewing gum."

"No sir," said a father, "I shall not send my boys to college. If I'm responsible for their being in the world, I've no right to tuck off the endurance of four years of their deviltry upon another community."

That neat *little* sheet, the *Academy*, reached us to-day. It contains an article on Falling Leaves, which peculiarly strikes us. An interesting scientific fact is mentioned. The author observes that falling leaves are common in the North and South Temperate Zones, while along the northern shores of North America and Liberia, the leaves rarely, if ever fall, and intimates the reason to be that no trees exist in those regions. Now, this is cruel, but we forgive, as the closing remark in the "Ex." column is on this wise: "The *N. C. University Monthly* leads all our "male" exchanges in the solidity of its contents, and perhaps also in the attractiveness of its genial "make-up," if that is what the printers call it.

A Wilmington man was walking down the street yesterday, when he spied the well known features of a drummer, with a grip-sack and sample case in either hand, and himself ankle deep in mud in the middle of the street. He saluted his commercial friend, expressing amazement that he should choose to walk where the mud was deepest, and asked him why he did n't try the sidewalk. And then the drummer replied in shivering accents, "Hang it man, I'm standing on the top of the omnibus."

They say an alligator is incapable of nausea. At least they fed one on bread made by a Vassar college girl, and his jaws were strong enough to bite it, and it didn't make him sick.

"'Twere better. we had never met," as the goat remarked after his unsuccessful attempt to knock a cast iron dog clear across a three acre lawn.

The old Greek word for *hash* was Lepadotesmachoselachogalesxvamioleipsausdramuphottremassoilphixparaomelitoxatadetchumendkick-upsiphattopertsterlektrenovopegk-egphaloklglopeteivoagvosisarareto-atpheteboleragorpsthendantirage.

"Will thou?" came the manly voice, as he shed an amorous, fire-eating glance into her lustrous eye—and she wilted. "Dost thou?" in stentorian tones from the owl-eyed car driver to the adventurous kid on the rear platform—and he dusted.

At the Bordentown Female College the other day, a rap was heard at one of the doors, upon opening which, a seedy-looking tramp was brought to view. "Is this the College?" "Yes; what would you like?" "Have the students any old pants they would like to dispose of?" The interview was abruptly terminated by a speedy closing of the door. Fact.

A female college Miss reads the prayer-book thus: "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without men.

Ah, me!"

And ye exchange man has to suffer all this month after month! Don't you pity him?

The University Monthly.

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THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE.

BY FATHER RYAN

Forth from its scabbard pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of right
Its stainless sheen a beacon light
Led us to Victory.

Out of its scabbard where full long
It slumbered peacefully—
Roused from its nest by the battle's song
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong
Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard high in air
Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there
And knew who bore it knelt to swear,
That where that sword led, they would dare
To follow and to die.

Out of its scabbard!—never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee.

Forth from its scabbard! how we prayed,
That sword might victor be;—
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard! all in vain
Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain;
Defeated yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

THE CHARACTER OF LEE.

The bitter feelings produced by the late civil strife are fast subsiding. The flame of national hatred has been smothered, and the time will soon come when only a few smouldering embers will tell of its former existence. This is a pleasing anticipation. To-day we revive the memory of the lost cause, not to open the wound afresh, but that we may profit thereby; for lessons of the grandest character may often be learned from the most serious reverses of fortune.

The Confederate generals formed a distinct constellation. As the splendor of one star transcends that of another, so in this constellation of heroes one name pales all others, shining with a brighter, steadier, and more effulgent glory. That is the name of Robert E. Lee. He is gone; but over such a life death has no power but to seal it for immortality. As he ascended from earth to the place

Where faith's true red-cross knights repose in regions,
Thick studded with the calm white tents of peace,

his mantle, filled with the warmth of his soul, fell upon the people he loved, and impressed them with the aim of his life. With them, aye, with the whole world, his memory will endure forever.

The youth of Lee was especially favorable to the formation of a manly character. Born upon soil made famous by the deeds of his ancestors, from boyhood to manhood he breathed the pure air of honor and virtue and patriotism. Amid the rural scenes of his childhood, he began to cherish that affection for his native State which he afterwards displayed before the eyes of admiring thousands. When he had grown to manhood he foresaw the impending storm. It could not be averted. Some of the States seceded. Virginia still clung

to the union with loyal hope and affection. To her was presented the fearful alternative of battling against peoples sprung from her loins, or of baring her breast to the first shock of war. Faithful to principle, she chose the latter. The decision of his native State was the decision of Lee; not that he loved the union less, but that he loved Virginia more. With Burke he exclaimed: "The blood of man is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our kind; the rest is vanity, the rest is crime."

This decision of Lee incurred a grave responsibility. Into his hands was placed the destiny of the South. For four long years his whole soul was absorbed in the cause that he had embraced. During this time there were seasons of rejoicing and seasons of sorrow. Sometimes Hope smiled on his efforts; sometimes dread Misfortune frowned. But at last the weary, bloody day of the Confederacy ended in the dark night of defeat. With the magnanimity of the Christian hero, Lee bowed to the inevitable, and turned with loyal soul to the duties that changing fortune imposed.

His last work was, in many respects, the grandest of his life. From leading armies to battle he turned to a more genial employment,—that of imparting knowledge to the young men of the South, of directing them to the path of duty, and of instructing them in the art of conquering self. But the burden became too heavy and his spirit sunk within him. The great and honest heart that had pulsated so bravely at the mention of his country's honor, was overwhelmed through sympathy for an impoverished people. He fell not on the field of battle, but for the cause that was lost, and for the people that he loved, he died of a bleeding heart. We leave the dust of the great Virginian with the "rest, the light, and the Resurrection of the Life."

As a soldier Lee had few peers. He trained the military genius of America to its loftiest capacity. It may be said, under him, to have rivalled, if it did not surpass, that of any country on the globe. For four years Lee's courage and strategy won battles from far outnumbering foes, shielded the heart of his country with the thin ranks of his heroic followers, and shed ever-brightening lustre on the banner of the South. He was never conquered; he was only *crushed* by the dead weight of masses.

Lee had all the requisites of a military leader. He was sagacious: the most adroit designs of the enemy seldom eluded the eye of his genius. He was magnanimous: in victory he betrayed no sign of vanity; in defeat, no token of despair. He was gentle: he watched over his soldiers with a father's solicitude. He was humane: to his captured foes he ever extended the hand of mercy. He was brave: he dreaded neither danger nor death when duty called. History will rank his generalship with that

of Wellington and Napoleon, Marlborough and Frederick, Cæsar and Hannibal. Like them, he was great in success; but unlike them, he was still greater in defeat. His name is not obscured by that of any soldier on the page of history.

Time would fail us to tell of the instances in which he displayed the highest type of Christian heroism; in which, through faith in principles, he "wrought righteousness and waxed valiant," and in which he would have been content to lay down his life rather than prove recreant to his country's cause. Duty was the watchword of his life, and from the path of duty he was never known to swerve. He was tender as a woman and simple as a child. To the humanity of Pericles, he added the justice of Aristides. *Self-conquest* was the secret of his greatness.

> Real glory
> Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves,
> And without that, the conqueror is naught
> But the first slave.

His self-control was marvellous. It has been said that "through the endless vicissitudes of a great soldier's life, under peculiar trials and heated provocations; in reverses; in victories; amid the groans of the unrelieved dying, and the ghastly forms of the unrequited dead; amid the brazen thunders of cannon, and the victorious huzzas of patriot armies; on the defensive with grim and stubborn bravery, and on the aggressive with fearful retribution; now pressed by twice-told odds, and now sheathing his sword in the safe scabbard of his own and his nation's honor; everywhere, and throughout all to the end, he was not known to betray an uncristian passion, or let fall from his lips an ungenerous word." Such ennobling traits as these reveal the highest type of manhood. Every quality that contributes to perfection seems to have vied for precedence in his character. *He was truly great.* The greatest man is not necessarily the most brilliant statesman, the most skillful warrior, or the most crafty diplomatist. The *best* man is the greatest. God alone is absolutely great, because He alone is absolutely good.

We have followed Lee to the field of battle, but he recognized no foe; we have seen him yield when genius was crushed by force, but he cherished no malice; we have beheld him in the shades of retired life, but he expressed no ignoble regret; and we have witnessed his sepulture amid the tears of countless friends, but he hides not in the tomb the legacy of his glorious life. Being dead, he yet speaketh. What speaks he? Heal the deep wound; look not into the past; let brotherly love abound.

Each of us must fight the battle of life. As we walk forth into the arena, we can find in the career of Lee an example worthy of imitation. By generosity let us, like him, win the admiration of enemies. By magnanimity let us, like him, charm hatred into love, and malice into silence. As he passed the flower of his days in

defending the South, so let the aim of our lives be the upbuilding, development and honor of our common country. Let us carry forward the well begun work of him who has gone forward, so that the noontide of the next generation, undimmed by the clouds of sectional strife, may shine upon a people who shall know no North and no S uth. But in our march to progress let us not forget the fairest, lof iest name we yet have given to history. No, thou peerless citizen-soldier, we will not forget thee! We will ever cherish and venerate thy memory!

W. J. A.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Many, many years ago, there lay upon a rocky shore near Greece a tattered begger. One by one the twinkling stars emerged from their silent couches, casting a stray beam upon those faded features, only to show the silvery locks tangled by a winter's wind. Those eyes that once flashed with the fire of genius are blank—a soul has winged its flight, murmuring "Home, sweet Home—an exile has passed away. It is only Homer, the father of Literature. Such was the fortune of the first man who entered this profession. How different has been the fate of his successors! It is the writer that now rules as the autocrat of the land. The imaginary Penates have become real, living, ruling gods, and known as Reviewers. Notwithstanding this revolution it is in vain that we search for a second Homer. Ages have come, received their charges and passed away. Writers, like ripples, have glistened for a moment under the sunbeam of applause. Byrons and Shakespeares have flashed like meteors across the light of this polar star in vain; to-day the mighty poet stands upon the pinnacle, and with his strong arms, Iliad and Odyssey, reaches out to gather up the frail barks floating helmless upon the deep. But it is unfair to expect a modern Homer for two reasons, first, because Homer wrote with the consciousness that if he merited not the applause of future peoples all was lost, and secondly, because he wrote in fulfillment of a divine commission. While mirroring the deeds of his hero he was also founding the language that was to bend to the burning thoughts of inspiration, and so far his mission was divine, and just so far he will never be equalled. Not only are we unable to compete with Homer, but as we view the masterpieces of other ages; of the golden age of Pericles, when mind seemed almost God-like in its power; and of the Elizabethan period, the pride and

wonder of English speaking people, we conclude that we are yet unborn.

There is, however, consolation in the fact that man has always responded to man. Herodotus, in obedience to this principle, to day gives us the works of his countrymen. Aristotle felt the yearning of the mind for higher thoughts, and hence his works. The peasant Luther, rising in all the majesty of his mind, was only answering the call for free thinking. Coming to study our literature with this thought the outlook is indeed flattering. The demand for a literature is one of the last that a nation makes upon her subjects. After having pushed right nobly through the turmoil of life, after having done something worthy to be imitated, worthy of the admiration of future generations, then, resting upon her oars, she bids the artist place her upon the canvas; then the burning coal is applied to the murmuring genius of her sons, and behold, her achievements glisten as jewels in the diadem of Time and her praises are echod by the bulwarks of Eternity. These are deductions from the history of other nations, and it is by these that we must now judge.

I claim that, though our literature has still to bear the ridicule of other peoples, yet the day is in the near future when it will be the peer of them all. Simply from the fact that the material is here, and the American's excellence is fast becoming proverbial

Tell me not that the writer will be weak who portrays the excellence of our judiciary. Tell me not that the poet, historian or satyrist, come when they may, will not gather the fire of genius from the material which is now white for the harvest.

How encouraging to think that the inhabitants of the western wilds have taught the sons of Charlemagne the very principles of government, and that even England, in all her boasting, has frequently sat in child-like simplicity at their feet! But why dwell upon facts whose magnitude we cannot portray. Let us advance with the conclusion that as the literatures of other nations have always been in proportion to their inward strength, liberty and prosperity, ours is not to be an exception.

Very few men in this country have yet devoted themselves entirely to literature. It has been more of a recreation or secondary employment; but with this disadvantage it is still pleasant to study.

In the field of history no great writer has yet figured. Many men have striven for, and obtained, the mere plebeian applause of the day; but no writer has become absorbed in the grandeur or magnitude of his subject, nor recognized the claims of posterity upon him. It is true we have a Goodrich, Stephens and Bancroft, the latter two having acquired a reputation in other lands; but as the streamlets stealing down the mountain side serve only to feed the mighty

river, so have these writers gathered the thoughts and actions of our people for the pen of some mighty Hume.

In the field of fiction the authors are pouring upon us almost as the snow flakes of winter; but how few endure even the petty criticism of some local editor. Occasionally a man has risen to a respectable niche, and left the impress of his genius upon us. Here we recognize Cooper, the pioneer of adventurers, the pilot of sailors, and the spy of the revolution. Cooper has written for a purpose, has written with his whole soul wrapped in the importance of his subject, and his deline ation of character, his pictures of social life, of daring boldness and manly action, are rarely equaled.

Again we have Mrs. Stowe, who has been the recipient of all the venom that a Southern heart could emit, and yet to-day we must acknowledge her as one of the writers who will wield an influence in ages yet to come. Time and again replies have been hurled at her, only to ingloriously collapse at her feet. We should pity her blind infatuation, yet honor her for her easy, graceful and enchanting style.

There is Hawthorne, perhaps more of a genius than any man who has devoted himself to fiction. He, like many other great men, seems to have been born the precursor of a new period; for people had to be educated to a standard of appreciation of his works. Had he not been a man conscious of the power that was in him, and inspired to the fulfillment of his destiny, neglect on the part of the people would have been his Nemesis, and long ago he would have entered the sombre hall of despondency. All honor to a man who, like Hawthorne, can write regardless of applause, write because there is no more delightful or elevating profession.

There are a few others who perhaps are worthy of our study; but the field of poetry is inviting and we hasten on. We hesitate whether first to pluck the charming conceptions of Longfellow or soar after the flights of a Poe. Critics have drawn their quills in vain against Edgar Allen Poe. His productions are so masterly perfected that time has served only to corroborate the concessions that he was a genius. He seems obscure and meaningless at first, but at every meeting the "air grows denser," "lighter and lighter tinkle the footsteps" of the seraphic messenger, and the "ghost of many a dying ember seems wrought" upon the haunted floor. Poe, like Byron, was mysterious, grand and peculiar; wrapped in the originality of his own mighty genius, he hearkened to the sirens of pleasure and heard not the warnings of a better nature. Though his career was short and shameful, and his mighty powers blighted and chilled by a most dissolute life, yet, as we clasp the proffered hand of his genius and follow it through its weird windings to dizzy heights, we stand lost in admiration, and live in bliss-

ful ignorance of his life. Men of classic tastes may admire Poe, but how high does the heart of the American beat with pride as he drinks in the arcadian eloquence of his own exemplary Longfellow. It is the fire of his sympathetic mind that has refined and mirrored our social life to the amazement of the world and honor of the American. We would rear him a monument around which the memories of a nation might cluster and bloom in perennial spring.

As we begin to survey Bryant, the voice of nature glides into our musings and, ere we are aware, steals away our every thought, and so we must gather up the drapery of our scattered ideas and pass on to less pleasant themes.

Again, we might linger to study Indian life as it almost breathes under the pen of Whittier, or listen to the "voices of freedom" that ring out from his noble heart, or be even more enchanted as we catch the "songs of labor" that float upon the evening breeze, heralds of the plough-boy's approach; but it is useless, as we can add not a laurel to the wreath of the man who sits at every fireside of peace, culture and happiness.

Again, we have Alice and Phebe Carey, children of the western wilds, daughters of nature, messengers of love, peace and purity; also Father Ryan, the champion of Southern ccurage and heroism, whose name shall forever live linked with that of the prince of men, R. E. Lee. There are hosts of others who are fast passing away, and whose epitaph must be—they lived.

But the grandest feature of our literature is our political writings. Many writers, in obedience to the demands of the times, have entered boldly and faithfully into this field, and the light from their ever-glowing thoughts have penetrated the arctic regions of Russia, and spanned the watery wastes to bid the Boer rise and know himself a man. God speed the day when the thoughts of the immortal Hamilton shall glow in the bosoms of the Hottentot and Sandwicher, calling forth the dignity of human nature and bidding them rise with other nations and know that "it is not all of life to live."

Among the miscellany we have Jere Black and others that are an honor to this land of ours; we have Lowell, whose beauty is as the evergreens; the mighty Emerson, whose every thought pulsates with the fire of power; the classic Holmes, whose sparkling wit and happy originality so endears him to us all; but. above all, we have the inimitable Irving. And how delightful would it be to linger here: but we have loitered too long, and can only make our bow to the Knickerbocker that towers alone in its grandeur, leave every flower unplucked in that beautiful garden, the Alhambra, and close with a quotation from the Sketch Book on broken heart. Speaking of woman, he says, "she is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form,

bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. As the dove will clasp its wings to its side and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is in the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection." TUG.

THE POLITICAL PREACHER.

The people of America are firmly settled in the conviction that a wide dissemination of the principles of Christianity would tend to purify the morals and elevate the sentiments of the nation. But there is at least one portion of our confederacy wh re the proper province of the minister of the Gospel, and suitable subjects for sermonizing, are not understood or practiced. But for this, the successful hypocrisy of a Beecher had never raised so unworthy a man to the high place he seems to occupy in the estimation of our neighbors of the North.

When the ministers of the Gospel confine themselves to their appropriate duties, as shepherds of their folds—the visiting the sick, relieving the indigent—administering consolation to the wounded spirit, inculcating the duties of religion and morality, and impressing upon the minds of their flock a respectful deference for human laws and in stitutions, they are a comfort and a blessing to mankind. But when, on the contrary, they step out of their consecrated sphere, attempt to substitute the law of Moses interpreted by themselves, in place of those of their country, they invariably become little better than firebrands of dissension. Civil dissension, revolution and bloodshed are the enevitable consequences of the mingling of Politics and Religion.

Our country may be regarded as one of the first powers of the globe. Its flag is known and respected on every sea, and its name receives the consideration due to a powerful nation. Our progress has been unprecedented, and it will be well for us to look around before we advance furt her in our race. In mere mechanical art and science, we undoubtedly surpass any other nation on earth; but I fear that our advance in happiness and social prosperity has not been commensurate with our progress in material science. It little avails us that Fulton was an American, or the electric telegraph the result of American ingenuity, when the same finger that points to them, may direct attention to the successful forgeries of a Huntingdon or the wild vagaries of spiritualism.

The same country that produced a Whitney is the birth place of a Murrill, and when we boast of our progress in art, we should remember our advance in iniquity. The cultivation of morals and virtue is of more importance to our well-being as a State than any advance we may make in art or science. Christianity is of paramount importance in such a work, but we

should learn the distinction between the *profession* and *practice* in Religion.

The one is content with the outward forms of belief, the glare and tinsel of *seeming* christianity and the performance of such open duties as may entitle the actor to the praises of his fellows. It is like the sepulchre of the Testament, "fair without but false within."

The expounder of these doctrines is content, if his efforts please—not caring or desiring to benefit those whom he is hired to direct. He points out to others the "steep and narrow path that leads to God and heaven;" but is unwilling to trust his own precious person to the perils of such a journey—himself wandering on in the broadways of pleasure and sin, plucking the flowers of earthly enjoyment, and rendering himself as unfit for the pure delights of the "Kingdom to come" as he is for the position he holds on this earth.

But true piety, though she builds no stately halls, rears no gorgeous domes, nor adorns her house of prayer with frippery unbellishments, with which wealth seeks to clothe the temple of God, plants its altars in secret, lights its fires in the depth of the heart,and burns in the hidden recesses of the soul with a flame the brighter for being unseen. It scorns the outward apparel that cloaks the hidden rottenness of Phariseeism, and dedicates its energies to the living God, for the most part unnoticed and unknown.

To promote piety, rather than propagate political party dogmas, is then the duty of the minister of Jesus. But what must we think of him, who, regardless of his duty to his God, the respect due to His name and the edifice erected as His habitation; regardless of the common rules of decency and self respect, regardless of the laws of his country, and every principle of honesty, basely desecrates the house of God, the sacred character of his office, and fulminates from the altars of Christ those anathemas against the South of which the vilest reprobate of our land should be ashamed? Who was instrumental in arousing his countrymen to war and bloodshed; who conjures up the most revolting scenes of inhumanity and barbarity, knowing them to exist only in his own imagination; who draws the character of a country in the vilest colors that a diseased fancy can create; who pretends to shudder at the clank of chains that are heard only by his own hypocritical ears; who quotes as readily from the New York *Times* as from the Bible; eulogizes equally Horace Greeley and St. Paul; mingles the name of the Apostle Peter with that of the traitor Giddings and floundering in the froth of his own rhetorical efforts, strains an excited imagination to the highest flight of improbability? I repeat it, what must we think of him, who, regardless of his country's welfare and unrestrained by its laws, sought to display his own poor abilities by advocating a

cause known in his own heart to be characterized by injustice, want of good faith and oppression; who, for motives of personal interest or a desire to gain temporary power and distinction, would plunge his country in scenes of horror, at which the world might grow pale; on whose mouth plays the hypocritical smile of good-will and a desire to alleviate the sufferings of humanity, while the sneer of hatred and envy, concealed beneath this hollow pledge of friendship, lurks in his soul and turns the waters of life to gall and bitterness. Such a character should be held in detestation by the citizens of America and the fixed finger of scorn point out to succeeding generations the vile character of the American Political Preacher of the nineteenth century. A.

ORTHOGRAPHY AND PHONETICS.

Language is an organism. Etymology and orthography teach the structure of this organism. Organic creations are subject to changes with reference to their development from an imperfect to a perfect state, from primeval greenness to subsequent maturity.

With these premises we venture an exposition of the confused results that would accrue from the adoption of a phonetic method of orthography. The new but not less interesting science of philology shows markedly the difference between the English idioms and orthography of the time of Chaucer (who with Wickliffe may justly be acknowledged the source of our vernacular) and those of the present day. This change, observable in the transmission of the English tongue, is no less noticeable in other languages. We will depend on our mother-tongue for exemplification and reason analogously of other speeches.

The English of to-day bears the same resemblance to its origin as the man to the baby. The fundamental element still exists; the traces or recognizable marks are, of course, almost effaced or concealed; the superstructure hides the foundation, but always its existence. Upon the masonry of the English language generation after generation have been erecting new idioms and shaping the orthography of the elements of those idioms with different material.

The two great truths established by philology are, viz: That languages are subject to laws, rational and philosophic, like all other manifestations of the mind of man: and that languages have their history, which may be traced from the first indefinite sound of the infant to the last sigh of the expiring giant; that they grow, prosper and spread, decline and finally succumb, with the nations by whom they are spoken, and

with the mind of which they have been at once the exponent and the evidence. Changes, then, sensible after the lapse of long periods, like those observed in animal or vegetable growth, have been made. The English of Chaucer would to-day be considered by some, even with a tolerable understanding of English, as the language of a foreign author. That English is prosperous, and therefore capable of higher perfection, is witnessed by the spread of its use. In the orthography of our language we are gravitating towards perfection, perhaps. At this period the inclination of speeches is to disembody themselves of cumbersome forms and tedious inflections, as in ancient languages, the Greek and Latin for instance, and to assume a lighter garb, to depart from the mechanical and to approach the spiritual. This tendency is accomplished in proportion to the culture and refinement of the mind. This is now the spirit of all great idioms: to relieve themselves of bodily forms.

In language there are two elements: the spiritual and the material. The spiritual is the idea conceived in the mind; the material or corporeal, is the vehicle by which this idea is expressed. To make known this idea in as light and airy a vesture as possible is the drift of cultivated speech. But this spiritual expression cannot be effected in a day, or a year, or a period, by the artificial contrivance of man, but will ultimately be attained in the continual elevation of man's mind. The slow but smooth-flowing current of improvement must not be interrupted in its course, nor its progress accelerated by artificial means. Language and its orthography cannot be dealt with arbitrarily: it forms a part of man's nature; it is an attribute essential to the constitution of the GENUS HOMO; it is an instrument more comprehensive in its use than any of the senses, and it is a gift of God. It is the GENIUS of the English language that it has no general laws for orthography, not even that of analogy. And shall we endeavor to destroy its chief characteristic, its very spirit? Orthography in its original forms observed no regularity in the combinations. By use and human genius, by a skillful adaptation of sound to letters, with a due regard to etymology, orthography has assumed its present form. Shall we ruthlessly plunge headlong into the perversion of a system toward which our course has been directed since the world began? Why create a confusion, worse confounded than that of Babel in the formation of a rediculous mode of spelling? "Why rid iculous?" our adversaries may contend. Ridiculous because even if the changes were logical, what set or body of men shall be made the standard of phonetics? How from the wreck of the present existing dictionary can they construct a more perfect orthography, giving etymology its due consideration? The learned

who proposed this principle, perhaps in their generosity, did not conceive the obstacles they would place in the way of their descendants by involving in obscurity words derived from foreign sources. Our language is related to the Greek and Latin; to their mother, the ancient Sanscrit; to their offspring, the Romance tongues; also to the Saxon, German, Danish and others. Are we willing to confuse the monuments of antiquity and sever our close connection with modern tongues? These ties can never be maintained by arbitrary action in reform. In studying the etymology of the word "philosophy," if spelt "filosofy," (supposing "i" and "y" to be both allowed to remain,) the student would necessarily have to go through the routine of a comparison of sounds: whereas now, if he has any knowledge of Greek, the origin of the word presents itself with the word.

The consideration of this word "philosophy" recalls to my mind the story of the little boy, who, upon being remonstrated with on account of his erroneous orthography of the word "socks," wanted to know if "s-o-x" didn't spell "socks" what did it spell. His orthographphical performance was thoroughly phonetic, and his question was, of course, unanswerable; but I have never heard that any one recognized in that boy genius. If he be alive to-day, doubtless he considers that the correction of his master and the laughter of his classmates were ill-timed, and perceives in his injured person the martyr of a reformation, but who feels his cause now espoused by valiant men. We have said that the inclination of language is to assume a spiritual garb. This is the main point of this writing. The accomplishment of this inclination cannot be effected precipitately. By continual enlightenment, the mind will eventually bring about these changes, and will nicely, without tediousness, maintain the relations of etymology. But if the mind declines a relapse to mechanisms will succeed.

Another difficulty in the way of a phonetic method of spelling is, that the same letters, even among people of our own tongue, have not the same sounds. Who shall regulate this? Who can make the harsh, grating tones of the Northern and the soft, smooth-flowing and melodious notes of the Southern people sound alike? The adoption of the method would give rise to all sorts of facetiousness and excesses in spelling. Leave orthography alone; let it develop itself. The physical appearance of man is not substantially improved by artifice, and the outgrowth of his mind cannot be. The mind wanting will find that which is needed.

In conclusion, I am led to say, that, in time, a method of orthography (following the present tendency of speech) bearing relation to the phonetic method proposed, will be effected without abruptness, if the mind is continually improv-

ed. For the orthography of modern English is superior to early English; and who can doubt that the English spoken by posterity, at the present rate of improvement, will not excel in orthography that of to-day, until, disembodied, words shall assume their spiritual robes. JAS. NORFLEET.

THE GIRLS.

Hear the laughter of the girls—
Pretty girls.
What a fund of merriment each ruby lip unfurls!
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
In the balmy air of night!
While the stars that overspatter
All the heavens hear their clatter
In a soft and mild delight;
To the tintinnabulation that, unceasing, ever purls
From the girls, girls, girls, girls,
Girls, girls, girls.
From the wild, capricious, saucy, jaunting girls.

See the flirting of the girls,
Radiant girls!
How the lover's softened brain wildly whirls
Through the mazes of the ball,
Up and down the stately hall!
How he skips to and fro!
And perspires.
Would that we could tell the idiot all we know
Of the fires
Into which the false ones hurl
Each new whim—see the flame—how it swirls!

How it curls!
How it curls!
Better far that they were churls,
Than fall victims to the girls;
To the prattle and the rattle
Of the girls, girls, girls, girls,
Girls, girls, girls—
To the sacking and heart-racking of the girls!

—*Hamilton College Monthly.*

WHY WE HAVE NOT A WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Often has the question been asked by the foreigner, as he looks around with admiration on our institutions, "Why have you not a Westminster Abbey? A national urn in which to deposit the ashes of those who have been a sacrifice on your altars?" To this question there has been, and can be, but one American answer: "We have a more fit resting place for our fallen ones!"

In the days of pristine antiquity, we are told that when a warrior died in battle, or a statesman in the service of his country, his body was burned on the sacred funeral pile, and the ashes treasured up in remembrance of him. Coeval with this custom, but practiced by a different people, we see the disgusting mummies of the Egyptians laid away in their stupendous mausoleums; and there they remain to this day entombed in the earth, with the Pyramids for their tombstones, and the Sphynx standing guard; and not till the sea shall heave up her treasures and the secrets of all men be made known, shall the laboring earth disgorge from her tomb the bloated remains of what were once the proud races of the Pharaohs.

Coming down to modern times, we see the famous charnel house of England, in which are deposited her old Norman and Anglo-Saxon Kings, her prelates and cardinals, her Pitts and Wellingtons, her Chaucers and Shakespeares.

Transporting back in imagination, we see a shadowy procession, as slowly and solemnly it winds its way through the aisles and cloisters of the old Abbey; we hear the sepulchral chant of the choir as it sings the requiem of the departed dead; we recognize the iron clad heel of feudal times as it treads on the marble floor, together with the jingle of armour and swords. Slowly the train winds its way to some favored corner, where in a magnificent sarcophagus the noble dead is laid. Time flies away, centuries roll around, and again the doors of the old cathedral are thrown open; again the choir bursts forth in a funeral dirge; the statues, paintings, frescoe, are all shrouded in black and the funeral pall trails through the aisles. But no jingling of armor or iron bootheels are heard now. The rustling of silk and the slippered tread of the multitude betokens a new era; the rough manners of the old people have passed away and the polish of the 19th century is present; the times have changed, but still the graves of England's first kings are standing. And this is her burial ground, in which the English boy thinks it is a sufficient legacy if his sire is buried. It is a model of architecture, evincing by its decorations the highest embellishments of art, and the most successful efforts of the masters. Its fame is spread far and wide, and it is resorted to by the antiquary and cu-

rious travelers, whose exuberant fancy can conjure up scenes that have long since passed.

But different, far different, is it with us. We need no glaring monuments or finished elegy to remind us of our heroes. Their memories are treasured up in our hearts, their epitaphs are written in our country's history.

Republican simplicity, which characterized the lives of our Titans, maintains its prerogative in the decoration of their tombs. The simple lily blooming on their graves is symbolic of their purity, whilst the proud stem of the towering oak ever reminds us of their firmness and integrity.

The traveler, as he floats down the Potomac, passes by the grave of Washington. There, removed far from the bustle of the world, in a quiet corner of the land which he tilled, the Father of our country lies sleeping. There is no monument to arrest the attention of the passer by. It is not necessary.

Like Westminster, in one respect, it is the resort of thousands; not for the gratification of an idle curiosity, but rather it is the Mecca of our faith, to which, with an eastern devotion, we make our pilgrimage.

There, nearly every day in the year, is seen the stranger who comes to pay his votive offering at this shrine. Here the matron drops a tear for the memory of him who was ever a bulwark for her weakness. Here the brave man's heart leaps as he recalls the traits of that character which beat so responsive to his own.

This is the only altar on which our faith allows us to pour out our offering, and from that one, without violating the tenets of that faith, can the smoke of our incense arise,

"For, oh! if there be on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering, heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

Protected by the trees which he planted; resting on the banks of that river which he crossed with a victorious army, the warrior sleeps! Let the tall oak guard his rest! Let the murmuring river sound his dirge!

Whilst Westminster contains the body of King Henry the Sixth, the founder of Eaton College, our own University grounds contain the ashes of its founder! How fit a resting place! In the one instance the lover of Belles lettres lies in common with the man of war and ambitious statesman; in the other, he rests in the "quiet grave of the academy."

The University, whose germ the lamented Caldwell planted years ago, now grown in vigorous strength, holds in its bosom the remains of its founder. Sleeping quietly in the very center of his usefulness, it would seem that his spirit still hovered with parental affection over the spot which he loved so well, ever as a guardian angel to protect it from evil and foster its onward march to usefulness and virtue. H.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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The thought that the two societies ought to have an organ through which to let the world know that we are alive and kicking, gave birth to the MONTHLY, and if that thought has not died out neither ought the MONTHLY to die; and the editors who now have hold of it don't intend that it shall die. They are an enterprising set of men, who, when they take hold of a thing, mean business. That is exactly what we mean, boys; and we want you to shake off your old indifference in regard to the MONTHLY and come to our help. "The Gods help those who help themselves," and we intend to help ourselves, and the last one of you ought to be god-like enough to come to our assistance. The MONTHLY is ours. It is an institution of the students, and each one of us is *personally* interested in its success. If we, the students, don't take an interest in it we can't expect the public to. The greatest hindrance to the MONTHLY's progress and prosperity so far has been want of interest on the part of the students, Now, let the last one of us shake off this lethargy, come to the rescue, and say, the MONTHLY *shall* succeed. Let us not permit the little infant to drown in the sea of financial difficulties. One dollar is a small amount when it is given to support a home institution in which we are all interested. The MONTHLY ought to become an essential appendage to the University, and grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength. It can be made so and it *must* be made so. Let all old subscribers pay up, and let every subscriber renew his subscription, and thus show his interest in this infant MONTHLY, which is now starting on the second year of its existence. It has shown itself to be a vigorous infant, and well worthy to be placed in the category of "the fittest." Hence all ye who are opposed to seeing the pillars of the evolution theory shaken will come forward and help the infant MONTHLY in its "struggle for existence," or we will point the finger of scorn at your evolution theory and say, yes, yours is a fine theory, the MONTHLY was one of the fittest,

and yet, did it survive? How about this argument, friends, do you think it will stand the test of logic? Our reply is, that we think it will, about as well as the majority of Juniors stood the examination on logic. Now, Messrs. Juniors, we don't mean to cast any reflection at all, but are only interested in the soundness of the above argument and in the good of the MONTHLY, and just as you would have succeeded better on logic if you had taken more interest in it, so will the MONTHLY succeed better if you will take more interest in it. The Seniors are going to do their part, and if you, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, will do your parts the MONTHLY will sail on under a high gale into the harbor of success, and then will we all be proud of having lent a helping hand to the success of so worthy an enterprise. Let the above remarks be a "gentle reminder" that the business editor is ready, willing, waiting and anxious to receive subscription money. Let every student especially, as well as every other subscriber, be so generous-hearted as to hand over now, immediately, forthwith, if not sooner, his dollar, and not only do this, but exert himself to get new subscribers to the MONTHLY.

It is gratifying to us to inform the public that the Star of the University is now in the ascendant. There are more students at the University now than have been at any time since the re-opening. This fact should cause every true North Carolinian's heart to swell with pride. It is a sign that the misty cloud of ignorance and indifference to the great cause of education, which has so long hovered with appalling darkness over the soil of North Carolina, is at last being dissipated by the genial rays of the sun of enlightenment. May this sun continue to rise in splendor and glory until every vestige of the cloud of ignorance is driven from our soil. Then will the tree of knowledge flourish in North Carolina, and bear as its fruits crowning success in every variety of enterprise. Then will North Carolina no longer be called the Rip Van Winkle State of the Union, but will take her place in the foremost ranks of the States in their onward march toward a high state of civilization. May that time speedily come! Oh, North Carolina, why be so tardy in waking up to thine own best interests!

Revenge, at first, though sweet,
Bitter, ere long, back on itself recoils.
—*Milton.*

The following beautiful criticism of Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales," by Henry W. Longfellow, will be read with no little interest by the Seniors who have lately passed through Astronomy.

"When a new star rises in the heavens people gaze after it for a season with the naked eye and with such telescopes as they may find. In the stream of thought

which flows so peacefully deep and clear through the pages of this book, we see the bright reflection of a spiritual star after which men will fain to gaze 'with the naked eye, and with the spyglass of criticism.' This star is but newly risen; and ere long the observations of numerous star-gazers, perched upon arm-chairs and editors' tables, will inform the world of its magnitude, and place in the heaven of poetry, whether it be in the paw of the Great Bear or on the forehead of Pegasus, or on the strings of the Lyre, or in the wing of the Eagle. Our own observations are are as follows: To this little work we would say: 'Live ever, sweet, sweet book.' It comes from the hand of a man of genius. Everything about it has the freshness of morning and of May. These flowers and green leaves of poetry have not the dust of the highway upon them. They have been gathered fresh from the secret places of a peaceful and gentle heart. There flow deep waters, silent, calm and cool; and the green leaves look into them and 'God's blue heaven.' The book though in prose is nevertheless written by a poet.

He looks upon all things in the spirit of love, and with lively sympathies; for to him external form is but the representation of internal being, all things having a life and end and aim."

Preachers are making a great mistake now-a-days by preaching continually the *evidences* of Christianity instead of Christianity itself. They are thus surrendering the sword of the Spirit, that mighty conqueror of the devil's forces, and exchanging for it the weak weapons of man's imperfect intellect. Preachers who are imbued with the true principles of Christianity find a sufficiency of employment in sounding the depth of God's love and in unfolding the beauties of the true Christian character, without wandering out on the murky paths of humane controversy to try to answer the objections made to Christianity by perverted intellects who care nothing either for Christianity or anti-Christianity, but whose only ambition is to gain notoriety. These infidelic writers are the devil's instruments, and are employed by him in order to execute a piece of cunning trickery. The object of the devil is to lure Christians off from the great central truths of Christianity into the consideration of minor points, and thus to lead them out onto slippery ground where he has the advantage of them. Whereas if the preachers would only stick to their texts, and preach pure religion, they hold in their grasp a lever having as its fulcrum the character of Jesus Christ which is sufficient to overturn completely the fabric of infidelity. By attempting to answer the little objections to Christianity the preachers are magnifying molehills into mountains. Besides, why talk to Christians so much of the *evidences* of Christianity? All true Christians are already convinced,

and if non-Christians are not convinced it is because they have willed not to be. But it will be well for such to remember that:

"He that wold not when he might,
He *shall not* when he wolda."

If any man doubts the truth of Christianity, it is because he has never opened his eyes. Let any reasonable man open his mental eyes and search the innermost recesses of his consciousness, and glean all the evidence to be found there, and then let him open his natural eyes and view the transforming effects of Christianity on the individual character and on the character of society, and then let him glance his eyes at the constitution and course of this magnificent universe, and turn leaf after leaf of the book of nature's design, and peruse all that is therein contained, and then as a supplement to all this, let him open the Bible and observe the beauty, symmetry and unity of this grand book, and he will need no further evidences of Christianity.

Old Ingersoll himself will wish for the consolation of Christianity when the death-warrant has been served on him, and he comes to cross the stygian ferry and to pass into the Great Unknown Beyond.

The following, according to Swift, are the amusements of modern young men. It doesn't apply to us, does it?

"Gaming, talking, swearing, drinking,
Humbug, shooting, never thinking;
Chatting nonsense all day long,
Humming half an opera song;
Chasing baubles, rings and jewels;
Writing verses, fighting duels.
Mincing words in conversation,
Ridiculing all the nation.
Admiring their own pretty faces,
As if possess'd of all the graces;
And though no bigger than a rat,
Peeping under each girl's hat"

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach te know
How far your genius, taste and learning go.
—*Pope.*

We regret the departure of our estimable and clever gentleman, F. S. Spruill, who was licensed by the Supreme Court at its last sitting. We truly hope his future life will be one of pleasantness and usefulness. He is qualified for and worthy of the profession which he h s espoused, and we can see no reason why he should not at some day reach the topmost round in the ladder of fame.

College Record.

Our esteemed brothers of the quill, Messrs. Wharton, Adams and Radcliffe, having taken a double amount of work upon themselves, throw off editorial harness.

Of course we are sorry to bid them adieu, but we extend a hearty welcome to their able successors, Messrs. Riddle, Heitman and Wilkes. We predict for our new eds. a brilliant future.

We are glad that the practice of applauding in the chapel when certain students come in is almost a thing of the past. It is well enough to applaud when a professor says anything funny and looks as if he desires applause, but the sanctity of the chapel should not be invaded by such customs.

Prof. Radcliffe, "Washington's Birthday Orator," chose for his marshals, those quiet and studious young men, Sam Dick and Sam Smith.

Dr. Battle's lectures to the Seniors on Constitutional and International Law are much complimented. His present series of lectures has never before been delivered in North Carolina. The talks on Business Law, given once a week, will be of incalculable advantage to all those who attend them.

It is a source of pleasure to those whose interests are identified with this Institution to hear that the students are distinguishing themselves everywhere. Some have become far-famed inventors, some daring warriors, and adventurous discoverers, others have inscribed their names high on the roll of honor and usefulness as public men and private citizens. The N. C. U. has sent out men who have filled every office in the gift of the people from that of precinct magistrate to the chief magistracy of the Union. Our boys have gone as embassadors and consuls to foreign lands, and, indeed, hold important positions given by the nations in those countries. All this is gratifying, but, when we realize that we have a genius in our midst, we are over-joyed. "My Little Soph." is a wonder in classic Latin. He will soon issue a treatise on exclamations, which for minuteness of detail, and exactness generally, has never been equaled. The advance sheets may be seen on application. He has also in view the publication of an exhaustive criticism on Terence's Adelphœ. Encourage the rising author.

"Ghork," from "Black Water," will soon issue his review of Gil Blas. "Ghork" is a humorous writer, and we have no doubt his book will be a success.

We regret that the mistake in last issue occurred, but the Di sub-marshals should have been in this order:

1. Sub. W. H. McNeill.
2. Sub. S. A. Holleman.
3. Sub. S. B. Turrentine.

Prof. Holmes is again at his post, having been absent a few days in the interest of the University. He is quite young, but to find a man more devoted to his department, Natural Science, and more thorough in his work, would be a difficult undertaking. His "ocular and auricular" demonstrations in the class-room do much towards clearing up the mists which have hitherto enshrouded this much neglected study. A commendable feature in the professor is, that he keeps pace with the onward march of "scientific research."

The third of this month was an eventful day.

"Dolly," who is full of adventure and experiment, inquired into the unknown by striking a match and dropping it into a barrel of gasoline. The consequence of this investigation was determined so speedily that scientific Dolly has been unable to ascertain the direct cause of the explosion. The result of this research was a shattered barrel and a wound very artistically engraved over the left eye of the "experiencer."

Later in the day the Rev. Mr. Martin, taking it into his head, that the peach crop would be earlier than usual, ventured up one of his peach trees to examine the early buds. As he stood perched upon one of the limbs (forgetful of his old age) which was too slender for the divine, the limb broke and let him down the tree at considerable velocity. It took two of the best doctors in town to convince him that his neck was not broken.

On the same evening the carriage horses of Maj. Watson became frightened and threw from the carriage Rev. Mr. Huske and Dr. Battle. Damages nominal.

Yale's new athletic grounds cover thirty acres. There are on them three base-ball grounds, tennis, archery, cricket, foot-ball fields, and a rifle range. The college authorities pay half the expenses. Our grounds are almost as large and we have several of the interesting features mentioned. We learn that our Alumni have met, made big speeches, and are subscribing liberally toward erecting an immense gymnasium. Thanks honored sirs; hasten the accomplishment of your worthy design, and you will be doing a great and memorable deed. A gymnasium is much needed.

The University Law Class was elegantly entertained at the residence of Prof. Manning on the night of the 30th.

The supper, prepared by his accomplished and amiable lady, was an enjoyable affair. The deci-

ples of Blackstone, 17 in number, were in excellent trim for the occasion, and did ample justice to the tempting viands. "Many thanks," is the chorus of the "grateful seventeen."

Prof. Manning is not only sociable and affable, but possesses a peculiar tact for imparting instruction. His lectures on law have a great tendency to win the students to that science. His school is rapidly gaining popularity and patronage. The advantages offered to the students here are superior to any in the State: they have free access to the libraries and the societies.

Prof. Winston's occasional lectures on the comparative Philology of the Latin language are intensely interesting and instructive. His comments, too, on the lives and characters of classic celebrities are eagerly listened to. The Sophs. carefully note his deductions and lay them back "in the storehouse of memory" for future reference.

The Professor has the rare faculty of interesting his pupils even when dealing with dryest facts. For clear and forcible explanation of idiomatic constructions, in German and Latin, he is unsurpassed. To know him is but to admire him.

We think it our duty to record the untimely death of Mr. Harper, a graduate of this institution. He always entertained the warmest feelings for the University. The following, from the Newberne *Journal*, is the unanimous verdict of all who knew him:

James W. Harper was an *honest* man. He was a ripe scholar, an able, fearless and independent editor; a sound, just and conscientious lawyer. He was a safe counsellor, though not a brilliant advocate, never advising a client to go to law unless he was certain to be in the right. We think we have heard it from his lips that he had never advised a client to bring suit but what he won. At the Spring Term of the Superior Court of Jones County, in 1880, he submitted a brief upon which he was complimented by the ablest members of the Newbern bar.

In all the grand and noble qualities which make the kind husband, the loving parent, the useful citizen, the devoted friend and the genuine Christian, James W. Harper was "the complete man." To us, who have known him intimately for ten years, a partner in both the Kinston and Newberne JOURNAL, his death seems untimely; we feel that we have lost a true and tried friend. His bereaved family have our warmest sympathy.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

CULLINGS AND COMMENT.

"To fight, or not to fight: that is the question:
Whether 'tis better in silence to suffer
The defiant sarcasm of a bigoted "Ex,"
Or take up our quill and slay the reckless man."

A Cornell man was injured recently by the accidental discharge of his duty.

We are a new "Ex" man, and we feel strangely queer to be an *editor*.

Hope we shall not be accused of exageration when we say we have received 1883 calendars.

A school girl refuses to multiply 1,000,000 by 1,000,000, because it is too "naughty."

The Suffolk *Casket* is filled with sparkling gems. "Yielding to temptation" is an excellent article, but we have no fancy for "The Poetry of Mathematics." The sisters of the quill who edit the *Casket*, we conjecture, are themselves "diamonds of the first water."

"Is any one waiting on you?" said a polite dry goods clerk to a young lady from the country. "Yes, sir;" replied the blushing damsel, "that's my fellow outside, he wouldn't come into the store."

The *Index* exchange man keeps up his wonted howl. The Randolph Macon *Monthly* takes up the refrain and devotes nearly two pages to the *merits vs. pretensions* of the Virginia University *Magazine*.

Prof.—"How dare you swear before me, sir?" Student—"How did I know you wanted to swear first?"

A young lady at home from a boarding school was asked if she would have roast beef, when she replied: "No, I thank you; gastronomical satiety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimate stage of deglutition consistent with dietetic integrity.

A Vermont debating society announces the following question: "Which is the most fun, to see a man try to thread a needle, or a woman try to drive a nail?"

The *New South* suspends with this issue. Friend Oldham, yours was not a college journal, but college boys held it in high esteem. We shall look forward with impatience to the reappearance of your paragraph column.

The famous William and Mary College, Williamsburg, the once proud, luxurious seat of learning, has passed away. Last year there was one student, now there is none.

Mr. Andrews, translating Virgil—"Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck, and—that's far as I got, Professor." Well, Mr. Andrews, I think that was quite far enough."

The *Wabash* is printed on tinted paper.

Prof. (looking at watch): "As we have a few moments left I should like to have any one ask a question, if so disposed."

Student: "What time is it, please?"

They sat by the tower of Pisa,
And he did what he could to plisa;
He looked in her eyes,
He heard many scyes,
Then stuck out his arms for to sqiza.

——"Did Mr. B——call in my absence, John?" "No mum! but Mr. Thank Heavens did, leastways when I told him you were out, and asked him what name to give he said kind of low like, 'missed her, thank heavens!'"

Of all college papers we *pity* the California *Occident* most. Its outside is more like the handbills of an auction house than anything else. Its editorials are almost entirely devoted to an attempt at vindicating itself in regard to certain charges made by students in the same institution. Its exchange genius thinks our articles uninteresting to the average college student. Certainly, Mr. *Occident.* Now, sir, did you believe you could hurl such shot at us with impunity? See here, then. Our literary articles are written by our own University students. They are read with interest by our students, by the Alumni, and by the citizens of the land. These facts are evinced not only by the numerous letters which are continually written us, but by the complimentary notices which the civilized press has given us everywhere. Please remember that we do not write to amuse *average* students, but men and women of intelligence and culture; hence we do *not* hope to entertain *you.*

The *North Western* greets us again with its clothing-house frontispiece. The interior looks better. The article on Ancient Architecture is good.

The *Cornell Daily Sun* drops in every night after tea. It is unencumbered with heavy "lits," and is indeed a college paper, filled up with notes of college life.

Student to Professor in Chemistry: "How is it Professor that living toads are sometimes found in the heart of a solid rock?"

Second student: "By cutting open the rock. See?"

Teacher: "Class in geography stand up. What is a strait?" Small boy at foot of class: "A strait beats a pair, three of a kind, and generally takes the pot, unless some cuss happens to have a cold deck slipped up his coat sleeves." Teacher: "Let us pray."

The *Cornell Review,* a monthly magazine conducted by the students of the "Millionaire" University, is well printed and quite readable. One article especially, "Eventus Stultorum Magistu," attracted our attention as being worthy of notice.

There are about 160 college papers published in the United States.

The *World*, as usual, is fearlessly advocating the principles for which it contends. This week's issue presents some strong free-trade arguments.

We have received a large number of exchanges during the last few weeks which we have not space to mention. We return thanks to all, and we are specially grateful for the many complimentary notices of our MONTHLY. We hope to be more deserving of praise when we enlarge and put on our new dress.

The *Illini*, under head of Illinites, gives its readers this valuable information: "The days begin to lengthen. So do bad colds." Reminds us of the school-boy who wrote his composition on this wise: "*Tempus fugit*, and so does the crow."

At Home and Abroad, for January, is brim full of good things. "Hidden and the Hiddenite," by Miss Lisette C. Bernheim, was read entire with unabating interest. Prof. Hidden "has made for us the name of a *permanent* gem-producing State, which, however, no other State at present has. The principal gems found in our State, the *Emerald* and the *Hiddenite*, are not as yet known to exist in any other part of the Union. His discoveries during '80 and '81 were the most important contributions to the science of mineralogy made during that period by any American mineralogist."

The MAGAZINE contains many other excellent articles, and presents a handsome exterior. It is a much valued exchange.

Harper's Weekly of February 3rd contains, among other good things, a portrait of Senator Ransom, along with the following just tribute to our beloved statesman: "A recent writer says of him: In scholarship, taste and culture he has had no superior in the history of his State, while as an advocate he is eloquent, powerful and a consummate master of the effective weapons found in raillery and invective. Like Athenian Cimon, who was equally victorious on sea and land, General Ransom has shone in such various fields of action that it is difficult to determine his merit in any one. The degree of L. L. D. was conferred on him by his *alma mater*, the North Carolina University, a few years ago."

Brother Gardner, of *Lime Kiln* fame in the *Detroit Free Press*, proverbs thusly:

"De man who draps argument fur epithet has no case."

"It am only de bigot who prides himself on his cast iron opinions."

"It am only de fairest minded men who admit deir ignorance of what dey doan know.

"Your lips are like the leaves," he said,
"By autumn's crimson tinted;"
"Some people autumn leaves preserve
By pressing them," she hinted.

"Sun, moon and stars forgot," quoted a Junior after hearing his mark on Astronomy.

Advice to Freshman. Honor thy professors in the days of thy youth, that thou mayest be solid before thy Senior year.

Freshman—"What's that great big thing climbing that tree there, mister?"

Friend (laughing in his sleeves)—"That's the great ante-deluvian *hoppohorsyrissimus*, sir. He was too immense for the ark and Mr. Noah was kind enough to present him to the museum."

An Indiana man has trapped thirty crows within a year and set each one loose with a bell on its neck. The crows are much tinkled over it.

Professor in physics: "Both arms will reach about two yards, will they not?" "*Exceedingly* knowing LAST YEAR SOPH, who feels disposed to reason the matter a little, replies, "Well, Professor, it is owing to the shape of the goods to be measured. Now, I've known about fifteen yards of calico to be completely enclosed in two arms." Drop the curtain.

PERSONAL.

"Pigmy" has now 77 pictures on exhibition. Only five cents admission.

Uncle D. Ugly is now starring as the "Belle of Lynch's."

The remaining Albino has left us and we sadly miss his blushing countenance.

"I went down to Raleigh,
Did not go to stay,
I got into a pile of leaves,
And Double Jints took me away,
And Double Jints took me away."

Sam's nose is said to have turned pale with fright some weeks ago.

"Romeo! Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo!" is pronounced the finest sentence in Shakespeare.

Dolly will furnish matches, but he lets out the job of dropping them into barrels.

The "Chinaman" cannot catch a base ball. His eyes have not the required angle.

Washington's Birthday will bring joy to many hearts. "John" arrives the night before.

What has become of the University String Band? We miss its dulcet tones when Saturday night comes and there is no 'stag.'

The "Appendage" no longer follows his feet over this classic ground. They could not carry the Appendage thro' the Xmas mud.

Who is H. M. S. Dido? Answer received at No. 21 South Building.

"Skid" is studying hard, for him. He devotes 21 minutes per day to conic sections.

Valentines! O! Valentines! Afflict us no more, for our scrap basket is full.

Why the sudden change in the manner of the Fresh? Echo answer, "blacking caused it."

Fifteen have gone o'er the river before us, and when shall we six go? The wear and tear of editorial work is fearful.

The gay and festive "John" embraced a large party sometime ago and elections, past and future, were discussed.

It is said that several fresh arose and lo! a wondrous black mask was over their faces. How came it there?

The honeying up of the Fresh and the opposite course with the Old Boys does the Faculty no good and much harm.

Soph (to musical Fresh): "Why have you disposed of your beard?"
Musical Fresh: "Because I looked too Ven(er)able."

Double Jints says he cannot stand this place much longer, unless the "Guardian" referred to in our last is immediately appointed by the Legislature.

Boviary is the new word for cow pen.

"Betsy" says she "ever toted for the woods."

Who is the most mystic man in college? Riddle, of course.

"Thank God! Thank God! I wish it had been a thousand."

Our new catalogue gives the names of 17 Professors and 112 Fresh.

"Grandpap" and the clapper of the bell were lately very near striking.

Crazy Sol and Uncle D. M. were polished a few nights ago. Who did the deed?

The Law students ruled the campus during the holidays and something ruled the L. S.

Seniors, Juniors, Sophs and Fresh are all on the jump. The longest standing jump recorded is 19 feet 8½ inches.

Visitor (to lady of the village): "Which of the classics no you most admire?"

Lady of village: *Horace*, to be sure.

St. Mary girl (to classmate): "Who presented you with that beauteous ring which I see encircling your dainty finger?

She wrote in reply that it was Her—ring.

Announcement: We hereby offer an elaborate pine-bark medal to the "Bore of College." Our candidates are Betsy, Lapper, Chas. Watt, Peddler, Jim Coon, Lazarus and Necessity.

My Lovely says that he had "chank" before.

The "Coon" has returned, much to everybody's delight.

The recipients of gifts from the "Xmas-tree" desire us to return thanks.

The Colonel and the Dry Ponderer had a lively time. Result, the Col. wore mourning over one eye.

Don Gilliam has moved to Tarboro for the good of his profession there.

The freshest Fresh says he is "going to study law and take the optionary course in addition."

Fresh still continue to come in. Slowly but surely will the B. Club visit them.

Many thanks to Jim Leach, Jr., for an invitation to a swell ball at Lexington.

The Law school sends many brilliant men to the Supreme Court this term. We wish all of them success in getting licenses and cases.

We regret our inability to attend the Senior Class Debate at Wake Forest, to which we have received a beautiful invitation.

A. C. Floyd comes from his mountain home, bringing his welcome with him and also news of Dugger. The latter has lost his red cap.

General Hill is making a name for himself and the University by his brilliant speeches in the State Senate.

Prof. H. being absent from the class in Physiography on Monday last, Prof. Rhodes officiated.

"Your boys are corrupting my boys up in college. Cannot you stop this thing?"

"Necessity" is to be congratulated. He has two high honors and is after a third.

The Lapper will not leave us, for even a professorship in a college in the land of Missouri Bob.

Nine of the University boys are located in Charlotte. Some lawyers, some professors and some in business.

Peddler is the "people's candidate" for the "Borer's Medal." The experience gained in the past three years puts him far in advance of all competitors.

The Old Dominion sends us a fresh who is so "gassy" that spontaneous combustion is always going on, when he smokes.

Information is wanted of the man from the county where "various trees of different kinds" grow.

Young Lady (to friend): "Have you made any impression on him yet?"

Friend (likewise a young lady): "No. I cannot make an impression on him, unless I sit down on him."

CHAPTER I.

Once upon a midnight dreary,
While the Fresh slept weak and weary,
Dreaming of the quaint and curious
things of the day before,
While they slept, when wholly napping,
Suddenly there came a rapping,
Rapping at the chamber door.
"'Tis some bold, bad Sophomore" they
muttered,
"Wants to black me, I am sure,"
This it was, and nothing more.

Chapter II will appear later.

The Anti-Shaving Club will hold its "second" meeting every night at Loafer's Corner, formerly occupied by the Gas Club. Full attendance is earnestly requested. Business meeting every Sunday. Iniation fee 3 cents.

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The University Monthly.

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THE COLLEGE BELL.

BY W. C E.

Within the tall old belfry,
  Still swings the deep-toned bell,
That o'er the quiet village sends
  At noon and eve its knell.
The bell our fathers heeded,
  The same old bell that drew
The first gay throng that looked upon
  The good old N. C. U.

  Ring on! Ring on thy
    Summons loud and true;
  And gather Carolina's sons
    Around the N. C. U.

When Carolina's patriot sons
  First gained their liberty,
They strove to educate the land
  That, by their sword was free.
And scarcely had the clouds of war
  Been wafted out of view,
Ere from our hill thy voice proclaimed
  The birth of N. C. U.

  Ring on! Ring on thy
    Summons loud and true,
  And call to mind those patriot men
    That formed the N. C. U.

And now since war no longer
Molests our grand old State,
May Heaven watch with zealous care
This guardian of her fate.
May patriots, such as those who lived,
When these old walls were new,
Support with Carolina's wealth,
Our peerless N. C. U.

Ring loud! Ring long thy
Summons clear and true,
The pride of our happy land
Is now the N. C. U.

INFLUENCE OF FREE-THOUGHT ON AMERICAN SOCIETY.

Free-thought, in its usual acceptation, is that spirit of unbelief which in history leads men to attribute all phenomena to rational rather than miraculous causes, and in religion to regard all successive religious systems as the expression of the changing hopes and aspirations of man. With various modifications this cast of thought has existed in all periods. It flourished in Greece, established itself in Rome, and, in the middle ages, maintained a flickering existence in the midst of intellectual darkness.

Passing unextinguished through that dreary period, it caught up the vivifying spirit of universal progress, divested itself of its less attractive features, and unfurling its banner in every land, entered upon a new era of triumph.

Under its critical and skeptical spirit the specious fabric of mediæval catholicism was to fall in ruins. By virtue of the individuality of character which it generated loyalty was to be reduced to a sentiment, and the arrogant boasts of tyranny silenced forever in the resounding hallelujahs of universal emancipation. The intellectual light emanating from its enquiring tendencies was to melt away the fetters of superstition, to establish religious freedom, and, in its final consummation, to make science the faithful index and counterpart of nature and of nature's laws.

But its influence has not always been so benificent. Instead of teaching us the lesson to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's, it has often converted innocent transgression of divine law into open disregard of duty, and willful immorality. Instead of producing rational individuality of character, it has frequently been the parent of

vicious selfishness and deplorable anarchy. Through its influence the very bulwarks of society have been beaten down and trodden under foot.

So opposite and far-reaching then in its results we naturally contemplate with anxiety its influence upon the commonwealth of America, and ask with dismal forebodings if the progressive tendencies which it has set in motion have not ceased to be reform.

The most characteristic forms of this phase of thought existing at present oppose the old tendency to regard the universe as the result of the mutual actions of mere mechanical laws, and defend that more idealistic theory, which endows nature with a soul and maintains that matter is under the control of forces directed by the will of an all-pervading and impersonal intelligence. But this theory also maintains that man's social duty is higher than his individual, that science is the only revelation, demonstration the only authority, and re-absorption in the great controlling force or intelligence from which we emanated the only immortality of our souls.

To consider the influence of such opinions in all its lights would be a task herculean indeed, for like a silent and invisible destiny it reaches into every sphere of human thought and action—it invades the solitary meditations of the recluse, exhales its venom around the family fireside, revels in institutions of learning, and, with the daring effrontery of a harlot, assails the sacred precincts of the sanctuary. But let us turn aside from these lesser spheres, and consider the ultimate consequences of such opinions as exemplified by American Literature, Government and Religion.

Literature may legitimately be accepted as the embalmed expression of a nation's thoughts and the true exponent of a nation's character. We find that in England, during ecclesiastical supremacy, the tone of literature was servile and bigoted, that during the reformation its force and earnestness proclaimed the spirit of religious enthusiasm, and that at present its boldness of speculation and breadth of discussion too often manifest the ascendancy of skepticism.

As exemplified in American productions the influence of this latter agency is especially striking. Here no embodied monuments of departed geniuses throw around us their conservative influence, here the people are more practical, energetic and fickle; here unbridled liberty and threatening restlessness predominate; and hence with us skeptical views more readily lead to the reflection of the ponderous productions, and stately sentences of earlier authors. The quick, active, versatile mind of the 19th century requires brief sentences, condensed, crystallized, manageable ideas. Appreciation of the mighty Milton is no longer a common heritage to the intelligent, but is confined to an ever decreasing

few. His immense periods, elaborate style, ornate and gorgeous imagery are giving place to pointed, pithy and laconic writings. Admiration of mere rhetorical beauties is rapidly becoming more rare and faint, and the demand for demonstrative proof more imperative. "People read now no less for instruction than entertainment." All facts not accounted for by adequate and rational causes are liable to be discarded, and hence prose as the more powerful medium of proof is rapidly gaining the ascendancy over poetry.

But while prose has been thus acquiring strength and vigor, poetry has likewise been undergoing organic changes within its own sphere, and adapting itself to the popular taste. The strong passion of Swift is being supplanted by the mild and elegant sentiment of a Longfellow; the imagination of Dante yields to the fancy of a Poe; the profound sympathies of Burns to the taste and kindliness of a Bryant; the truthful portrayals of human character by Shakespeare to the distorted conceptions, and would-be character analyses of modern play-writers. Thus the general tendency is from deduction to induction, from ideality to speculation, and from beauty to force.

Considered alone these facts may be regarded with pleasure, but when we remember that it is thro' the medium of literature that the immoral doctrines of unbelieving theorists effect a lodgment in the hearts and minds of the people; that it is through this medium that the direful consequences of licentiousness and profligacy, prejudice and presumption, calumny and falsehood are spread abroad; that it is through this medium that man is glorified, and God dishonored, we stand aghast at the social havoc which may be its result.

But let us now consider the tendency of this evil upon government. The theory of government advocated by free-thinkers at present accepts mere utility as the moving spirit in all legislation. The principles of morality and justice are to be disregarded, and what appears conducive to the public prosperity, and advantageous to our own selfish interests, must be deemed the necessary and only course of action.

That there is much plausibility in such a theory must be admitted, but if we will recognize the fact that man is endowed with a soul, that there is a tribunal of justice within, a consciousness of right and wrong, a sense of our freedom to do the one and avoid the other, a secret yearning and looking for eternal justice hereafter, then we must concede that there are higher motives of action than the groveling considerations of personal interest and public expediency.

But as unbelief relaxes the ties of morality, and deadens our sensibilities these facts become obscured in the belief of irresistible and unchanging laws, the spiritual is absorbed in the material, right blended with interest—and finally

social conservation neglected and forgotten in blind devotion to self.

But while this weakening of morality, this complacent self-sufficiency is so injurious to social happiness and just legislation it is equally as fatal to free political institutions. "For," says De Toqueville, "how is it possible that society should escape destruction, if the moral tie be not strengthened in proportion as the political tie is relaxed? And what can be done with a people, which is its own ruler, if it obey not God and its conscience?"

To the citizens of America such a query should come with startling emphasis. For here the political tie is so weak, the ballot-box so unprotected from fraud and fear, that unless the great fountain of political power is shielded from the noxious elements of skepticism and immorality, it takes no prophet to foretell that the purity of our Republican principles must be contaminated, and the much boasted stability of our government terminate in anarchy and dissolution.

But there remains one other great bulwark of society against which the attacks of free-thought have been more persistently directed, and have produced the most manifest results. We refer to the sacred principles of the christian religion. In antagonizing superstitious beliefs, it too often causes the rejection of the vital and eternal truths around which these beliefs had gathered. In refuting superficial dogmas it has discarded the grand and cardinal principles which these obscured and deformed. By identifying the personality of God with the forces of nature, it has weakened faith in a divine and controlling God-head, dissipated the idea of right and wrong, swept away the hope of immortality, and, in mockery, flaunts at the aspiring soul eternal ages when it shall be no more.

But its effect upon christianity does not stop here. Religion itself has become imbued with the practical spirit of the surrounding medium. Ritualism is raising its hydra-head in our churches, and is casting chilling and sardonic glances upon penitence and prayer. Intelligence too frequently stations itself in the pulpit more for the defense of creeds, than for the dissemination of christian truths. Numbers, wealth, and position, rather than spiritual earnestness and deep convictions of truth, are rapidly becoming the avowed indices of christian prosperity. That such is the case is to be deplored; but notwithstanding this disdain of custom and love of innovation, this disregard of the abstract and devotion to the concrete, freethought has done much for mankind that can never be too highly esteemed. It has pierced and removed many concretions of error that had once gathered around christian truth; it has broke away many of the shackles which deprived conscience of its full and righteous freedom; it has raised the cringing hypocrite from the foot-stool of impostors,

and placed him upon the proud pedestal of manhood and independence; but having done this—like the volcano that warms into luxuriance the vegetation upon its sloping sides, when convulsed with an eruption, it leaves in its pathway only the blackened and blighted prospect of desolation and death.

Too many of us are prone to trust supinely to that old maxim "truth crushed to earth will rise again." No one can appreciate the force of this saying more than we, but though truth should rise again, we should ward off the woful consequences of its fall. Then if we would not believe that the light of demonstrative proof is too strong for the human mind, and that ignorance is the only passport to happiness, if we would show that the truths of the divine Word are an antidote for all poison which lurks in the luscious fruit of knowledge, we must renounce the folly of implicit faith, and picking up the gauntlet of reason prove to carping skeptics the supremacy of the right, the true, and the good.

In conclusion then we may award all glory to free thought for whatever it has done to remove social evils, to promote intellectual progress, or to liberate conscience, but as a principle for the guidance and protection of our political institutions it cannot be accepted, as a moral and religious factor in Society it is too dangerous to be encouraged. W.

THE NEW NORTH STATE.

It must be pleasant for those, imbued with State pride, to watch the progress that is going on in every branch of industry in North Carolina. It is a day of change. Nothing is stationary. Wherever we look, we see improvement. In education, in agriculture, in commerce, in mining, in manufacturing —in all we see the energy of the new Carolinian.

The first tide that swept over the State, was a tide of education. As its landmarks, it has left the present system of common schools, the normal schools, and as its grandest mark the re-opening of the University.

With education, the eyes of the people were opened to the fact that they possessed a mineral wealth that compares favorably with that of any State in the Union. As early as 1799 gold was discovered in North Carolina; but only within the last few years has the richness of her mines been fully realized; so great in extent and number that it has required nearly a century to sample them. However, it is doubted whether that proves *much* for the mines, or but *little* for the past North Carolinian. Possessed of all the requisites for manufacturing, her people have just begun to realize that North Carolina was destin-

ed for a manufacturing State. After many years of sad experiment it has been demonstrated that tar, pitch, and turpentine are not her only products. These discoveries have drawn upon her the eyes of capitalists and inspired her people with energy, industry, and hopeful resolves. As a result, cotton and woollen factories are decorating the banks of her rivers. Her mineral deposits slumber no longer undisturbed. Cities, as if by magic, are springing up before our eyes. Indeed, in addition to agriculture, all those industries which make a State great and powerful are being engaged in by her people. They are increasing the wealth of the State in a wonderful ratio. Within the three years of her present administration, her taxable property has increased one-seventh of its present value, which proclaims the energy of a contented people and the advantages of a State Government.

Following close upon the advancement in education and the increase in wealth, came the great improvement in the facilities for transportation. Three years ago the State was sadly embarrassed by the want of railroads, and her people were groaning beneath an enormous tax for the construction. But as yet the voracious vaults of Mud Cut, a common place of deposit, had proved an unfavorable banking establishment. Her mountains of gold, decorated with gems, the cherished goal of all their abors, towered in the distance and laughed to scorn all attempts to lead the iron horse upon their peaks. But a revolution in the building of railroads was soon to dawn. A revolution that may justly be attributed, in good part, to the present energetic and progressive administration. As a result, her roads are being extended as a net-work throughout the State. Her mountains have at last been pierced. And now the unbroken rails, riveted at one end to the granite walls that mark our western bounds, and at the other end linked to the firm docks that are washed by the billows of the sea, bind all parts of the grand old State together. The East and West, thus linked in a united prosperity, have forgotten alike the enmity of race and the enmity of section.

If those who fell to sleep amid the roar of artillery during the civil war could behold the great changes that have taken place, they would be as much lost in their native State, as Rip Van Winkle was in his native village. The hum of her machinery and the whistle of the locomotive among her mountains would be as bewildering to them as the terms "Federal" and "Democrat" were to him.

We, who have watched with admiration her course, cannot predict her future. Veiled to us are the glories yet to come. But through the mist and mysteries of forthcoming years, interpreted by the prophetic beam of the past, may we not read her grand destiny? For years the people seem to have

been ignorant of the treasures that lay at their doors; while our neighbors have regarded us only as a State of tar, pitch and turpentine. Nothing can be more gratifying to North Carolinians than to know that these false opinions of us have at last been corrected. The veil that has so long hidden her natural wealth has been rent; and the scene at Atlanta showed her to be not only equal but superior to her haughty sisters. North and South alike have been astounded at the scene; while North Carolinians have wondered at their own success and superiority. With these great advantages, why should not North Carolina aspire to rival even these States whose remarkable progress and development we witness with amazement? Why should not our educational advancement and material development continue? Why should we not recognize the fact, that in this age of business and enterprise, material prosperity gives to a people not only commercial dignity but political power as well?

That these questions are agitating the public mind, is attested by the tenor of recent legislation and the voice of the press. Let them be impressed fully upon all classes of the people and the State will bound forward upon a career of grandeur and glory that will astound mankind. Then those epithets which have stamped her as a State of ignorance and idleness will be heard no more, "Rip Van Winkle" will no longer be appropriate to her, but she will be wide awake, ready for all that constitutes the well being of her children. That day we trust has already dawned upon us. Carolinians! shall its rising sun be dimmed while it is but yet in the gray mist of morning, or shall it shine with greater brightness, until it culminates in a noontide of prosperity? The Great Dispenser of natural wealth has acted lavishly His part; it remains for us to utilize what He has given. Let us be faithful to ourselves, to the progressive administration that has accomplished so much, and under the continued blessings of heaven, we may justly hope to raise the Old North State to that lofty excellence, which will make her among the first in wealth, in power, and in the education of her people. A. W. Allen.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF FRANCE.

When Prince Jerome Bonaparte placarded the streets of Paris with the claims of the Napoleon dynasty to the crown of France, things did indeed look critical. Gambetta, whose master hand was felt throughout the political world of France. had just passed away. Some feared lest the government, deprived of his able leadership, should relapse into monarchy. At this critical juncture the enemies of the Republic have hoped to turn the minds of the people from Republicanism, and to establish the old dynasty of Napoleon. These efforts, happily for France, have been of no avail. The cry of monarchy was soon hushed, and peace and order again prevail. Gambetta is dead, but the Republic still lives.

The young Republic was the outgrowth of the Revolution of 1870, and has been sustained in its infancy by such men as Thiers, Victor Hugo, and Gambetta. They have cherished it with almost filial care, and have fought its battles through evil as well as good report. M. Thiers was its first President. "He," says a writer, "has won many laurels, but none more unfading than those which crowned his brow when he was President of the young Republic, whose existence he defended against a host of deadly enemies." After the Republic was firmly established, Thiers resigned, and died soon afterward; Victor Hugo, full of literary and political triumphs, retired to private life; and Gambetta was now looked upon as the guiding star of the young Republic. But now he has fallen in the meridian of his greatness and glory, and France mourns his loss as one upon whom the brightness of her future depended.

It now remains to be seen whether the French Republic is founded upon the solid basis of a correct and intelligent public opinion, or whether it is the child of change and of revolution, used as an instrument by crafty politicians to further their own selfish aims. Let us hope that the former supposition is true, that the genius of Republican government has found a permanent lodgment in the hearts of the French people. The facts in the case point to this: Since the overthrow of Napoleon in 1870, every popular election has given fresh power to the Republicans; and now their majority in all legistive assemblies is large enough to bear down all opposition. French commerce, too, has greatly increased within the last dozen years.

French vessels of trade crowd every port, and her flag is recognized by all nations. She is again regarded as a power of the first order, and her standing army is able to cope with the best disciplined troops of Europe. Her home industries are flourishing, she has a well-equipped educational system, and, above all, the spirit of peace and content seems to pervade the

masses. This prosperous state of affairs affords a striking contrast to any era of prosperity recorded in French history.

While these facts are encouraging to every true lover of liberty and Republicanism, yet the French Republic has faults which all republics share in common. There is a want of fixed religious belief, and a general looseness of morals prevails, which, if not properly held in check, tend to anarchy and confusion. These evils render the masses less stable, thus enabling the demagogue, by his subtle arts, to lead captive the will of the people, and establish his own sway. This leads to one-man power, the bane of all popular government. This is probably the greatest danger which besets France to-day. On the other hand, there still remains in the minds of the people a kind of reverential memory for the old monarchy. The pomp and pageantry, which flourished in the courts of by-gone days, is not wholly forgotten. There still remains a faint and kindly recollection of the olden time. Should the present government ever be overthrown, the people would probably return to monarchy. Hence we see that the only safe course for France is the one that lies in the middle-ground, the one between monarchy on the one hand, and extreme Radicalism on the other. We Americans are specially interested in the French Republic. Our relations are intertwined in no ordinary way. Both are trying to solve the problem of how to establish and maintain a Republican government, a problem which has been the dream of philosophers throughout the centuries. But they are connected by a stranger tie.

It was French arms and French gold which lighted up the gloom of the American Revolution, and gave to the Americans a name and a place among the nations. In those dark days American and French blood flowed in kindred currents, and when the crowning victory was won at Yorktown, the shouts of two nations went up as one. Should these Republics fail, the sands of Republicanism would be forever run. The world would be doomed to wear the yoke of monarchy. The despot would flourish with unwonted vigor, and unborn civilizations would groan beneath the iron sway of tyranny.

But let us look on the bright side. The signs of the times tell us that the age is drifting toward Republicanism. The spirit of unrest is abroad in the land. The wild, despairing cry of millions in servitude clamors for freedom. The crowned heads of Europe are made to tremble by the low mutterings of the coming storm.

The popular will finds an outlet in the Nihilism of Russia and the Socialism of Germany. Monarchy, the pet child of mediæval darkness, must sooner or later be shattered by the vigorous blows of the mighty masses. The American and French Republics shine out as beacon lights to guide the world in throw-

ing off the shackles of monarchy. They seem destined to teach the world the sublime lesson of "a government by the people and for the people." Q.

A BATTLE OF THE STORMS.

It was something worthy of remembrance to have witnessed the battle of Waterloo, and those who shared the fields of Gettysburg and Manassas will not soon forget them; but up in the high mountains of North Carolina the writer witnessed a conflict which in terrific grandeur might surpass Waterloo and all the great battles of the world combined. It was a battle of the storms; not one storm, but half a score; not the flash and blow of a Summer's day, but it seemed as though every mountain had sent a storm cloud to contest there in that great Appalachian valley the championship of the world, and that each champion had come resolved to win or to annihilate himself and the whole universe in his downfall.

We witnessed the conflict from the summit of the Roan, one of the highest peaks of the Great Smoky range, indeed of the whole Appalachian chain. It was at the close of a sultry summer day. The sun had gone down behind a heavy bank of cloud, heaped in great jagged masses upon the mountains to the Southwest, throwing, as it sank, an angry lurid glare over the whole western sky, and lighting up the landscape as by a conflagration. Even then the muttering rumble of the distant thunder could be heard as the storms, gathering their forces, began to roll heavily down from the hills. Around on the neighboring peaks the light evening clouds had settled like spectators assembling to witness the conflict in the vast amphitheatre below. Down this valley, which, West of the Roan, stretches out for a hundred miles, dark patches of cloud, heralds of the coming storm, were now rapidly flying. Still and calm as it was upon the mountain top, we could see them driven and whirled along by the furious wind below, hurrying here and there like courtiers upon the eve of some great battle. Slowly and grandly the mighty mass of cloud which had been piling itself up upon Mitchell began to float off toward the river, while one behind another far down the valley, like the drilled brigades of a giant corps, storm cloud behind storm cloud was advancing. Not massed and confused, but separate and distinct as the divisions of a well trained army. For hours the clouds around us had been gathering over old Mitchell, as though they had chosen it for their last mighty stronghold. Regiment after regiment had been gathered in; stragglers and flying scouts had settled down in their

places, until mountain and cloud were piled to the heavens a black and shapeless mass. The rumble of thunder grew more frequent as twilight fell, and occasionally the dark shadow of the mountains would be lost in a flash of lightning. But now as the storms rolled up the valley, old Mitchell seemed to marshal all his powers to this final contest for supremacy. As daylight faded mountain and cloud appeared one flowing mass of light, and the thunder came in long sullen peals as the clouds from the mountains poured themselves down to meet the advancing squadrons in the valley. Nor were these silent. Stately, in solemn procession they moved on down to the battle. The foremost mass, like the cloud upon Mitchell, seemed ablaze with the lightning, while one behind another, separated by a few miles, the succeeding divisions flashed and gleamed, growing dimmer and dimmer till lost in the distance. But the rumbling thunder of those in the rear, was now lost in the rattling, crashing peals of the van; as with a sudden impulse the clouds upon Mitchell rolled down and mingled with the storm in the valley. We stood in awe upon the brow of old Roan and looked down on the scene beneath us.

For a moment the whole vast landscape, a hundred miles around, would be ablaze in the intense light of the electric stream; not a flash, for at that near distance it seemed a perfect sheet of fire; every peak and rock and tree, each streamlet and cascade would be seen brighter than in the noonday sun. The rugged mass of clouds glowed like moulten silver upon the inky background of the night, then in the deep darkness that followed, the very mountains seemed to shake with the rattle and crash, the roar and reverberation of the thunder around it. It seemed as the gods and Titans had met again, and that all the artillery of the world had been cast in Titanic guns for this second assault upon heaven. Far down the mountain side could be heard the rush and roar of the torrents as they poured from the clouds and leaped madly into the valley.

But the cloud is spent in its very fury. It has hurled itself against the impregnable mountain but to be dashed to pieces. And now as another brigade advances to the conflict by the glare of its artillery the first is seen broken, scattered and flying, its guns silenced, its fires dead, only a sullen roll from a distant broken column, while far and near the scattered remnant is fleeing for safety in the darkness of the night. One after another the advancing columns of cloud storm had thrown themselves against the mountain, thundered and stormed; then broken, fell back and scattered on up the valley, over the hills and far away to the Eastward. Ten storms we witnessed in succession march up the valley and break upon the mountain, then as the last one scattered and fled away, and

all grew still again, the full moon rose slowly above the Eastern hills. and as its soft beams stole over the mountain peaks and down into the valley, it found the field deserted, only the riven trees betokening the storm which had so lately swept and torn its bosom. But around Mitchell's high peak the clouds were hovering still; and as the moonlight played upon them they seemed to wear a look of rest and satisfaction, reclining on his bosom like conquerors after a battle. Then as old Grandfather pulled on his white cap for the night I fancied a grim smile played over his stony features as he nodded approval to his ancient comrade across the way.

J. W. H.

THE RELATION OF LAW TO JUSTICE ON AMERICAN SOCIETY.

People in conforming to certain rules for their common protection constitute what is known as society, and properly to understand the social condition of a people we must examine their laws, customs and ideas. From remote ages among every nation not totally depraved, law, and justice in the adminstration and execution of law, have been complements of each other. They are presented from the same point of view, are associated in theory and in practice, are intended to lie side by side in the same plane so as to insure a larger and more comprehensive field of human happiness and security.

American Society is the result partly of circumstances and partly of its laws. Being composed of a heterogeneous population it must necessarily have imperfections; yet it is justly celebrated for its happy blending of conservatism and reform. As in everything else, so has there been rapid improvement in legal ethics since the famous blue laws of Connecticut, and by *persistently* carrying out the fundamental idea that our government is "of the people, by the people and for the people," we have laws that may be called as just and perfect as the conditions of the age demand. No very oppressive measure is permitted to remain on our statute books since the *sovereign* people will submit to them only until their next General Assembly.

If then we have laws to satisfy the demands of society, penalties for infringers, and a rigorous executive, why is it that we see the people so often taking the law into their own hands in the name of justice? It is a notable truth in the history of your country that lawless resorts, what is known as "lynch law," is becoming more common. The papers report one day some astrocious crime and the next day that the culprit has been taken from prison and summarily shot or hung without process of law. Something is fearfully wrong

when such measures are resorted to by peaceable citizen. Where then must we look for the defect? It is in the administration of the law. Statistics show that crime is steadily increasing in the United States. Intemperance, ignorance, idleness and cupidity may answer for much of this, but it is true that proper measures are not faithfully taken for the prosecution of offenders and after being apprehended and brought before the courts the guilty too often escape punishment. This encourages violators of the law to repeat the same acts and with greater boldness. It is this which urges law-abiding citizens to take upon *themselves* the administration of justice. The instinct of self-preservation in society dictates that offenders should be dealt with according to their deserts; that mere irregularities and technicalities in the proceedings of the courts should not shield those who outrage the rights of others. The real design of courts is to administer justice, to defend the innocent and punish transgressors.

It is well known that the proper rigor in the execution of the criminal law prevents the necessity of its frequent and painful exercise.

The value of the laws as a protection to a community depends upon the propriety of the laws themselves and upon the manner in which they are executed, and that they may effect their purpose society must have confidence in their just administration. How often does it happen that a man is arraigned before a tribunal and is acquitted by the adroitness of his counsel when there exists an almost universal belief of his guilt? How often is justice left to languish by having trials delayed from court to court on some frivolous pretext? Do the Inferior Courts of this Union give satisfaction? It is not only expected that a party on losing his cause will petition for a new trial, but it is often a matter of surprise if he fails to carry his case to a court of *appellate* jurisdiction. The legislatures all over the land suggest and pray to the courts that they be more strict in their modes of procedure and confine counsel and witness to the real points at issue; not to pay too strict attention to mere forms and technicalities when the great cause of justice is at stake. Suppose a civil action has been carried into court; the evidence has convinced every man that the plaintiff is clearly entitled to a verdict. The defendant has acted fraudulenty, but his counsel's eyes sparkles as he discovers some defect in the wording of the document, and the plaintiff loses his cause. The public are disappointed in their expectation of justice. The jury and the court are grieved, and the injured man returns to his home without redress or hope of redress. Acquitting a guilty man on a technicality prevents justice as certainly as taking that man from the hands of the sheriff to save him from punishment. Does fairness in argument hold a sufficiently strict interpretation among the forensic virtues? It is said of lawyers that "they will the right

and do the right but know not how they do it." It was said of a distinguished lawyer, afterwards a judge, in our adjoining State, that as soon as he was employed, he could see nothing but right on his own side. Human nature is such that the side upon which an advocate is employed, in his zeal for his client, is too often accepted as the side on which are truth and justice. If a lawyer urges an unjust suit, knowing it to be so, no righteous law can exonerate him from the charge of a grave moral dereliction and self abasement. Let us suppose a bar, every member of which would refuse to advocate obviously unfair causes, what would be the result? The client would be deprived of none of his legal rights for he may always present his own case, but who would doubt that there would be a radical change in the administration of justice and that the temple of the Goddess would cease to be profaned by these *iniquitous* causes which now taint the very *air* of her sacred halls? It would be dangerous to tamper with the trial by jury. It is the palladium of liberty, which the violence of tyranny has not yet destroyed and never will so long as there is an Anglo-Saxon spirit to protect it. Yet thinking men of this country and England have serious doubts as to requiring a unanimous verdict. In criminal cases it may be right to give the accused the benefit of a reasonable doubt of his peers who try him, but in civil cases a unanimous verdict is obviously unnecessary. Were most of our civil cases settled by some mode of arbitration, both time and expense would be saved.

Many of the jurymen of our country are necessarily ignorant, unacquainted with the law, not accustomed to investigate facts, and hence it is rare that we find them unanimous. A compromise is made or it is agreed to abide a majority vote. Jurors have been known to draw straws or play "seven up" for the verdict. Our very common ground of defense is the insanity plea. In the majority of cases the rationality of the criminal has probably never been questioned, but when he openly or covertly has committed murder, he is declared insane immediately. If wealthy he can procure experts and witnesses that will testify to strange acts of his from boyhood to manhood. His ancestry are proved to a merciful jury beyond a reasonable doubt to have been more or less afflicted with this malady. Another cause of the people taking justice into their own hands is the investment of the executive with the pardoning power as obtains in most of the States of this Union. Governors are but men and human nature may be swayed by unwarrantable sympathy or party spirit. It is not only in criminal cases that justice suffers. The history of the American nation in the past ten years is full of examples. You know them well. I need not cite them here. *Injustice*, when supported by money or other potent advantage, too often has as good

chances as *justice* in some American tribunals. With the march of progress this civic virtue is being trampled down by the ruthless heel of corporate power. Actions once detested are now considered admirable and by some even virtuous. There is no Utopia here. We have the greatest need for reform in the people and in the government, in all its branches. No country can be legislated out of corruption. No laws are potent for good which do not emanate from the virtuous sentiments of a people. The country demands, the voice of justice demands personal, fireside, and local reform. The cause which urges people to take the administration of justice into their own hands must be removed. Every one is compelled to admit that the people have the right of the corrective or coercive power when viewed as an abstract proposition; but rarely, if ever, does it happen when brought to bear on an individual case, that after excitement has subsided, it does not become a matter of doubt and regret. It is the saving health of a nation that they allow the laws of the land to take their own course, and the surest means of giving support to them will be to instruct the masses of the people not only intellectually but *morally* and *spiritually*. Schools will do much and the pulpit will accomplish much, but in a popular government like our own in order to instill high and patriotic principles of action into the minds of the people, it is of vital importance that those occupying high places should practice them. Teachers must first be taught; reformers must be reformed before they can be fitted to be guides for others. Bad, dissipated men cannot be trusted to make, expound or execute good laws. Let principle and the love of justice, which are the ground work and life of noble character in individual, State or nation, be the one theme of the new reformer. We are powerful; we are free; we are the pioneers of civil liberty and self-government. Our banner a century ago was unfurled in a dark sky in the defiance of the storm of tyrannical edicts, that swept over our land, and to-day waves and gleams in the resplendance of the sun of Freedom, a beacon light to guide nations from the breakers of tyranny. Shall its stars be quenched or its folds droop? Fifty millions of people answer *no*. Then let us in behalf of the great minds which framed our Constitution, in behalf of the heroes of liberty and justice who are forgotten but whose deeds still live enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people; in behalf of those who are entrusted with the treasures and the principles of the Republic; and in behalf of those who are to live after us, let us guard justice against unjust or unfaithful law—not by the savage recklessness and shame of lawless violence, but by making laws and enforcing laws with unfaltering obedience to the behests of that Justice for which Right and Mercy alike do plead.

J. W. Jackson.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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CHAPEL HILL, N. C., MAR., 1883.

Our brother editor, Mr. Latham, having become deeply engrossed in the clothing business, has retired from the editorial chair. We suppose he thought he could do us more good by furnishing us with "cheap clothing" than by edifying us with his pen. Whatever may have been his reasons for retiring we are sorry to lose him from the editorial staff. But while we bid Mr. Latham farewell, we extend the hearty hand of welcome to his worthy successor, Mr. Matthews.

The editorial staff is by no means in fun when it says that the MONTHLY is absolutely in need of money. This need is the cause of our numerous editorials on this subject. The way to get rid of financial editorials is to relieve the finances of the MONTHLY. As long as the MONTHLY is hungry you may expect it to cry for food; relieve its hunger and it will cease its crying. We dislike to write these financial editorials as much as you d slike to read them, but it is out of *sympathy* for the famishing MONTHLY that we write them, and as all the students are as deeply interested in the MONTHLY's success as the editors themselves are, they should show *their* sympathy by paying their subscriptions at once.

The editors extend their thanks to those patrons who have lately shown their interest in the MONTHLY by paying up.

We understand that it is the decision of the Faculty that after this year there shall be valedictory and salutatory orations by the Seniors at Commencement. The valedictory is to be given to the man who gets the highest average marks throughout the entire course; the salutatory is to be given to the man who takes the next highest marks throughout the course. It will also be announced at the Commencement who gets the highest grades in each of the three regular courses leading to the degrees of A. B., Ph. B., and B. S., respectively. These three leaders of their respective courses will be placed in the roll of honor and have honorary speeches.

In our view, this is a capital move on the part of the Faculty, and we are glad they have made it.

These honors at graduation will serve as great stimulents to emulation throughout the entire course, and will tend, in no small degree, to elevate the standard of scholarship in the class.

Besides, heretofore, the men who have come to the University and burned the midnight oil for four long years, and by dint of hard study have trained themselves *to think*, when they came to commencement have seen the laurels of that occasion taken off by storm as it were, by men who were far their inferiors in scholarship. Declamation has been honored as though it were a god, while work and true merit have gone unhonored and almost unnoticed. This has been unfair. It has been unjust; and we are glad that the Faculty is going to remedy it. By what we have said we do not mean to depreciate, in the least, speaking ability. On the other hand, we think that eloquence ought to have its due reward, but we think that it ought not to monopolize all the honor of the commencement occasion. Eloquence and work should both be honored, and neither should be honored at the expense of the other; for we claim that the man who takes the highest marks in his class from the beginning to the end of his course has more of the elements of a man in him and is more likely to make himself felt in after life, than the man who happens to be gifted with the powers of declamation, and makes an eloquent speech at commencement. If eloquence and working qualities were generally found combined in the same man the case would be different. But the cases in which such a combination occurs are exceedingly rare. Experience teaches that among students the man who has one quality is not likely to have the other. Fortunate are those men in whom eloquence and the powers of application are combined in equal proportions. But, since few are so fortunate, we claim that the Faculty is doing a good thing by making such arrangements as will give work and eloqence each their due prominence at commencement. By what we have said above we do not mean that eloquence has heretofore received more honor at commencement than it has merited; but we do mean to say that work and scholarship have not received their due share of honor. Hence, we are glad to see the remedy coming in the form of valedictory and salutatory orations This arrangement, however, will not affect the present Senior class, as it would hardly be fair to put up these prizes just as the competitor's are nearing the goal. But, after this year, our visitors at commencement may expect Senior speaking to begin with an oration of welcome, expressed in plain, pure English, and not in Latin, German or French. The exercises will close with a valedictory oration by the best scholar in the class.

A FEW FACTS OF NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.

North Carolina was first explored by a party of 108 persons sent from England by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1584, and the first settlement was made on Roanoke Island during that year.

Trouble with the Indians, however, caused the colonists eventually to return to England, and no further attempt was made to colonize the region until several years later, when people from Virginia succeeded in establishing themselves on the Northern border.

In 1663 Charles II made a grant of the province, which included both of the Carolinas, to eight noblemen, by whom great efforts were made to induce colonization, and shortly afterwards colonies of French, German and Swiss Protes tants came over.

About 1700 the province was devided into North and South Carolina, and separate governments were organized.

From this time up to 1775 North Carolina was ruled by successive governors appointed by the English Crown.

In 1775 was formed a provisional government which lasted till August, 1776, when the colony ratified the Declaration of Independence, and in the following December held a convention at Halifax and framed a Constitution for the State, which remained the organic law until 1835.

After the revolution our State enjoyed much prosperity, and its history is marked by no particularly eventful period until the breaking out of the Civil War.

DUELLING.

Addison in his Spectator makes the following sensible remarks on the murderous practice of duelling. As we believe that this absurd and shocking remedy for private insult should forever be frowned down by public opinion, we publish this great writer's opinion on the subject:

"Death is not sufficient to deter men who make it their glory to despise it; but if every one that fought a duel were to stand in the pillory, it would quickly lessen the number of these imaginary men of honor, and put an end to so absurd a practice.

When honor is a support to virtuous principles, and runs parallel with the laws of God and our country, it cannot be too much cherished and encouraged; but when the dictates of honor are contrary to those of religion and equity, they are the greatest deprivations of human nature, by giving wrong ambitions and false ideas of what is good and laudable; and should therefore be exploded by all governments, and driven out as the bane and plague of human society."

INFLUENCE OF TOBACCO ON THE BRAIN.

Listen, ye tobacco smokers, and see what you think of the following. It is the testimony of high authority as to the bad influence of tobacco on the functions of the brain. It is an extract from a translation of a report by Dr. Constant, of Paris:

"Our inquiries have extended to three groups of educational establishments, viz: primary, secondary, and higher or special schools.

Whether the use of tobacco is entirely prohibited, or only indulged in surreptitiously, or on going out days, or permitted under certain restrictions, and, consequently, more largely practiced, the figures show that it effects the quality of the studies in a constant ratio, and this influence is more marked in the different establishments where tobacco is more extensively used. We have examined the second, rhetorical and philosophical classes in the lyces of Douai, Saint Quentin, and Chambery, making a total of 155 pupils, distributed in about equal proportions. The average rank of the pupils is as follows: non-smokers, 4.08; moderate smokers, 6.53; heavy smokers, 9.35. This shows a very distinct gradation and all in favor of those who smoke the least. Tracing the progress of the same pupil through the different classes, we observe that, as his propensity for smoking becomes more marked, his place in the class becomes lower. B——, a pupil in the second class, session of 1876-77, is marked as smoking only on going-out days, and ranks No. 4 in his class. The same pupil passes into the rhetorical class in 1877-78, and is then marked as smoking both on going-out days and secretly at school. His place is now No. 10. F——, in the second class (1876-77) is marked as smoking only on going-out days, and stands No. 7 in his class. He enters the rhetorical class (1878-79,) and is observed to become more addicted to smoking. His place in the class is No. 14. The same pupil passes into the hetorical class of 1879-80, and is marked as being a great smoker. He is now the 21st of his class. One of these young students whom we questioned, gave us a very accurate definition, both of the effect and the charm of tobacco smoking; he said that a cigarette made him dream. In other words, the use of the cigarette intoxicates these young people, causing them giddiness, fits of absence, and a dislike to all mental exertion. We have been furnished with particulars relating to a portion of the class of mathematicians in the College Rollin, and, although these young people only smoke on going-out days, we see the same tendency as shown above, the non-smokers lose 1.2 rank, while the smokers lose 2.8. At the Ecole Polytechnique we made inquiries respecting the pupils promoted in 1778. The use of tobacco is very general in this institution, and the results, though not embracing the whole of the pupils, are very significant; the non-smokers have lost 21.2 places; the moderate smokers, 27 places; the great smokers, 38 places. At the mining school of Douai, out of 8 pupils who do not smoke, 5 have gained places, 1 has kept his rank, and only 2 have lost them. Out of 13 pupils who smoke only 3 have obtained higher places, 3 have kept theirs, 7 have lost them. From the above facts we infer that tobacco produces a marked effect upon the intellectual development of the pupils."—*Indiana School Journal.*

All who are interested in the preservation of a healthy brain will do well to ponder the above facts.

Among Our Exchanges.

All the worl's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players,
They have their exits and entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His parts being seven ages.
—SHAKESPEARE.

We welcome to our sanctum as a regular visitor, the *Illini* from the Illinois Industrial University. It is a sprightly little journal of fifteen pages, published semi monthly by the students of that institution. There seems to be a great interest taken in it by the students, and the articles are gotten up with care. The Muse club is very entertaining, and furnishes its readers with plenty of origional (?) poetry. There is too much space given to iditorials and illinites to the exclusion of more solid literature.

The *Hamilton College Monthly* for Feb. is well gotten up, as usual. The articles are all very good and especially the one on Handsome Men. It strikes us very forcibly that this young (?) lady knew what she was doing. It shows a great amount of character and human nature. We will close by saying: good lord, they are just our sentiments too.

The *Berkeleyan*, California, is one of our best, nicest, neatest, and most interesting exchanges. It is well gotten up in every particular. The last number is better than usual. Olla says it is his pride and privilege to growl, and he does it too. But we do not blame him, when he has anything to growl about.

We are pleased to add to our already extensive list of exchanges the *Gray Jacket*, an organ of the Literary Societies of the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College. We notice a piece written by an Intermediate which not only does credit to himself but to the Institution.

Gray Jacket, we extend our right hand of fellowship.

The *Concordienses*, New York, is a well gotten up Concordienses. They have three editors in the local department who get up twelve columns, one-fifth of the whole Magazine, and yet they say "there is a dearth of locals,"

The Alabama *University Monthly* is a model college journal. The greater part of its pages are devoted to literature, science and art, with just enough editorials and personals to make it spicy.

St. Mary's Muse, edited by the Senior class of St. Mary's School, Raleigh, is before us. Of our now large list of "female exchanges," this is one of the best. The fair editors take us from "The Care of Aeolus," on the wings of the wind, to Leipzig, then in rapid transit carry us to "The Heights of the Roan," suddenly drop us "Among the Pines" to enjoy the gentle zephyrs, and to hear about "The Adventures of a Donkey," and "The Scissors that grumble." But this is not all; the charming recitals about

"Summer Resorts," "My Poultry Farm" and strawberry culture in South Carolina," fall upon our ears —convincing us of something we dare not express.

The *Muse* is always a welcome visitor to our sanctum.

CLIPPINGS.

Harvard's passing mark is 40.

Over 50 per cent. of our Congressmen are college men.

There are two hundred co-educational colleges in the United States.

Brazil has fifty-five colleges and scientific schools.

At Columbia excuses for absence from college exercises will not be required or received.

The United States furnishes about 26,000 students.

Smallpox has temporarily closed the doors of Roanoke College, Va.

Columbia Sophomores will not molest Freshmen carrying canes after the semi-annuals. Happy dogs.

Examinations at Ann Arbor are optional with the Prof. in each department.

The young ladies at the Ohio Wesleyan University are required to report to the authorities all topics of conversation in which the young men engage with them, when walking on the street.

It is believed that this plan will be promotive of the strictest veracity on the part of the young ladies. Guess the ladies take a Phonograph with them on such occasions.

The late Gov. Morgan has left Union Theological Seminary $300,000 and William's College $100,000, subject, however, to a reduction of $80,000 previously given.

"A reputashun," says Josh Billings, "once broken, may possibly be repaired, but the world will alwus keep their eyes on the spot where the crack was."

Cambridge has dropped Greek from the list of required studies. One more step in human progress.

Subscriber—"Why is my copy of the MONTHLY always so damp when I receive it ?" Editor—"Because there is so much *due* on it. See ?" Exit subscriber.

"What would you do if you were me and I were you ?" tenderly inquired a young swell of a young lady friend as he escorted her home from church.

"Well," says she, "if I were you I would throw away that vile cigarette, cut up my cane for firewood, wear my watch-chain under my coat, and stay at home nights and pray for brains."

That is what we would call a business *set-down-on*.

They are going to reduce the tariff, take the tax off matches and bring false hair down so low that it will be cheap enough to put it in mince pies as well as hash.

On account of the studying done on Sunday the Vassar Faculty have changed the weekly holiday from Saturday to Monday. Naughty girls.

PERSONAL.

The campus is putting on its robe of green, and soon the buds will burst, and then Spring.

The rep. from Indian Territory has received a beautiful lot of slippers, manufactured by the Indians.

Winborn and Albertson have located in this town for the practice of the law. They are both graduates of the University and students of Hon. John Manning. We wish them much success. They will confine their practice to divorce cases and collections will be made a specialty.

Barnes Hill is confined to his room with sickness.

"Gork" has tricked his chills and is now bidding defiance to malaria.

Our Commencement promises to be a grand success. The marshals will soon have made all necessary arrangements.

Wiggins' storm did not reach us.

Ex-Prof. Houston, of Allen Creek Academy, is taking a high course of study at this place. The Prof. is a hard student.

We have a freshman who says that he split 340 rails and milked 12 head of cows before he came here. *He will go to write poetry.*

The Kinston Sewing Club convenes every Saturday evening—darning and regabling a specialty. All orders should be addressed to Daniel. Reference—Vann and Skull.

Will Lewis is in the knowledge of a preparation that will cure the most desperate case of dyspepsia—a single package for 25 cents. We solicit the patronage of the entire college, as it is the get-up of a student.

Economy is strictly adhered to by the most of our boys. We have a fresh who has just received a jar of soft soap to be applied to Commencement purposes.

Devil and Christian were out on Washington's birthday. Devil took charge of the well and Christian the chapel.

Prof. Hooper's health is failing him. He has been absent from the chapel several times, which is a very rare thing for him. He is the most punctual man that has ever been in the faculty.

Lock Craig is doing a lucrative practice in the law at Windsor, Bertie county.

We have a student in the law department 30 years old. He deserves great credit. He has raised several brothers from his own labor.

One of those loathsome diseases to which the human flesh is heir has made its appearance in college. Little danger is apprehended as Drs. Register and Kluttz have it under their complete control.

John Dick will be absent for awhile. The sickness of his father calls him home.

We regret very much that several of the students are confined to their rooms with the "you-know." The Calf's case is regarded as incurable.

The South building is connected with a *cable*, hence they get all the news—important and unimportant —*mostly un.*

"Lawyer Sam" Smith has been called to Lexington to unfetter an estate, consequently we will *miss* him in our class. Much success, Sam.

We hear that the poet of the "class" has been invited to deliver an address before the Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Horace Williams, of the Senior class, will deliver the Literary Address before the leading institution of his county, (Gates.)

In answer to a letter we will state that there are four churches on the *Hill.*

"The term Professor has at last struck bottom, since it has been applied to "Professor Steele," remarked one of our learned teachers, and we heartily agree with him. It is no longer an honor to be "Professor," since Steele and the "Colonel" are called "Professors."

Luby Smith paid us a short visit a few weeks ago. We wish he would come oftener and stay longer.

There is a gentleman in this village who has reached the ripe old age of 72 years and has never yet seen a pack of cards.

A. T. Davidson, commonly known as "Souser" has emigrated to Texas where he is practicing Law.

Tom Vance is in Washington. He is studying Law and "cutting a swell" with the ladies of that city.

The University boys will not be kept down. The following comes from the Charlotte *Journal:* "Mr. Morehead Avery, a young but talented lawyer, is making a fine reputation at the Bar. He is now defending in a prominent murder case in this city." Go it, Burke and "let me get my head out, let me see."

Frank Spruill won his first case a few weeks ago and is in a "good row of stumps" to win more.

We are sorry to see Godfrey leave us. He is a favorite with all who know him.

"Squire" Albertson has left for Elizabeth City, where he intends to practice Law.

Turner Wharton is now teaching at Roaring Gap, Wilkes county, N. C. He has a school of over 60 scholars and is doing remarkably well. His place can never be filled here, tho' Tommy Hostetter, Pigmy and the Peddler are doing their best. Turner's truthfulness endeared him to all.

W. Lowndes Hume has gone to take a position as engineer in the Surveying Corps of a projected R. R. thro' the mountains. All, who know his abilities, will have no fear for him, for he will win his way in life and stand at the top round of his profession.

John C. Winston, who was the beauty of the University while here, is now in Montana Terr.

Col. Robt. Winborne and Judge Robt. Albertson have hung out their shingle at the Hotel and are ready to take charge of cases in the Municipal, county or State courts. They are young lawyers, but are competent to win any case, however bad it looks.

"Bull" is a faithful student, but we would advise him to read fewer novels on Sunday.

We hear that bald-headed Charlie will "pick her guitar gaily" every night.

"Squedunk" says that Charles Martel was nicknamed "the Hammer," because he *hammered* the Saracens.

An unfortunate Fresh, called Sam, appeared a few mornings ago with his head upside down. On investigation it was proved, however, that in a fit of absent-mind edness, he shaved his head and combed out his beard, producing the first impression.

"R. T." of *blacked* celebrity has put his brain (?) to work and invented the term "Callithumpian" to take the place of musical.

The "Young Gosling" and the "Overgrown Fowl" are running against each other for the Math. Medal. The "Gosling" seems to be "doing about" but the "O. G. F." has now gone to roost with his head under his wing.

The new catalogue will soon be out.

If "Ab" would inform us of what country Croesus was king, we will be under lasting obligations.

"Gizzard" of Warren Co., is in great demand by housekeepers. They want him to eat all the superfluous gizzards that come in the fowls of the air, not of the Hotel, for the latter have neither gizzards nor breasts.

"Major B——," delights to dance with "Quincey," for he says that a fat and a lean will make a good couple.

"My Lovely" is not often found in his room. Since his bed burnt up, it is not the "spicy aromas of Araby" that float about his domicile.

There is a Mann in college, who is so studious that he sleeps with triangles. He will get thro' on Conics without a doubt, if he keeps up his present practice.

"Ugly Berry" dances more gracefully than any student in College, unless it is the "Crazy Sol."

"If we have injured any one during our journalistic career, we are glad of it, and if we hurt any one's feelings, we do so purposely and maliciously. If we owe anybody, we are ready and willing to pay, and if anybody owes us, we shall insist that it be paid instanter. We don't know anything about the newspaper business, never did and never want to." The above comes thro' one of that State's youngest, but most promising, Dailies from Colorado, but "them's our sentiments" terzackerly.

He was sitting at the window,
As *she fell*,
I think it was a sin, do
You as well?
He turned not away his head
They were silk and colored red,
Don't you tell.

Dolly has recovered from his accident, but "he don't got any brains nohow."

The R. A. Rangers have been revived and now make the welkin ring with shouts of "Judgment," "Throw it home," Slide under, &c.

The 22d of February, which was Washington's birthday, was celebrated in a new and better custom. The "Festive John" tackled but two Sophs, who so disgusted him with Paraboloids of Revolution about the asymptote of the Lemniscate of Bernouilli that he went off and crawled in a hole.

Why is Shipp unlike a ship? "Bancker, don't you laugh, or I will slap you over."

We no longer see the manly form of the Lapper. He has gone to take a place on the Atlantic, Carolina, Blue Ridge, Cumberland Gap, Franklin and Chicago Through Trunk Line to the West. Joy go with him and less boring behind him.

"Betsy" composes and grins by numbers. "Short and Dirty" has her in charge.

The Colonel would kiss everybody and the "Populator" bit him on the nose.

"Flyspeck Billy" has been heard from. He has a "regular gilt-edge" piece in Norfolk and is therefore happy.

"Necessity" and "My Little Soph" appeared to great advantage on Wash's Birthday, but they should have worn their "spiketail-patent-leather pumps," which are the latest craze.

The "Overgrown Fowl" flaps his arms in the Freshman's game of rolling balls with much grace and little skill.

"God bless these sacred flowers and preserve them ever green in my heart," was the prayer of one of our Seniors not many nights ago.

Several issues ago our "Exchange Ed." presented the Greek word for that housekeepers standby, Hash. Speaking of curious words reminds us that there is a Fresh in college with the following high-sounding name: Eli Bonanzo St. Augustine Fabius Marcus Antonius Goethe Obadiah Michael Angelo Asaph Shemmiah Eliel Zadok Perkins. Some may doubt that such is his name, but so the name appeared on the Matriculation Book.

Of all "cheeky" things heard of, the cheekiest was done by a Soph while on a visit to one of the neighboring towns. It culminated by his saying "This is Matt, Tom is at college." The true names have been withheld by request.

The dignified President of the Class of '83 has received an invitation to deliver the Commencement Oration at the Sunsbury Polytechnic Institute next July. We predict a fine speech and a delighted audience on that occasion.

"Ajax" pronounces himself to be a blood and enforces the statement by beating on the Scull of a medical student.

Much as the Professor of English has always been revered and loved by the students, he will be held especially dear to the Class of '83, for there is to be no Senior Speaking this year of our Lord, 1883, Anno Domini, A. D.

Jints has left us and no longer do the Fresh stand in open-mouthed astonishment at the elasticity and flexibility of his veracity. As a liar, "he has no living equal".

Since the departure of the Lapp has left a vacancy in the candidates for the Borer's Medal, by request of his many victims, we place in nomination for the medal Mr. Dick Whiteface, of Koreajugo county, N. C.

The legislature so far has passed the University with little notice. We dare say it is the work of Dr. Battle alone that keeps it in the ascendency.

We hope some move will be made soon that will give us a *new chapel.* The present one is entirely too small for a University, and is all but a burlesque upon a barn.

The gymnaseum is fast approaching completion. All that is lacking is the money, material, workmen and erection.

The Juniors and Seniors say that Prof. Gore is a live man. He does not sit still and lazily talk to his classes after the manner of old fogy professors, but stands before them, enters into the spirit of his subject and keeps up an interest through to the end. He very happily combines the lecture and recitation, avoiding the evils attending the two extremes. His experiments in Physics are much valued not only as means of thoroughly comprehending the subject, but as a source of amusement. Prof. Gore is a man, mentally and physically, and we will state for the benefit of our lady subscribers that he is unmarried.

"W," writes the cheering news that he is teaching at Johnson's Mills, (that is not the cheering part, but here it comes) and and that he will be here Commencement with about four gallons. We thank him for bringing us so much of the celebrated mineral water of that place, but we always drink from the sparkling Sykes spring. For the benefit of Fresh, we will give the chemical proportions of the mineral in the Sykes spring. S or sulphur, 247 per cent; y or youbed, 1.28 per cent; k or kickuspsky high oxide, 18½ per cent; e or elysium sulphate, 218 per cent; s or suffocation hydrate; pure H2. O, 21.22 per cent; total of all constituents 367.00 per cent.

Musical entertainments have been quite prolific this month. We have had one every Friday evening and we still hear of more. Give us a rest.

The Phi Society has recently added a valuable collection of books to their library.

LITTLE AH SID.

Little Ah Sid
Was a Christian kid—
A cute little cuss, you'd declare—
With eyes full of fun
And a nose that begun
Right up at the roots of his hair.

Jolly and fat
Was this frolicsome brat,
As he played through the long summer day
And braided his cue,
As his father used to
In Chinaland, far, far away.

Once o'er a lawn
That Ah Sid played upon
A bumble-bee flew in the spring.
"Melican butterfly !"
Said he, with winking eye,
"Me catchee and pull off um wing,"

Then with his cap
He struck it a rap—
This innocent bumble-bee—
And put its remains
In the seat of his jeans;
For a pocket there had the Chinee.

Down on the green
Sat the little sardine
In a style that was strangely demure,
And said with a grin
That was brimful of sin.
"Me mashee um butterfly suer."

Little Ah Sid
Was only a kid,
Nor could you expect him to guess
What kind of a bug
He was holding so snug
In the folds of his loose-fitting dress.

"Ki-ya ! Ki-yip-ye !"
Ah Sid cried, as he
Rose hurriedly up from that spot.
"Ka-yi ! Yuk-a-kan !
Dam um Melican man—
Um butterfly belly much hot !"

—*San Francisco Wasp.*

The March winds have blown in several entertainments. Among them was the Page family—it was very creditable.

We are soon to have a life-size portrait of Gen. Mat. W. Ransom.

The Trustees of the University have decided to do away with dancing at the Annual Commencements. The consequence of this step will be a dull, dry time for the students. We are unable to see the harm caused by this inoffensive sport.

Dr. Battle is putting out a nice lot of young elms along the walk leading to the Episcopal Church. In a few years they will prove quite an addition to the campus.

There has been another explosion in college. Dynamite in Sikes.

There are now one hundred and twelve Freshmen in college. We have them of all sizes and ages. We have one who is so tall that he has to walk on his knees to keep his head from swimming. His father is in the lightning rod business.

The professor of natural history is continually roving the fields with his interesting class in search of rock. They will undoubtedly be benefitted—the exercise will be good.

What is the latest from the Gymnaseum ? Why it is to supercede dancing ! We will have a side show on ever Commencement. The best lady performer will be entitled to the Chief Marshal's regalia.

"Rivers" is looming up as a candidate for the Borer's medal. His natural aptitude, together with one year's successful practice, preeminently qualifies him for his trade.

Washington's birthday was celebrated on the 22d. The exercises were as follows:

1. Music by the Raleigh Italian Band.
2. Prayer by Rev. Mr. Curry.
3. Introduction of orator by W. T. Dortch.
4. Orator—Thos. Radcliff.
5. Benediction.

The orator of the day was introduced by W. T. Dortch in a very appropriate manner. The oration was a combination of wit, humor and learning, and regarded as one of the best orations delivered since the re-opening of the University. The evening was passed in waltzing and other *festivities*.

Dr. Battle, Dr. Mangum, Prof. Gefousten and a few others are invited to deliver addresses at the coming Demarcus S. S. Convention. Our reporter will be there with pencil and tablet.

Is it evidence of discretion for a man to stop his MONTHLY and then harrass his fellow students by a continued borrowing? Common sense answers no.

It is said that "My Lovely's" kisses had a very bad effect on the "Colonel." The latter was put to bed very sick soon after the kissing was done.

Our Doctor Tanner is not much on fasting. He has a strong appetite—eats three times a day—weighs 135 pounds.

One of our staff have left us. He keeps on hand a nice article of furnishing goods.

Our subscription list is rapidly increasing. One man, however, and only one, has requested his MONTHLY *stopped*. He feels mean about it, and all, even the *fresh*, point to him with the finger of scorn.

Fine Clothing.

Since the adoption of our mode of soliciting orders from abroad through the medium of the press, our trade has increased largely, and we are daily receiving orders from various points, and especially for fine suits.

Our Stock of Clothing

is at all times as large as that of any house in the State.

OUR STOCK OF

NOBBY SUITS

is exceptionally fine this season. Our suits costing between

15 AND 18 DOLLARS,

ARE THE

Finest in the Market,

and we beg you to bear that in mind.

Now anyone wishing a nice suit from us should state size desired (or we can send blank for self-measurement,) give us an idea how much you wish to pay for a suit, what style and color you desire, and we shall send you such

Suit per Express C. O. D.

Subject to Examination.

If not satisfactory, goods may be returned to us, we paying express charges, If preferable we can, upon application, send samples of goods which we have in stock.

WILDMAN BROS.

Danville, Va.

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Alfred Williams & Co.,

Booksellers and Stationers,

RALEIGH, N. C.

Largest and most comple stock in North Carolina.

SCHOOL and COLLEGE

TEXT BOOKS

And Plain and Fancy Stationery

AT LOWEST PRICES.

We shall be glad to have your orders for anything in our line, and we gurrantee satisfaction.

COL. WHEELER'S

Reminiscences of N. C.

We have been informed that Mr. Joseph Shillington, the veteran Bookseller and Stationer of Washington City, will publish the manuscript upon which Colonel Wheeler spent so many hours—days—years, under the above title. The manuscript is very voluminous, and arranged in Counties, as was the History of North Carolina, published in 1851, by Colonel Wheeler. By those who have gone into it, we are informed that it bears all the evidences of research, industry and accuracy for which the lamented Author was noted The prospectus shows that the work will be issued in sections of about 100 pages each, four (4) sections in all and the pages will be quarto size. The edition will be limited to the actual subscription lists. A copy of this prospectus has been forwarded to each Clerk of the Superior Courts, and nearly every Postmaster in the State, who, we believe, will forward all orders, if requested.

Mr. Shillington deserves to be patronized by all interested in North Carolina history, and we bespeak for him a prompt and ample subscription list.

THE

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"Half Past Ten O'clock, and All is Well!"

The following lines were written at Johnson's Island, Ohio, by Lieut. H. C. Wright, of the 30th La. Infantry. They are published as a memento of that sad prison-life which so many of the Southerners suffered on that dreary island. They are from a manuscript copy made on the Island.

Silence deep, profound, mysterious,
  Joins her sway with subtle powers:
O'er the mind she holds imperious
  Court, within the solemn hours;
While the sable sky is teeming,
With her starry couriers gleaming,
And the vestal moon is beaming
        There as well.

Silence over Erie's waters,
  Resting in the lambent air;
Silence over Prison Quarters;
  Melancholy silence there!
Hark! the spell at last is broken;
Shrill the cry of sentry spoken:
What may not those words betoken?
        "All is well!"

Half-past ten o'clock is calling
  "All is well!" Ah! whence the sigh?
'Twas like grief in cadence falling
  From o'er-charged hearts close by;
Like a weary zephyr dying,—
When October's leaves are lying;
Yet the sentry is replying,
        "All is well!"

From yon light-house comes a glistening;
  Like a ray of hope it seems;
Eager hearts to false hopes listening,—
  Hopes that only come in dreams:
Ah! that hope of home returning,
Hoping on and with a burning,
Feverish fire of ceaseless yearning!
  "All is well!"

See! a bridge of silver glossing
  Spans the bay from shore to shore;
Eager fancy, o'er it crossing,
  Seeks to wander evermore:
Seeks to stroll 'midst childhood's flowers,
'Midst affection's changeless bowers,
Or with love in moonlight hours,
  "All is well!"

But the present, still intruding
  With its harsh, repulsive truth,
Comes unbidden here, excluding
  Sweetest dreams of buoyant youth;
For the sweetest dreams are fleeting,
Fancy's self is even cheating;
Still, the sentry is repeating,
  "All is well!"

"All is well!" the prisoner, sleeping
  In his bunk so rude and bare,
Sees an absent mother weeping—
  Hears a maiden's whispered prayer.
"All is well!" while hope, forsaking,
Leaves behind it only aching;
"All is well!" while hearts are breaking.
  "All is well!"

"All is well!" a spirit, tiring
  Of its chains, shall soon be free:
Yes; a captive, now expiring,

Soon shall find his liberty:
"All is well!" a soul is fleeting;
Angels hover 'round with greeting;
And the sentry is repeating,—
"All is well!"

From another manuscript, bearing date June 7th, 1864, and, it is thought, from the pen of the same author, we add

FAREWELL TO JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Hoarse-sounding billows of the white-capped Lake,
That against the hated barriers of our hated prison break,
Farewell! Farewell, with joy, thou giant inland sea!
Thou, too, subserv'st the ends of tyranny,
Girding this isle, washing its lonely shore,
With mourning echoes of thy melancholy roar:
Farewell, with joy! Farewell, inhospitable land!
Thou hast the curses of this patriot band;
All, save that spot, that *holy*, *sacred* bed
Where rest in peace our Southern warriors dead.

The New South.

The present is a period of transition. Old things are passing away and all things are becoming new. The manners, customs and modes of thought current among our ancestors half a century ago, are almost obsolete. Over all the land the transforming wand of the wizard change has been wooed, and things that were are not. And this change has not been in ours, as in other countries, of a gradual one. It came upon us with the suddenness of a cyclone and left us much as the cyclone leaves its victims.

In our peculiar section, in the South, the change in everything within the past few years has been most remarkable, but in nothing more remarkable than in the social aspects of the country.

In ante-bellum days, the cotton fields, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, cultivated by slaves who were excellently adapted to the cultivatoin of the

royal plant, constituted the chief source of wealth. The planter, surrounded by his broad acres, waited on by faithful servants enjoyed more of what is known as *otium cum dignitate* than any class of men who have lived in modern times. While his overseer superintended the plantation, he turned his attention to politics, to the rearing of his children and to the cultivation and practice of that manly and winning courtesy which was the distinguishing charasteristic of the Southern gentleman "of the rale old stock." His children, reared in affluence, grew up like the lilies of the field, toiling not, neither spining, giving no thought for the needs of the body, watched over from their cradles by devoted attendants who thought young "massa" and "missus" were entirely too exalted creatures to soil their fair hands by the drudgery of common-place work.

Such a system, though it produced a virtuous, highly cultured and refined race of women, and several generations of men who for years moulded the policy of our national government, was essentially ennervating and in all its tendencies productive of an indolent, haughty and arrogant disposition, which, from having all its desires gratified, was inclined to think itself the God of all creation. The patriarchal planter was proud, generous and unsuspecting. His hospitality has passed into a proverb. He was careless in business matters as much from the natural goodness of his heart as from indolence.

He lent his money without security to his neighbors, and did as a spontaneous favor what he hated the money-lending Yankee for doing as a business transaction for profit. With all his indolence he combined a noble temper, which, when aroused, made him capable of heroic things.

Looking back over the troubled years which have followed the destruction of that society, we may say truly that it presents a picture of the highest attractiveness, adorned with all the beauty and simplicity of rural life; and even though it has some darker tints, which we would erase with a gentle hand, and though the baleful shape of human slavery throws its dark shadow athwart the scene, yet there hangs about it the realization of the poet's dream of quiet, happiness and a serenity that charms our hearts though it cannot blind our judgments.

Another element in the olden time society of the South was the small farmer who owned no slaves and who cultivated his farm with his own hands. It has always been found that the most reliable

substantial and patriotic citizens are to be sought among the honest yeomanry who have small holdings of land and do their own work. There is an inexpressible charm in the idea of proprietorship, and the cultivation of soil gives to the owner a sturdy, manly independence that has long been a tremendous element in human government. And thus the small farmer, the middle element in that society, gave to it a stability that it would not otherwise have had. But as the greater always attracts the less, the small farmers were objects of eager desire to the larger planters and the larger plantations engrossed the smaller; so that as the ideal type of the planter increased the other decreased in an inverse ratio.

Another element in that society was the white mechanic and laborer, the latter of whom was, according to Mr. Tourgee, denominated "poor white trash." The mechanic occupied a somewhat higher plane than the laborer, who was utterly excluded from polite society, and, no matter how honest or industrious he might be, could never hope under the then existing circumstances to enter what was known as the best society. His political rights were limited. The suffrage in that day was grounded on a property qualification, and unless a man had a freehold in land he was excluded from voting for senators of his own State legislature. The negro, with a good master, regarded himself as being in a much better condition than this man, and looked down upon him with all that supercilious contempt which high station always engenders in vulgar minds.

But the grand distinguishing mark of Southern society was African slavery. Its influence penetrated all classes and it was the root from which sprung nearly all the evils which have befallen us in late years.

A close observer will see in it the cause of the great distance between the several classes composing Southern society. The negro was the slave, he did the drudgery, and when any white man was forced by poverty to do likewise he immediately sank in public estimation to the level of the negro. This induced an aversion among the white people of all classes to honest manual labor, and is, in a great degree, responsible for the loafers who disgrace the country to-day. Slavery made work disgraceful in the eyes of the best class of society and brought upon the young men of the South the damned incubus that hangs about them and will not permit them to earn their bread by the sweat of honest industry.

This much it may suffice to say

of our society before the war. The war came and with it the abolition of slavery. It is needless now to discuss the legality of the act by which it was secured. That is now past and settled, be it legal or illegal. The colored man was elevated to the dignity of a voter, and while he was thus elevated, the most intelligent of our citizens were disfranchised. The dark and troublous days of reconstruction came and went like a horrid night-mare. Union-Leagueism and Ku Kluxism rose and fell alike damned in their rise and fall, and society, the winds and waves being laid, settled to a calm.

Glancing over the surface to-day, what do we see? A New South risen Phœnix-like from the ashes of the old. Our fertile lands, freed from the curse of slavery, thrown open to the immigrant, our industries becoming diversified, manufactures springing up and the influence of an awakening public spirit beginning to enliven all. The storms of war and devastation have died down, leaving a great calm. There is promise of a fair voyage, but even yet the beach is strewn with shattered wrecks and it will require careful sailing to weather the after-swell of the sea. The past has perished as utterly as if the earthquake had opened its mouth and gulped it down. The memories of that past, both bitter and sweet, remain; and though we may return to them occassionally and think a kindly thought for the days that are gone, let us not dream of the past till we have dreamed away the golden opportunities of the present. Let us bring from the store-house of memory, with loving hands, the experience of other years; and, leaving in the graves of the past our useless regrets, let us turn with manly earnestness of purpose to the duties of the hour.

While our progress in material prosperity has been encouraging still to the patriotic eye as it glances along the line of our future march, there appear innumerable dangers which threaten to impede, to obstruct and to thwart us in the attainment of true national greatness, and it is likely that the problems of Southern society are more difficult of solution than those of any other section of the Union.

Our present condition may be briefly sketched.

The large farmer has dwindled into small proportions. Small farms are more numerous and though cotton still is and will continue to be our staple product, it is not so peculiarly the crop of the South as it was before the war. Agriculture is more diversified. Mining is beginning to assume importance. Silk culture is

now a thriving infant. Fruit culture is attracting attention, and the wines of the Tokay and other vineyards are already known and appreciated abroad. Our fisheries have in the past been profitable, and with the aid of inflowing capital bid fair to become a much more important branch of industry. The waters of our inland rivers are being stocked with valuable varieties of fish, and soon the Salmon and German Carp will be as familiar to our palates as are our intimate acquaintances, the historic cat fish, and the inimitable mud chub.

Manufactures are looming up all around. Georgia leads the South in this new departure and originated the Great Cotton Exposition, held at Atlanta, which showed to the world the wonderful capabilities of the New South. There, gathered under the Exposition buildings, were to be found agricultural products of the South, ranging from the torrid to the frigid zone; minerals of the rarest, costliest and most useful varieties; and specimens of Southern manufactures that we have no need to be ashamed of.

These manufacturing interests, this diversity of crops, this development of mineral wealth, this influx of capital and immigration, this new and growing public spirit are out-growths of the state of affairs since the war. If we inquire into the cause of the difference between the industrial aspect of the country before and since that struggle, we shall find that it consists in a new and formerly unknown spirit of energy and push, which has somehow been beaten into us either by the hard hand of poverty or by an awakening pride that makes us hang our heads with shame at being outdone in material progress by our Northern brethren.

Another difference between the Old and New South is presented in the political aspect of the New South. And what shall I say of the politics of the South since the war? What citizen is there who can recall the disgraceful scenes through which we have passed without a blush of shame at the degredation of the land which once produced Henrys, Calhouns, and Macons, but which has lost the breed of noble bloods, and has since produced, with now and then a shining exception, a race of wire-pulling tricksters who have played "such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep."

The colored man, thrown violently and without preparation upon the political arena, has uniformly given the benefit of his ballot to those who gave it to him. Under the lead of home Republicans and an imported breed of a much poorer quality, they

ruled the South with a ruinous sway till within the past few years the party of intelligence and wealth, denominated the Democratic party, obtained control of the different State governments. By what means we have done so it is needless now to say, but it is to be hoped that the condition of affairs may never again reach such a pass as almost to justify another resort to like means for a similar purpose.

To-day, all assertions to the contrary notwitstanding, the color line is unbroken. The solid black phalanx is solidly Republican, while the great mass of whites is strongly Democratic. But there are indications of a break in both lines. There is, owing to the want of any vital issue, a disposition to lose interest in political matters. The canvassers find it impossible to get the people to the hustings, difficult to get them to the polls. A general weariness of the old and threadbare topics of discussion is apparent everywhere, and a distaste for the peculiar political methods now in use is, disguise it as we may, making great progress in the minds of thinking men of both parties. This threatened break is at present more perceptible in Democratic than in Republican ranks, and appears mostly in the form of *Independentism*, which is making considerable headway in several of the Southern States. It is generally, we fear, an independentism that looks mostly after the spoils of office, independent of party discipline and of all principle, except that which is aptly described by Petroleum V. Nasby as *post office*. We are in need of men of independent minds, who are independent enough to investigate political questions for themselves and come to correct conclusions by natural force of common sense, who are not led to the polls like sheep to the shambles, who do not take all their politics or religion second hand, and who, in short, are not merely parts and parcels of a political machine, manipulated by a few and in which the many move like senseless rods and wheels, doing what they understand not. There is need of thinking voters and of intelligent citizens. These will, to a certain extent, be men of independent thought, but equally far removed from Bourbonism and Mahoneism. Heaven save us from an independentism that has an eye single to the loaves and fishes, such as is exhibited in Virginia where upon the issue of repudiation of honest debts, an adroit politician, aided by Federal patronage, has summoned around him the worst elements of society and gained an easy victory. The ignorant are credulous, particularly upon matters affecting them-

selves, and in the hands of wicked and unscrupulous men can be easily deceived, can be easily debased. We have among us a fearful ignorance. We occupy the lofty pre-eminence of being about the most ignorant people in the Union. With this ignorance, as dense as the Egyptian darkness, and with this mass of new made voters it is to the thoughtful mind a problem of anxious speculation how this people is to be brought up to the point of honest and intelligent participation in political affairs. The question of the hour is, how are we to be fitted for self-government. It is still unsolved. The great mass of our people are useful, in a voting point of view, only to elect the candidates nominated. And corruption is at work; there is a darker side of nominations bought, ignorant and corrupt delegates for cash and offices obtained and held by the most unblushing bribery and corruption; and, what is more to be deplored, these practices instead of exciting disgust and indignation are too often winked at and listened to with a poorly disguised approbation by many who are capable, by reason of influential position of frowning them down and making them appear in their true light.

And there, too, the over-powering influence of Federal patronage is as full of evil here as in any other part of the nation. With its great center at the capital, its officers are found in every town and village throughout the country and as long as there is no reform in the matters of civil service, no matter what political party is in power, this army of office holders is a standing menace to our liberties.

The tenure of office among them is entirely dependent upon their fidelity to the party to which they owe their appointment. Any party may, by levying contributions upon their services, sentiments and money, convert them into a race of slaves ready to do the bidding of those who hold the power of removal. This dependence upon the fortunes of a political party for bread does in itself tend directly to impair the manhood and independence of these citizens, and when to that is added the danger of a corrupt party so corrupting the public service in order to maintain its supremacy, there is indeed presented a spectacle calculated to appall the stoutest heart. And to complete the picture, let us add that the two great political parties have neither of them the courage to attempt the extirpation of this evil. We might find abuses of great and growing danger at home, corporations growing up and improperly influencing legislation, the evils of official patronage im-

properly exercised, numberless patriots who biennially sell their votes for a pint of mean whiskey and disgrace their country in the exercise of a privilege which every true man ought to prize as his dearest birth-right. There is another danger which is, we trust, more imaginary than real, and which is at present only speculative. Col. McClure, in an editorial correspondence with his paper, during a recent tour in the Southern States, intimates that if the colored man should ever leave his moorings in Republican waters, he would be for sale, the party which could bid highest would be sure of securing his vote, and he would thus hold the power of deciding all elections. This is as yet only one of the possibilities of our situation. We must bide our time and await the issue of this as well as the other dangerous tendencies that appear in our political life.

In our social aspect since the war there are some remarkable facts, but I shall have time to call your attention to only a few of them. One dangerous tendency is that of an aristocracy founded upon wealth. The slave-holding aristocracy has passed away, but wealth is about to rear in our midst an aristocracy more grinding, crushing and inimical to all our interests than could ever be by an aristocracy founded upon slavery. Agreeing with that profoundest of American philosophers, Josh Billings, we think that an American aristocracy is the most ridiculous thing on the face of the earth. The theory of our government is that all men are equal, but natural causes and a false pride are constantly erecting one class above another till we now speak with as much complacency of "the lower classes" as do our trans-Atlantic brethren. And when this distinction is founded merely on wealth, it destroys not only our theory, but the respect and esteem that it is essential should subsist among all classes.

Another remarkable change is found in the changed relations of the different classes of society.

The wealthy planter lost his slaves, became impoverished, and had neither strength nor energy to retrieve his position. His children knew not the hard ways of labor, and could not take his place.

That middle class of working men have come to the front. They now own the land. The war made little change in them, except that it improved their condition. They knew how to work, had lost but little, and set themselves to work without stopping to complain of loss of slaves and fortune, and are to-day the mainstay of the country. Mechanics and laborers have advanced. There is a large demand

for honest men of every vocation, and our people are beginning to stretch out their hands to them and give them a brotherly welcome among us. Our men have gained by the abolition of the old *status* in energy and enterprise, and our women, God bless them, are not quite so helpless as they were under the old *regime*. Society has been shaken and all its elements so mixed that we are nearer a unit than ever before.

I have now given you, in an imperfect way, but in all faithfulness and sincerity, the impressions of one who, though no censorious observer, cannot shut his eyes to the evils which threaten to throttle the yet youthful experiment of self-government. He sees clearly that unless this great experiment of the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, has its foundations laid strong and deep in a virtuous and intelligent citizenship, it will inevitably result in the most disastrous failure. And while he is not presumptuous enough to think that he could suggest a remedy for all the evils which he has pointed out, yet he has a few suggestions which may be of assistance to good men striving to reform the social and political morals of the times.

In the first place, it appears the clearest and plainest of all truths that what we have of intelligence and virtue should never be found in alliance with ignorance and vice, should never pander to the passions of the ignorant and vicious in order to secure a temporary triumph.

That principle of morals, that the end justifies the means, ought to find no place in the practice of good citizens. There is no justification for the practice of buying the votes of ignorant men on the ground that intelligence must rule. Intelligence ought to be strong enough to rule without the aid of so base an auxiliary, and if it is not, it had as well let ignorance steer the ship of state into the breakers of destruction as to contaminate the sources of power by bribery and corruption, and thus unfit the voter for the exercise of his high and responsible duty.

The conclusion to be drawn is that a universal education is the only safeguard that is left us. I mean by that the education not of the white man nor the education of the black man, but the education of every citizen of the community. For it interests the republic that every citizen, white and black, be of sufficient intelligence to discharge the duties incumbent upon him as a citizen; and it is clear that the opposition of the wealthier class to the appropriation of taxes levied upon their property to the education of the poorer, who are unable to educate themselves, arises from a misconception

of the object and scope of popular education, which is to make good citizens and intelligent voters. It is an opposition grounded in ignorance and prejudice, and which will, in a few years, be laughed at as a relic of old-fogyism. And I do not mean that narrow exclusive education that crams the mind with facts and figures, but leaves no influence behind which may enable its possessor to grasp the vital questions of the hour with a mind equable, firm and strong, and which "may serve to gird his soul with endurance in a moment of difficulty."

Education, in its broadest sense, beginning at the mother's knee, with lessons of truth, gentleness and uprightness, and ranging then as far as possible into the region of intellectual culture, is the crying need of the times. It has been well said by an author, eminent alike for strength and elegance, that in order to obtain the highest success in government, there must be goodness of intention to desire the good of all, intelligence to discover the means by which it is to be reached, and strength to carry those means into execution.

Ignorance may desire to do good, but unaided by intelligence, is like the blinded Cyclops, wasting its strength in fruitless effort. Intelligence, unaccompanied by goodness of intention, is like the deadly upas tree, poisoning the air and blighting all around. So it behooves us to cultivate this goodness of intention, this intelligence and this strength. Upon this depends the stability of our institutions,so well worth preserving, and upon the permanency of which depends, in so great a degree, the happiness of this great American people.

While reading, a short time since, a sketch of Julius Cæsar, by that graphic and philosophic historian, James Antony Froude, I was deeply impressed with the similarity of the social and political condition existing in the Roman State at the time when Cæsar was meditating the design of placing himself at the head of affairs as therein portrayed, to that which we find in our own country to-day.

"It was," says he "an age of material progress and material civilization; of sensational majorities and electoral corruption. The highest offices were open in theory to the meanest citizen; they were confined, in fact, to those who had the largest purses, or the most ready use of the tongue on popular paltforms. Patriotism survived on the lips, but patriotism meant the ascendency of the party which would maintain the existing order of things, or would overthrow it for a more equal dis-

tribution of the good things, which alone were valued."

With the change of a word here and there we might easily imagine that the historian was describing us, so true a picture does he present of the evils which we are now encountering. But we have within us a force which, if exerted, will avert the dangers which threaten.

I appeal to the young men who read this to battle against these enemies of peace and good order.

I say to them that unless they come to the front and oppose themselves to the abuses of our State and country, unless they set their faces sternly against the perversion of the blessings which an all-wise Providence has vouchsafed us, unless they consecrate themselves with the holy anointing oil of true and fearless patriotism, we shall lose from our political life all the freshness and beauty which should ennoble and sanctify it, and degenerate into a people given over to all uncleanness and giving our souls to that most debasing of passions, "the narrowing lust of gold."

The man who sneers at patriotism, and there are many such in these days, sneers at love and truth and faith. I wish I could show to such a one the utter barrenness of his soul, and then give him one heart-throb engendered by a noble impulse or by an exalted ambition.

Let not any man, loving the mother who gave him birth, look with indifference or with disdain upon this goodly matron, our country.

She claims our love and our services. But to the young in life's young spring, the call of duty comes with imperative command. The old, tied down by the passions, prejudices and memories of the past and worn out with the toils of life, have done their part and are incapable of doing ours. We stand together upon the broad plane of fraternity and equality. The gloved hand of wealth must grasp the hand of labor and realize the truth that

> "The honest man, tho' e'er so poor,
> Is king of men for a' that."

Hand in hand, with faith and hope, let us lend our energies to the great work before us. Wasting no precious time in useless regrets, lingering not amid the graves of wasted opportunities, but demeaning ourselves as true men, let us summon all our manhood, all our love for the good, the pure and the true, and all our hatred of oppression, fraud and corruption, and trusting in the Lord our God, let us turn, with manly courage, to the work of developing our country, of cleaning away

"The parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up but drag her down—
And leave her space to burgeon out of all
Within her,"

and of raising her to the period of distinction created by all Christian States, of making the most perfect liberty consistent with the highest safety of all.

The past, amid the clouds of war and the sunshine of peace, has done its part. It has begun the great work and laid the foundations. The future is ours—a future full of hope, but full of peril as well—a future whose history shall be bright with patriotism, with peace and with happiness, or whose pages shall record a decline and fall far more disastrous to all the best interests of humanity than the decline and fall of the great Roman State, and establish forever the truth that man is incapable of self-government.

FRANK A. DANIELS.

Goldsboro, N. C.

[SELECTED.]

Write Them a Letter To-Night.

BY CHARLES F. DEEMS, D. D.

Don't go to the theatre, lecture or ball,
  But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
  And a good, long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home,
  Who sit when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
  And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble "Excuse my haste,
  I've scarcely time to write,"
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering back
  To many a by-gone night,
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
  And every breath was a prayer
That God would leave their delicate babe
  To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more need
  Of their love and counsel wise;
For the heart is strangely sensitive
  When age has dimmed the eyes;
It might be well to let them believe
  You never forgot them quite—
That you deem it a pleasure when far away
  Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends,
  Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
  That the old folks have to-day.
The duty of writing do not put off;
  Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they looked and longed
  Be a day or an hour too late.

For the sad old folks at home,
  With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear of the absent one—
  Write them a letter to-night.

WOMAN, A POLITICAL ASPIRANT.

Woman suffrage is not an idle theme; nor to be lightly treated, when we see the legislatures of some of our northwestern States embarrassed by that subject.

During a brief discussion of this important subject, I shall touch upon three points, namely:

1st. Whether, in the past, best governments were evolved through woman's political ascendency.

2d. Whether woman is physically adapted to assume political leadership.

3rd. Woman's true sphere.

Firstly; in reviewing the history of empires, which were great in their time, but now are buried in oblivion, I find this fact continually recurring. While the type of government contained a monarchy or despotism, the sensual vices continually sapped at its foundations, until at length a Cleopatra, a Poppea, a Mary

Queen of Scots, or a Madame de Pompadour, succeeded to the throne, or held the reins of government, and then proud empires and kingdoms tumbled headlong to destruction.

The Ptolemaic dynasty ceased to reign and Egypt became forever enslaved, Rome, through the laxity of her divorce laws, the Floralia, and the gladiatorial sports, soon lost her proud preeminence, Scotland lost her unity and dwindled into an insignificant portion of the British Empire, while the lilies of France became as scarlet, and the Tricolor of the republic floated over the ancient capital of the Bourbons.

Under the highest type of government, the republic, I have failed to discover where woman has risen to political ascendency. She sat not in the venerable council of the Amphiktions, when Grecian valor, art, and virtue were at there Zenith; nor has she ascended the rostrum begirt by myriad clients, nor clad in purple toga passed sentence upon the acts of haughty but rapacious Proconsuls. Nor, in our day, is the woman of the American Republic expected to ascend the marble steps of the nation's capitol, and swear, in justice's frowning presence, to guard a people's trust inviolate.

No. Republics, the divinest type of government, have another and a brighter sphere for woman.

> Republics honor and exalt her;
> Kingdoms leer at and degrade her.

Secondly; woman's physical nature is ill adapted to withstand the fatigues of political leadership.

Of course, by the name "woman," we have no reference to any buckler covered Amazons, who, if I am not mistaken, were each given their seven feet of earth prior to the Christian era; but I have in mind those devoted mothers and meek eyed, lovely girls who welcome us each night by the home fireside.

I dare say, that, aside from the contortions wrought by the yearly caprices of fashion, woman is now in respect to man, the same as when, plastic to the mould of her creator's hand, she awoke first to the wondrous beauty of paradise.

And a study of physiology has not taught me that only in the Nineteenth Century she can be no longer influenced by the waxing and waning of earth's near and brilliant satellite.

Whether woman is man's mental superior, which alone can give her political supremacy, I shall not stop to argue. Indeed, the luminosity of the average "political woman's" intellect has recently been a theme for general lamentation, seeing that her ideal conceptions, for she has none other, are of so profound and

intricate a nature as to bewilder the most subtle disciple of Duns Scotus.

If any one of the male sex should smile, however, thinking that I am writing ironically above, I have only to assure him that it is not necessary always to be a "female political aspirant" to possess a derangement in the anterior portion of the cerebrum.

Thirdly; in the light of bygone ages, how delightful to dwell upon woman's true sphere; nor can envy herself, withhold amplitude of expression to prevent me from portraying this theme in all its beautiful witchery. For this subject I trust to find an exchequer of words.

Woman's only true sphere is Home. Her graces charm the home circle, and her virtues illuminate it.

Like Cornelia, all her political greatness should be reflected in her sons, the galaxy of patriotic statesmen who shine resplendent in the political firmament. Emulate the "mother of the Gracchi; train up sons to become the champions of Agrarian laws, tribunes of the people, ready to sacrifice their lives if necessary to principles of justice and liberty.

When "the blind bard of Scio's rocky isle," sang by the Ægean wave the tale of Troy divine, poetic mythology claimed for its deities no spirituality that rose above the limits of Olympus.

In the remote ages of antiquity woman was unprotected by the laws; and only by special favor was she allowed to enter the temples of the Olympian deities.

During the Middle Ages, that fruiting season of modern progress, there arose a monk in holy orders, distinguished for learning and piety, who though threatened with all the horrors of excommunication, cast aside the superstitions of the Papal Hierarchy, and turned the calcium light of his revelations upon astonished Europe.

This reformer, Martin Luther, among other innovations, entered into the married state, thereby giving to reformed Christianity the guardianship over woman. The priesthood had heretofore disdained to put a blemish upon its purity.

Since the dawn of this most memorable advancement of the human understanding, woman has been secured in her new,honorable and exalted sphere among most of the Christian nations.

Yet it was acomplished as a fact only by embroiling nations in long and dreadful conflict. It would indeed be well if social changes could be consummated with the same autumnal stillness and silence in which nature works her transformations." And long

ago had this reform been accomplished "had statesmen been precient and nations just."

In view of the above facts I am led to this conclusion, that woman's high social position in the South to-day is mainly owing to an enlightened form of Christianity.

Just in the same measure that I enjoy the highest liberty of a citizen, so does the lovely daughter of our land enjoy the protection of the State in the highest social and educational advantages. All honor to our institutions that our school girls are not taught to ponder on the wild chimeras of "Free Love" and Woman Suffrage," for the two are one and inseparable; but are led to comprehend with contentment "one feast, one house, one mutual happiness."

An enchanting story is the golden legend of home life. Woman's gentle influence is the only charm which binds the magic spell. Let that gentle influence be lost and the spell is forever broken.

Let us stop to make a short comparison between the estimate set upon the fair sex by some of those nations which are now representative types:

The Mussulman guards his Circassian beauty, veiled closely in the luxurious bondage of seraglio and harem.

The German complacently orders his faithful Frau about as though she were his dog or donkey.

The Frenchman leers at the dark eyed Grisette in the Latin Quarter, and compliments her to her own destruction. With Rousseau's phrases, he plays masterly upon the strings of woman's high toned sensibilities, as upon a harp, and wakes a chord responsive to the syren tremor of his venturous love. * * *

Compared with any one of the above types, the Englishman, and particularly the American, is infinitely superior. He has a chivalric and Christian regard for woman. For she is to him,

> "As a thing enskyed and sainted,
> By her renouncement, an immortal spirit,
> And to be talked with in sincerity,
> As with a saint."

It has been decreed by the divine law, that "by the sweat of his face man shall earn his bread." And while the nobler and major part of men are laboring under this command, is it not fit that the nobler portion of womankind should endeavor to smooth the care-wrinkled brow, and revive the weary spirit, not with the cloudy indifference of a vain political aspiration, but with the sunshine of an ardent love.

The honey bee must wing its flight to the clover bloom, when sunshine falls mellow on the fields, humming harmoniously it rolls

in and out of the beds of bloom, ever storing its little bag with juicy sweetness, and when replete with the nectar poured by an omnipotent hand into the flower cups, it wings its flight straight back perfumed to some lonely hollow in a tree, or to a hive fashioned for her by man, the divinely appointed laborer.

Like the honey bee is woman.
Like the toiling ant is man.

Like the ant, man's home, his nourishment, his defences are all obtained by grievous labor.

Like the ant engineering his mine, man, ever exposed to night and cold, pilots the ship of State. Like the bee bearing its sweetness into the gum tree, or into man's square-fashioned hive, woman must carry her honied sweetness into the cabin of that ship, there to enliven and cheer, whether in calm or tempest, during the voyage of life.

WILLIAM B. SLADE.

SELECTED.

"*Away with the Dastards who Whine of Defeat.*"

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

["One of the most melancholy productions of an era of strife and convulsions, is the SNIVELER, a biped that infests all classes of society, and prattles eternally from the Chatechism of Despair! A babyish, nerveless fear has driven the sentiment of hope from his soul. He cringes to every phantom of apprehension, and obeys the impulses of cowardice as though they were the laws of existence. His life is the embodiment of a *whine!* He is ridden by an eternal nightmare, and emits an everlasting wail!"—WHIPPLE.]

I.

Away with the Dastards who whine of defeat,
  And hint that the day of destruction draws near;
Who counsel "submission," or whisper "retreat!"
  With the Traitor's mistrust, and the Renegade's fear:

II.

What! doff the strong armor, and yield us as slaves
  To Lust and to Robbery, banded with Might;
While the Standard that symbols our Liberty waves
  Still flaming and fair in the front of the fight.

III.

By the souls of our Fathers! I hold them accurst!
  The Caitiffs who falter and flee from the strife,
Who would slake at Dishonor's foul cess-pool the thirst
  Of a passion—the meanest and basest—for life!

IV.

Go! crouch in the forest! hide 'neath the rock:
  Slink, palid and scared, into mountain and den—
We have *maidens* to fill your lost ranks in the shock
  Of death and of conflict—most gallant of MEN!

V.

The soul of the brave Saint of Orleans is here!
  It thrills in the voices, it burns on the cheek,
Of women who heed not the wail of Despair,
  And scorn the false words which the Craven would speak.

VI.

"*Submmission!*" ah, yes! we'll submit when the sod
  Lies blackened and bare on the tombs of our Race,
And "*retreat*" when the merciful conquest of God
  Shall bid us disband in His Kingdom of grace!

THE WATCHWORD OF OUR UNION.

History is replete with the rise, progress and decline of nations; and the only means we have of acquiring knowledge of a country's origin, the rapidity of her progress, and the causes of her fall is by continually referring to history.

To appreciate the progress and national standing of our own country at the present day, it is necessary to take a brief review of the past, beginning when civilization first ripened into reality. By so doing, we find that nearly every age and country have been signalized by some peculiar feature.

As Egypt was first among the countries of the earth to pierce the dark veil of barbarism, and to raise the "torch of science" to light the way for succeeding ages, let us take a glimpse at her. We find that her chief attention was directed towards Architecture. Nor was she deficient in this art; her artists and sculptors attained that degree of perfection that was well worthy to challenge the magic brush of a Raphael or the gifted stroke of a Cellini.

Now let us take a glimpse of Greece, that mighty Greece, when empires, kingdoms and principalities shuddered at her power, when her influence was awakening the neighboring countries to shame and honor. What then was her watchword? Literature and Oratory, which were so well encouraged, that to-day the world willingly resigns to Greece the glory of having first given to the world "noble intellectual conceptions embodied in the grandest form of literary art."

Another nation yet remains to be observed when the flood-tide of prosperity was enshrouding her with all the glory and renown of an ambitious Republic. This is Rome, once the mistress of the then known world. By scanning a few pages of her history, the darings of her heroic sons, it will at once be seen that "arms and conquest" were the only avenues to Roman distinction, in foreign as well as civil strife.

Now let us see if the watchwords of those ancient countries were productions of good results. We have but to cast an eye at Greece and the ruins tell too plainly that we are viewing the cemetery of fallen greatness. The thundering voices of her orators are hushed. The bards have long since ceased to tune their lyres to the sweet strains of burning Sappho.

All seems to be in a sad, deep reverie.

Egypt, with her illustrious dynasties, has ceased to light "glory's way." The Pyramids, the representatives of better days, stand only to point the victorious army of England to the tombs of the slumbering Ptolemies. Every scene tells of a woeful revolution. The British flag waves triumphant where once the proud Cleopatra graced a throne. Rome's fate is too well known to need mention.

Examples have been cited of by-gone days to show more clearly the greatness of this, our grand Union; besides, we should be warned to avoid like ends. * *

It should fill every true hearted son of this Union with enthusiasm and joy to think of our progress from the time that the "Pilgrim barque" kissed the shores at Plymouth Rock, about three hundred and eighty years ago. Since the sound of the first stroke of the axe echoed through the lonely forest, our every effort has been crowned with bright and lasting success.

Although our speedy career has been curbed by many wars with the "Red-man," and by that notable war with Great Britain, yet aided by Providence, we burst asunder the links that bound us to England and assumed for ourselves a position in the world's career as a people, free and united.

During that struggle for freedom, it seemed that the awful night of slavery, persecution and tyranny had closed around the "brave thirteen," without one star to penetrate the dark mist and lead to brighter hopes. But soon under the sagacious leadership of Washington, Hope stood hand in hand with Liberty. One by one did the stars of freedom grace our banner, one by one did the clouds of cannon-smoke roll up and flee, and soon the pure and azure heavens looked down upon the free! The brave old veterans disbanded and returned to their respective homes to greet their families and welcome their friends.

Now it was that the old Independence Bell peeled out her dulcet tones from the cliffs of New England to the balmy groves of Florida, proclaiming that the temple of Liberty was built, come strew flowers of peace to the pure and lovely Goddess.

At this period young America entered upon the national stage. Her enterprising sons realized their situation and put forth every effort to the strengthening of our Union. Nor were their efforts in vain.

The deep silence of the forest was soon broken by the merry voices of thousands of contented and well supplied people.

From the raging Atlantic to the peaceful Pacific was soon inhabited by persevering, energet-

ic, and well-to-do-people, who breathed the pure air of freedom, and feared no evil, while sheltered by the sacred folds of the white and blue.

What a change a few years have made !

The rugged and once impassable mountains are tunnelled out and are passed under by enormous steam engines, dashing at lightning speed, and at the same time unconscious of their burden. What a step in the progress of the world!

The once unfrequented seas are now caused to foam from the splash of the American oar. The restless billows are no longer merely frolicking over the bosom of the deep, but are bearing our magnificent steamers bound for all ports of the world. The receipts from these are filling our coffers and enriching our countrymen.

Agriculture is another branch of industry that claims our attention in this age of reason, science and development. It no longer slumbers in obsurity, nor is it limited to one class. A few years ago where stood the lordly oak and majestic pine, now grows wheat whose well filled heads bend to the slightest impulse of an eastern breeze. Our garners are full to overflowing, and our barns are full and to spare, and from our wine-presses trickles every beverage that tends to the comfort and support of man.

The art of telegraphy must not be overlooked since a genius of America is its lawful discoverer. Morse changed the sad and silent world into one of information, business and prosperity. The click of the wires are heard all over the world.

There still remains another feature to be noticed, and it is the one that will most effectually reward our people: we have answered the cries of the heathen. In so doing, we are not only obeying the express command of our Maker, but are disseminating seed that will surely yield a bounteous harvest. In every part of the world possible, our ministers can be heard proclaiming the gospel and making known the true and living God. Their very echo softens the pagan heart, comforts the distress, and causes barren wastes to smile with lovely brooks and placid waters. Can there be a nobler tribute to our people ? Can any nation do nobler work ?

While Greece, with her heroes and "nurseries of learning" failed to stand the test of time, yet she has bequeathed a legacy to the world. She furnished a Demosthenes, a Homer, a Pericles. Her literature remains the masterpieces of the nineteenth century. Why then, it may be asked, did she fall ? Because true "liberty and union" were only in the

poets' dream: she aimed at the ideal and not at a practical system of government.

Rome with her gleaming cohorts fought for ambition's sake and a conqueror's name, the United States with her patriot sons have fought the battles of liberty. Has our Union cause to fear such an end as Greece? No, not so long as we are mindful of our duty and are guided by the great bulwark of liberty, our *written* Constitution. Just so long as we make that our guiding star, the "old ship of State" will continue to plough the waters of a peaceful sea.

Our Union is no longer known in the bitter terms of North and South, but is one. The North and South mingle tears of a common sorrow, rejoice at common prosperity.

Sectionalism is buried, and over its grave grows the acacia, under whose boughs both Northern and Southern sons recline in harmony and good-will. To-day our countrymen are preserving the old gifts of liberty with the freshness of morning, they are advancing in all those virtues that adorn a christian people.

Need we ever fear the Dictatorship of a Grant, or the misrule of fanatics? No, the voices from the graves of Clay, Webster, Hamilton, Jefferson. Washington, *all* forbid. They are gone, but their guardian spirits watch over the cradle of Republicanism, first rocked by their hands.

Truly our Union is a grand one. Let us be true to our duty and to her call. Let us rejoice for the "harvest is great." Let us remember that *onward* is our watchword, and will continue to be, so long as the rippling songs of the classic Potomac blend with the voices of freemen.

Here we will pause, and let the siren voice of time proclaim the future of this "indestructible Union of indestructible States."

CECIL.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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The next number of the MONTHLY will not be issued until after Commencement, and will contain a full account of the Commencement exercises.

Legal Prevention of Illiteracy.

Compulsory education expresses the principle that the State not only has the right but it is its duty to require a certain degree of education of all sound minded people who live within its borders. It expresses the principle that the child has rights that not even the parent can trample upon; and that when a parent, through ignorance or indifference or vice, neglects the sacred rights of his child, and refuses to send him to school, the State may compel him to do so. No child should reach the age of 21 years without enjoying the advantages of school long enough to enable him to read and write. Compulsion is necessary only when the parents neglect to educate the child. The law does not effect in the least degree the intelligent portion of the community who educate their children, compulsory law or no compulsory law. It effects only the ignorant classes who need education most and prize it least. A compulsory law expresses the principle that parents and teachers shall do all in their power to win the willing to school, and that the State should compel the attendance of the unwilling; or, in other words, moral suasion should do its greatest possible work; but it is believed that that is the most effectual moral suasion which has *authority* behind it, to back it, if need be.

Again, compulsory education expresses the principle that, if the State has the right to provide for the education of its youth, it must necessarily have the right to enforce obedience to such laws as will give the greatest efficiency to the means provided, or, in

other words, compulsory education is a corollary from the compulsory school tax. The State has as much right to compel the ignorant to learn as it has to compel the penurious to pay for that learning. The power which compels the citizen to pay his annual tax for the support of the schools should, in like manner, fill the schools with all those for whose benefit that contribution was made.

The private citizen makes this contribution with a view to protection of person and security of property, and the State compelling such contribution is under reciprocal obligation to secure the complete education for which the expenditure has been made. This implies the exercise of State power, and involves compulsory education as a duty to the tax payer.

What we have said above shows that compulsory education is correct in principle, How has the principle worked when put in practice? Admirably whenever properly tried. Two great stumbling blocks in the way of any people's educational progress are non-attendance and irregularity of attendance at school. The great educational question of the day is, how shall these stumbling blocks be removed? We answer, by a compulsory educational law. Why? Because wherever this remedy has been properly tried it has proved successful; and its good results are claimed with most confidence wherever it has been tried longest. To establish this conclusion, we refer you to Germany, England, Switzerland, Massachusetts and Connecticut. In 1875 eleven States of the Union had compulsory educational laws. These facts show that public sentiment is moving rapidly in the direction of compulsory education. Another fact in favor of compulsory education is, that wherever it has been thoroughly tried it has become a fixed policy of the State. Wherever it has been thoroughly tried public sentiment has heartily endorsed the law. These facts show that compulsory education has proved successful in experience. Now, it is evident that something must be done to awaken the public mind on the subject of education in North Carolina. What shall it be? Our constitution contains a special clause giving the legislature the power to pass a compulsory educational law. Ought the legislature to exercise this power? Read the following facts, and then answer this question to suit yourself: The last report of Superintendent Scarborough shows that there are 463,000 children in the State of school age; of this number only 233,000 were enrolled in the public schools last year; and only 132,000 attended the

schools on an average. 50 per cent. of educable children in North Carolina not even enrolled in the public schools. Only 28 per cent. of the children of the school age attend the schools on an average. North Carolinians, these facts are appalling! What is to become of this immense population of ignorance? They reach maturity to repeat the sad spectacle of bookless homes, purchasable voters, thriftless poverty and unblushing crime. They constitute the rowdy, unruly element in our public gatherings. They entail additional tax on the property of North Carolina to defray the expenses of good government. They swell the census of our jails and poor houses. They furnish the material with which demagogues debauch the franchises of citizenship. These, and many others which might be named, are the evil effects flowing from allowing the children of the State to grow up in ignorance. How much longer shall we permit this dark and muttering cloud of ignorance to gather in the social sky of North Carolina? How much longer will our legislators shut their eyes to the fact that North Carolina swarms with vast hordes of children who must become heirs of penury, ignorance and crime because their parents refuse to give them the chance of an education which the public schools offer; but, who nevertheless, in a few years demand and obtain as full rights of citizenship as the wisest among us. North Carolina in justice to herself should demand of every person claiming the right of citizenship at least an elementary knowledge of his duties; and as this knowledge must come from the volition of the parent and not of the child, the State should enforce the rights of the child from the parent. * * * * We recommend compulsory education as a matter of economy for North Carolina. The last report of Superintendent Scarborough shows that, leaving out the swamp lands, there are about 45,000 square miles of territory in North Carolina. Divide this by the number of school districts, and we find that, if the school-houses were properly located, no child would have to go more than about two miles to school. We have county Superintendents now who ought to see that school houses are properly located. Hence we ought to have an almost perfect attendance, whereas only 28 per cent. attend on an average. When we collect and spend taxes enough to educate all, and then educate only 28 per cent. of all, we are throwing away money, and North Carolina is too poor to do so rash an act as this. Only 28 cents out of

every dollar that is collected and spent in North Carolina for school purposes is effectual in accomplishing the result for which it is collected and spent. About 72 cents out of every dollar that is collected and spent in North Carolina for school purposes is virtually thrown away! Why? Because the above per cent. of the children do not attend the schools. How much longer will North Carolina practice such economy as this?

The children of our generation are the men of the next. Shall the census of the next generation reveal to the people of North Carolina such facts as the census of 1880 reveals to us? Shall it be said of the next generation that 38 per cent. of the people 10 years of age and over cannot read or write? Shall the next generation be taunted with the fact, as we are, that 145,000 voters of the State cannot read the ticket they cast? It looks very much like it, when we learn the great amount of non-attendance and irregularity of attendance at our schools. What is the cause of this bad attendance? We answer, the main cause is the ignorance and indifference of parents. Parents are actually too ignorant in North Carolina to see the benefits of an education to their children. Some say our schools are sorry, and that is the reason of the non-attendance. I deny this, by reminding them that in Masachusetts the public schools are considered better than the private schools, and yet, even there, a compulsory school law is deemed necessary. Another fact tending to answer this objection is the following: Before 1881 the school system in NorthCarolina was very defective; but in 1881 the legislature revised the system and improved it greatly. They increased the school tax from 8⅓ to 12½ cents on the $100 valuation of property, with consequent increase of poll tax. They also added county Superintendents and Teacher's Institutes. They fixed the standard of examination for teachers. They also made provision of eight Normal Schools, four for the whites and four for the blacks.

As a result, the schools last year averaged over 3 months in length, and about 3,000 teachers were trained in the best methods of teaching. With this great improvement of the schools we would expect to find a corresponding improvement in the average attendance. But alas, such is not the fact, on the other hand the report shows that the average attendance was actually less in 1882 than in 1881. This shows that the great cause of education in North Carolina is suffered to go limping along in crippled impotence because the people do

not send to school; and they do not send to school because they are unable to appreciate the school privileges that are being provided by the State.

Now is it wise for us thus to permit ignorance to *perpetuate* ignorance in NorthCarolina? or shall we not rather compel the ignorant of this generation to educate their offspring and thus prevent the ignorance of this generation becoming the cause of the ignorance of the rising generation? Has our generation the right to doom the next to ignorance? Certainly not. Are not the parents of this generation, by neglecting to send their children to school, dooming the next generation to ignorance and its consequent evils? Certainly they are. Ought they not be prevented from this? To be sure they ought. How shall they be prevented? We answer, by a compulsory school law.

Mr. Matthews having resigned his position as editor, Mr. J. F. West was elected to fill the vacancy.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

Though I am not splenative and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear.
—*Shakespeare.*

Among our new exchanges for this month we notice the *Vanderbilt Observer*. We have scanned it carefully and pronounce it one of our best exchanges. The best feature about it is that it devotes most of its pages to literature. The articles are all good, but we like the lecture on "The Art of Embracing" best. Our experience in that "divine art" tells us that the lecturer was well up on his subject.

We will clip a few of his most important rules for the benefit of our boys. "Light blonds and dark brunettes are to be preferred. If neither of these styles can be obtained, my advice to you is to go slow, taking all concomitant circumstances into consideration, watch the twinkle of her eye, the cut of her jaw, the hang of her ears, and the inclination of her nose; if it hooks under, pay particular attention to the whereabouts of her paternal ancestors. But above all things, gentlemen, let me warn you, nay more, beseech you by all that you hold near and dear, never select a red-headed girl." *V. O.*, come again, we have a place on our table reserved for you.

The girls at the Illinois Industrial University are becoming experts in throwing paper wads. So says the local man of the *Illini*. *One more* step in female progress.

We clip from the *Occident* this beautiful stanza, entitled an "Editorial Tralet."

Just notice the grace of form and the delicate bloom of sentiment expressed.

The two first lines beginning—

Ah me! the day is very hot
And yet I must attempt some verses,

is a gem of melody, picturesqueness and beauty, without a flaw.

Our prolific pen is unable to do justice to the beauty and purity of the remaining lines. For the benefit of all lovers of poetry we will insert them. There must be copy, heat or not:

Ah me! the day is very hot,
And as I gaze upon the blot,
And these sad words my mind rehearses:
Ah me! the day is very hot,
And yet I must attempt some verses.

Most of our exchanges are down on the present system of examinations. We clip from the Alabama *University Monthly* these plausible arguments:

"Examinations do not afford a fair criterian of scholarship. By judicious 'spalling' poor students are enabled to make high marks,

while good students sometimes fail on unimportant questions. They throw temptations in the way of the too susceptible youth. They are a great bore both to Faculty and students." The remedy is this:

"By excusing from examinations all who attain a certain grade, say 85 or 90, would certainly operate as a strong incentive to strive for that destination, and would therefore insure a longer amount of diligent study during the term, while at the same time it would lengthen out the term of proper and profitable study." We regard this question as one of importance and worthy of consideration by every college in Christendom.

We welcome the St. Mary's *College Journal* to our list of exchanges. We notice the little fat "Ex." man is still in the land of the living.

College Notes.

There are about 80 colleges in India.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart's new college in New York will cost $4,000,000.

Cornell students are rejoicing at the completion of a new gymnasium.

The number of graduates from American colleges last year was said to be the largest known.

Cornell will have an income of $250,000 per year more than heretofore.

The Johns Hopkins University conducts five journals, devoted to original investigation in various fields.

Ten years ago there were seventy-one students in Political Economy at Harvard; now there are too hundred and ten.

California has given her State University, for building purposes, $455,000; for general support, $1.149,544; for library, $350.

The bell used at Wellesley College, Massachusetts, is from an ancient Budhist temple in Japan.

At Williams College the German professor gives weekly receptions to his section to familiarize them with conversational German.

American Colleges derive two-fifths of their income from the students, while English Universities only get one-tenth from that source.

Russia has thirty-three schools in which men are educated to manage and operate railways.

Harvard has about sixteen hundred students. Ann Arbor comes next with fifteen hundred and thirty-four.

George Darwin, son of the late Charles Darwin, has been elected professor of astronomy, in Cambridge University.

The lady students of Ann Arbor have started a newspaper, *The Amulet*, in the interest of co-education.

Col. Robt. G. Ingersol will deliver the annual address before the literary societies of Kansas University next Commencement.

The income of Wisconsin University was $133,000 last year, and there is a bill before the present Legislature of the State to make it still larger, and more than that, it is likely to pass.

The University of Vermont has raised a bequest of $115,000. A handsome gymnasium is to be erected. A bronze statue of Lafayette, who laid the corner stone of the University, is soon to be unveiled on the campus.

It is said that the expression *Alma Mater*, now so commonly used at universities and colleges, had its origin in the University of Bonn, from the beautiful statue of *Alma Mater* erected over the principal portal of the building.—*Buchtel Record.*

The authorities at Yale are to publish the entrance examination papers for the last ten years in book form.

Clippings.

The New Orleans *Picayune* is mean enough to say that old maids take to cats because they have whiskers.

The men who have been taking so much quinine lately, now sing, "Man wants but little *hear* below."

What is the difference between a Leopard's tail and a sour apple tree? Answer: One is spotted to the root, the other is rooted to the spot.

"Brown-eyed daisies slumbering in a field of cream" is what a Western poet calls freckles on the face of a pretty girl.

The latest mathematical question runs as follows: Two girls met three other girls and all kissed. How many kisses were exchanged?

Professor in rhetoric requests student in rhetoric to give an example of climax. Student: "He hesitates, he stammers, he flunks."

Med. Class.—Professor: "Now suppose I were to come to you and ask you what I must do to preserve good health, what would you advise me?"

Mr. G.: "Keep clean, sir."

Facetious and inquisitive Soph. to his sweetheart: "Miss Kate, however in the world do you young ladies get those tight sleeves on?" "The same way you young gentlemen get your tight pants on, sir." Soph. takes a case, and asks no more questions.

When a handsome girl drops

her handkerchief for a gentleman to pick up, it may be that she wants to flirt with him, and it may be that she wants to split the legs of his tight trowsers all to pieces. How about it, S. D.?

They are now telling a story about a Chicago girl who insisted on throwing her shoe after a newly married couple. The carriage is a total wreck, a doctor has the bride and horse under treatment, and large numbers of men are searching the ruins for the groom.

Two theologs talking: "Brother Perkins, did you ever read Pilgrim's Progress?" "Well, no, brother H.; I have read several of Pilgrim's works, but don't remember to have read that one."

A Chicago young man in a rash moment told his girl that if she would hang up her stocking Christmas eve, he would fill it to the brim with something nice. He has since seen her stocking, and is undecided whether to get into it himself or give her a sewing machine.

Freddie B., while chatting with his girl, asked: "My dear, why are you like a gun?" "Why, Freddie, I can't tell," she said. "Because," said he, putting on a nine by fourteen grin, "you are a combination of bang and bustle."

"Oh," said the old man from the door as he walked in, and in a tone that froze B.'s blood in its channels, "why, young, man are you like a shot?" "I don't know, sir," said B., turning pale as the old man laid his hand on his shoulder turned toward the door, "Because you are fired out, sir," replied the old codger as he applied a number ten.

The Ten Commandments.

I.—Thou shalt have no other faculty before thee.

II.—Thou shalt not make on the wall any picture of any co-ed that is in the chapel above, in the hall beneath, or by the window under the stairs. Thou shalt not bow down to them nor serve them, for I, the faculty, am a severe faculty and will visit the iniquity of my students, yea, even unto the third and fourth examinations.

III.—Thou shalt not take the name of the faculty in vain; for the faculty will deal with him roughly that taketh his name in vain.

IV.—Remember examination day and prepare for it. Three months shalt thou labor and do all thy learning, but the examination day is the Professor's; in it thou shalt have no book, thou nor thy brother, nor thy cousin, nor any one in the College; for three months have you had your books open and seen all that is in them, but on this day you must leave them at home.

V.—Honor the co-eds and the

faculty that thy days may be long in the College.

VI.—Thou shalt not kiss.

VII.—Thou shalt not commit matrimony.

VIII.—Thou shalt not steal the examination questions.

IX.—Thou shalt not testify against thy fellow student for using "ponies."

X.—Thou shalt not covet thy fellow student's good clothes, nor his pretty face, nor his standing in German and Latin, nor his intellect, nor anything that is thy fellow student's.—*Ex.*

PERSONALS AND LOCALS.

In Egypt:

"The Khedive in his *harem* sits,
And things go *harum* scarum,
The *Sultan* gets in*sultan* notes,
And has to sit and barum."

Professor (to lady of the village): What chemical compound was that which you said you disliked so?

Lady of the v.: I dislike Cu H, Oh! so much that I think copper hydrate is poisonous.

Lahdehdah Poll, the beardless boy, must intend to cut a swell among the Peacites, as he has ordered a "one button *cutaway* vest."

Billy D. and Philo spend much time visiting the ladies of the surrounding country. They are thick friends.

"Squeedunk" is acknowledged to be the Fool-killer's first choice. It is needless to say that "Squeedunk" comes from the land of "Eleven fingered Josh."

"Give me back my $5.00. I will have *you arrested. Please give* me my $5.00."

The Fac. have been busy as usual. Wils. is pledged not to ring the bell with Patsy on Easter Monday again. And in fact every body is pledged, and still the work goes bravely on.

"Snowbird" no longer tickles our ears with those delightful tales. He is passing the Spring in the greens burrow, where we hope Joe bores him not.

Berry and those lion-throated squeedunks of his seriously desturbed the bovine element of the Hill. It was thought that a herd of Texan cattle had arrived that Sunday.

Utley Hall is no more. The pet of the Fac., the eye-sore of the b-hoys has risen like the Phœnix amid the exultant shouts of a delighted multitude. As Laganes slunk off into the darkness a portly form followed, but it was n. g. The only things left of the Pysirge are the holes in the ground and a shingle in the Museum, appropriately inscribed.

The following is a literal rendering into Latin, by the best of the Soph. class, of the famous Mother Goose:

CARMEN.

Cano carmen sixpence, a corbis plena rye,
Multas aves atras percoctas in a pie;
Ubi pie apertus, tum canit avium grex;
Nonne suavis cibus hoc locari ante rex?
Fuisset rex in parlor, multo de nummo tumens;
Regina in culina, bread and mel consumens;
Ancilla was in hosto, dependens out her clothes,
Quum vanit parva corvis demorsa est her nose.

We think the above shows the need of a new Soph. class or a new Latin Professor.

I.

Sweet Jenny Lind
Says it's a sin,
For dear "Lamar"
To appear at the bar,
For selling clothes
And striped hose.

II.

Be not alarmed
My "dainty" charm,
For I will plead,
That you be freed.

CHORUS:

Tra, la, la, la, la,
Sweet Lamar, Lamar.

One of the best of the class of '83 has been caught sipping native "mineral water" and indulging in the delights of "*polka*." But, you know, it was an extra occasion, so please excuse.

Waldo, commonly known as "W," has been elected Superintendent of a Sunday School. How strange are the changes of Fate. We pity the religion of his school.

"Eat Ten Biscuits" has been heard from. He is alive and is ready to eat ten biscuits with any of his friends who happen in on him.

Gen. Hill made an eloquent appeal to "his friends up in the gallery." It brought his hearers to tears—of laughter.

Old "Futter Fos" has sent us word that he is coming to Commencement. He is now in the drug business and will furnish any of his friends with prescriptions for w—ater, free, gratis during the week of commencement. He is very kind, dispensing equally to the sick and the well.

Wils. said that he must "keep even with the times." He had a happy time singing in the snow.

We are very sorry to hear that Patsy, and "Gracious G. of G." had a fight, and that the N. S. G. G. of G. cut Patsy so severely.

We never knew that water and eggs made eggnogg until the "G. S. E." performed so extensively on Sykes and eggs.

"Slops" is the next worst dancer. The G. S. E. waltzer is the worst.

"Skinny" could not MAKE PEACE with Dr. Cornbread, until the latter gave Skinny some of his celebrated cornbread pills, which made the *wroth rock* peaceable and all was quiet.

Thom. and Heit. are regular heart smashers. They court by laws of metaphyics and of course who can withstand such talk.

Brody and Ped evermore did about some nights ago. Brody's hand got burnt by touching Ped's hair.

The question is whether Jesse's legs (excuse me ladies, lower limbs) are most like pothooks or a parenthesis? It is hard to decide.

Dr. Sawyer has been doctoring Uncle G. D. Ugly. If the latter survives he will be like the Wandering Jew, unkillable.

G. Wash. Whitsett is pulling teeth. He is cheaper than his "Prophet" said he would be. He gives five jerks for a quarter, instead of three.

A Fresh made the following translation: Nunquam animus, sed ignis via, was translated "Never mind, but fire away."

Heitman thinks he would have been a poet, "if he had been born in the mountains." He has powerful little to start on now.

"My Lovely" asked a parting friend to give him something as a "stevedore" to remember the friend by.

Tubby Mahone, on being asked by the Prof. of what plants were the coal beds made, answered "*Cabbages*." It was but a short time to dinner.

Oh! All ye dissipated men of the State! Come unto Dr. Cornbread and receive full cure or no pay. Dr. C's world renowned pills will stop all dissipation in two days. They are warranted to keep from ever getting drunk any more. Constant trial has proved them.

Thom. likened the figure of a friend to the "Hills of Egypt and the Valley of Jehosaphat, as seen from afar off."

"Chauncey" went to Raleigh some days ago. He did not get the same biff as before, but was biffed *several* times by *something*.

"Gizzard" has been found in a Field along with a Herring. The "Young Gosling" was found eating. "Major B.——" under his less euphonious name, while "Beefy" was tugging at the "Cabel," which held him to the Wright.

"Well, Tom, have you heard about chaffing the boys?"

The squirl Am a very Nice bird,
And has a Bushy tale.
He sometimes sits Opon a lim,
And some time on A rale,
And Gethers nuts in the Summer, so
His Winter stock won't fale.

OBITUARY.—THE BOBS.—The Bobs are no more. The first breath of Spring took off one of the dear creatures and on a chill and snowy March morning, the soul of the other, heavy with the loss of his companion, was gathered to his father(s). Gloom and desolation surround the mansion, which once was their home. On the hearth, where once blazed their cheerful fire, all is cold and cheerless. Their big arm chairs are empty, and tears of sorrow come into our eyes, as we see that empty on the shelf are the jugs, which were wont to contain their —— mineral water. These two youthful geniuses, who won such universal love and admiration during the Christmas holidays by their quiet behavior, in the midst of such turmoil, leave a sad place in the hearts of the community. It seems as if we drained the cup

of bitterness to the dregs when we chronicle the "taking" off of these two promising sprigs of the Law. We mourn in sackcloth and ashes and with a voice, tremulous with sorrow, cry "Requiescant in pace."

Little Tommy Dudley says, and sticks to it, that his chin has not been curled since last June.

The latest discovery is that Duke Battle looks like an Ichthyosaurus. The discovery was made by a Senior, of course.

The Fac. have still some new style pledges, but the trouble is that every student carries at least three of their pledges, and many carry ten.

We take this opportunity for apologizing to the public. In the last number, the College Record and the Personals were in some way indiscriminately mixed. In justice to ourselves, we would say that the Personal editor claims all the good articles in the last issue of Personals, with the exception of some flattering remarks about the Fac. &c. We never flatter.

Betsy saved a shingle of Utley Hall, and after being properly engraved by Short and Dirty, Colonel T. Rattelums, it will be presented to the Museum.

The Colonel has departed and if ever the back stay was knocked from under an editor, it certainly was when he left. He bobbed up serenely every time and was always handy.

The meanest man on record is the one who always wore short coats, so as to save the wear in going down hill. He was a very short man, like Tubby.

The merry jingle and tinkling of falling glass is music to a wearied one's ears. It is perfectly too too all but.

The crank and Jumbo have had a "pineapple cut', each. The tonsorial artist must have gone crazy to trust such youths for a quarter.

Which is the bow-limbed'st? Ike or Jesse?

As the warm spring begins to open, "Oscar" opens also. He now appears in all the full glory of a blood. He's but a "*Little* Soph," but is a *big* blood.

Major B. and Miss B. have opened dancing school. They have "Governor" Buck, "Capt." Postage and the Hon. Pigmy as assistants.

Scene at a boarding-house in the village:

Waiter: "Have corn, sir?"

Boarder: "I never can touch corn, until it's made into w——, and then I can mange to worry down a little for the sake of acquaintances.

In the late contest for the medals, Walser bore off the prize for the "worst waltzer." Ruby-nose Sam pushed him hard, but it was in vain. This is the first time we ever heard of a *waltzer* not being able to waltz.

"Pull her hard now, Patsy." "Put my close to bed, my close, put my close to bed."

Our late brother, Heber Latham, was in sore *trial*, but his counsel, Lawyers Sam. Crabbe Smith and Quincey Hill, brought him thro' all right. Moral: Always get good Lawyers.

At a late meeting of friends in college, a 'Squire, a Governor, a Captain, a Colonel and a Major all sat around the festive bottle, (we meant "board," but long association made us write the "bottle.")

Chas. Watt Cave is doing finely. He has recovered from the measles and the croup and is very much like his father. Sad that another ugly person should live while the beauty fades away.

They reared, cussed, sneaked around and did about, pledged the boys and got mad, because the wood would go, the glass glance from the frames. Who are "*They?*"

"Professor" Steele, the foolish boy, and one of the "infants" were to fight a duel, but remembering the long run our honored (?) president took the night of the former duel, they concluded to accept mutual apologies and save the President's wind and temper.

The college ain't what it used for to be,
When Fresh were Fresh, and Seniors were free.
Now the Fac. are threatening to expel,
But still the boys raise very much h. l.
Now Seniors are under,
Look out! lightning and thunder.
But when the old boys are off,
The Fresh bow down to the Soph.

Uncle Ugly is to take up the "Infant's" quarrel and the duel is to take place May 10th, year after eternity.

Examinations are now presenting to our view the unpleasing picture of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, or its nearest neighbor, the Bottomless Pit. Beyond stand a bevy of fair and charming "damnsells" with Kessnick's band playing waltzes for encouragement. Many are the falls before we reach them, and, if "Jim Coon" keeps his promises, many will be the falls afterwards.

Percy Gray has returned, looking very healthy, after a month's sickness at Home.

Those promising Alumni, "Jim" and "Dr." Manning, paid a short visit to the Hill some days ago.

Gus Reynolds is teaching school in Galveston, Texas. "Souser" is assisting him while waiting for a case. Souser has had several *cases*, but he wants a case to argue on now.

"Esaw, an hairy man" denies that

he is *studying* law in Washington. He is doing the same thing that he has been at for the past six years.

Sid. Grandy is teaching in Wilmington. He is still afflicted with the "Senior disease." It was too much for him.

Slade, that good Methodist minister-looking youth, is an Insurance Agent in Georgia. His "cheek" is excelled by but one living mortal, and he is a book agent.

W. W. Vandiver is with us once again. He has been on a lecturing tour thro' the South.

Turlington has returned after a few weeks absence at home.

News from John Dick is good. He will be on the rostrum Commencement with his class.

J. R. Nicholls sent us a very pretty invitation to an Easter Ball at Scotland Neck. J. R. is well and lazy. "We longed to be thar," Josh.

E. T. B. Glenn, '76, is another one of the talented offspring of this University. Three years ago he started as Rodman on the Southern Maryland Railroad. He is now Assistant Superintendent of that important railroad. His address is Brandywine, Md.

J. F. Rogers is a pharmacist at Oxford. He and the "Graces" are not yet parted.

Geo. Wilson is at Kinston. He has stopped boring and gone to teaching.

Fred. Skinner is making a fine name in Lenoir county. His school is the best in the county.

Rufe Bobbitt, of "Darling Josie at the gate" fame, was here some weeks ago. His old friends hailed the contents of his valise with much joy.

Thos. Radcliffe has gone, and over all is the mantle of sorrow. His cheerful voice, his manly form and ever-ready joke are much missed. He takes an important place as Chemist in Guano works near Wilmington. He intends to run for Mayor of Cronly in May.

Bob Winborne has pulled up stakes and gone to his paternal roof. He leaves a vacant spot in our circle not easily filled.

Bro. Matthews sickened and fled under the burden of cares of the Exchange Ed. We mourn his loss but congratulate his native town on getting him home to stay.

The Election for Borer's Medal will take place May 1st. As all the candidates are awful bores, we propose a medal for each.

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Room Enough for All.

Don't crowd and push on the march of life,
  Or tread on each other's toes,
For the world at best, in its great unrest,
  Is hard enough as it goes.
Oh, why should the strong oppress the weak
  Till the latter go to the wall?
On this earth of ours with its thorns and flowers
  There is room enough for all.

If a lagging brother falls behind
  And drops from the toiling band,
If fear and doubt put his soul to rout,
  Then lend him a helping hand.
Cheer up his heart with words of hope,
  Nor season the speech with gall;
In the great highway, on the busiest day,
  There's room enough for all.

If a man with the tread of a pioneer
  Steps out on your track ahead,
Don't grudge his start with an envious lear,
  For the mightiest once were led.
But gird your loins for the coming day,
  Let nothing your heart appall,
Catch up if you can with the forward man,
  There is room enough for all.

And if, by doing your duty well,
  You should get to lead the van,
Brand not your home with a deed of shame,
  But come out an honest man.
Keep a bright look-out on every side,
  Till heeding the Master's call,
Your soul should go from the world below,
  Where there's room enough for all.

The Age of Raw Materials.

The reputations of the nineteenth century will one day be quoted to prove its barbarism.—*Emerson.*

The age which brought into being Washington and Napoleon was pre-eminently an age of revolution. The present century will fasten itself in the memory of history as the age of the greatest material progress and invention. Our great inventive genius has astonished the world. A short time since, Fulton audaciously conceived that iron, though the heavier, would float on water, and gave us the steam boat. Morse has made of the lightning a common carrier. Bell insisted that great distance need not prevent a conversation between persons separated, and proved it by the telephone. Only last night Edison dreamed of the phonograph, and to day he whispers to the metals of the earth, and, recognizing the voice of genius, they talk with him.

As each man is his own greatest flatterer, so each age tickles its conceit by lauding the present: but in soberest moments "what have we gained?" presses itself upon the race as upon the individual. Albeit we are disposed to think that the sun of civilization stands straight above us, it is but reasonable to suppose that the next century will think the same of those times, and unaffected by any bias of environment, we may be sure that the future will look at us with the passionless eye of criticism. While we are therefore to be modest, it is of still greater importance that we do justice to ourselves, for encouragement and self reliance are potent factors of all real progress. For convenience of arrangement, and in order to indicate in the outset the line of thought I shall pursue, let it for the present be admitted that the most wonderful achievements of the present civilization are but *raw materials*

out of which the *real* and ultimate greatness of humanity is to be builded.

I will then review some of the most prominent, established facts of our social, religious and political history, and determine whether such a concession should not be admitted as true, and if true, then I will attempt to show that the promises of the present justify an abiding faith in the greater future progress of man.

That society has made great progress in our day few can doubt, but that there are far-reaching evils that threaten its life, is equally apparent.

Perhaps the greatest blessings and greatest evils of society are born at the fireside. The conceptions which a man forms of home, color, qualify and in a great measure determine his conceptions of all relations. Unfortunately, in society men still love money better than mercy. Honesty is not reckoned as necessary as cash.—The culture of the minds of the family is neglected in order to make a show of style, and men esteem rich libraries, or even virtue, as of less account than the mansard roofs and vermilion trimmings of their dwellings. The vulgar saying: "I had rather be out of the world than out of the fashion," is more than a joke. It shows the suicidal tendency of society. The law affirms that marriage is a "civil contract," and society accepts the definition to the letter. Little sacredness attaches to marriage. Men sometimes buy wives as they do chattels. We constantly deny the *sacredness of man.* I would emphasize this evil as the greatest in society, and stigmatize it as the best proof of natural depravity. Men forget that a single act of kindness weighs more with God than the brightest star, and that one generous thought outrivals, in beauty and worth, the material earth.

We busy ourselves greatly with outward institutions and sadly neglect all the realities. We are immanacled by class distinctions, and the Scribes and Pharisees of to-day are saying of all who recognize the equality of man, as they said of Christ: "Behold! he receives sinners: he eateth with them." Men suspect men, and by their suspicion testify to their distrust of themselves.

It is enough, however, to know that when the worst has been said the good counterbalances the evil in society, and the face of the future is lighted with the smiles of hope. Wealth is its own antidote. It poisons the soul, and at the same time makes its liberation possible: for with wealth comes culture and the universally enlightened mind, which can ill afford to reckon anything greater

than the soul. Thus it is found that it remains for the future to witness the highest social attainment possible, which is the rightest appreciation and development of the individual.

This is the morning ray of a brighter day. As yet the millennium stands afar in the future and says: "Men love the riches of the mine better than the riches of the heart. I cannot come yet. The shadows lengthen and darkness hovers. Wait 'til it be morning."

If we turn our eyes to the religious history of our period we find the most characteristic feature to be detrition. Old fundamental faiths stand fast: but sectarian theologies, and the dogmas of bigotry, are crumbling and falling. Dilapidation stalks amid the ruins of a thousand narrow creeds. For the last thirty years the religious world has been in a state of fermentation—all is unsettled. It is true that in the last fifty years, while our population has increased eleven fold, our churches have increased thirty-seven fold, but it is probable that strong faith and practical piety have not increased in proportion to the churches. The Bible is now being published to seven-tenths of the human family, and Christianity has made greater progress in our day than in any past century. Our holy religion is the pride and crowning glory of the age, but still there are ministers of high place who connive at infidelity. The youthful mind, too, is tainted in the very schools of the land. Much time and study are devoted to the mathematics and the languages, while the studies of ethics and psychology are neglected almost as much as formerly. What better proof of infidelity need we than this? I would not underate the importance of any branch of science, but surely (however necessary now) mathematics can have little to do with man after the dimensions of his coffin are taken and the size of his grave determined; whereas religion and the moralities promise him a nobler life in the blissful yonder.

Since these two great fountains, the pulpit and the school, are, in a measure, poisoned, it should surprise us but little that there is everywhere a "deep running tendency to doubt." The true hope of the times, and the remedy for the evil of infidelity is to be found in the constitution of man's nature. That the *natural* development of the human mind is towards a knowledge of *final causes*, few can doubt. It follows then that this is but a spasm of infidelity and health will return. Let no one weakly conceive that the Humanitarianism of Comte or Mr. Ingersoll can satisfy the aspiring soul. Materialism and the

various false religions have washed high on the shore of this century, and they have left their mark: but the strength of the waves is spent, and they are ebbing. The culture which Mr. Huxley so much desires will give the death blow to his religion of "Culture:" for, given the highest culture possible to a particular mind, then is that mind more dissatisfied with only a knowledge of the Finite Knowable (like humanity) than when *less* enlightened. Thus it follows that with increasing knowledge, religious opinion must gravitate, with accelerated momentum, towards the Infinite Unknowable—the great first and Final Cause, or God.

When a brick wall has been once blown down, though carefully rebuilt by the same workmen, the eye easily detects the line of separation between the old and new part. 'Tis a scar upon its beauty. It is even so with vain speculations and invented religions. Let a theory once fail and fall, and no amount of patching can deceive the observant soul. Since, then, the natural development of man's mind is towards a knowledge of final causes, it appears that Christianity, having nature on her side, has little to fear from any living or future apostle of Evolution or Humanitarianism.

In the wonder-working wisdom of Providence, free thought has contributed to the progress of religion no less than to the progress of science by affirming: "My reason was given me to use and not to abuse." "If I am to believe my heart and the Bible, why not also nature and common sense?" Thus the obstinate conservatism of Christianity is being forced to yield to the new revelations of the divine spirit. The more intelligent Christians are beginning to learn what the Bible always told them, that Christianity is not superstition, narrow beliefs and interpretations of truth, or darkness, but Light. "Christ is the Light of the world." The world has not yet learned this shining truth, and until it does we must suffer from ignorant conscientiousness. Christianity must become rationalized, in the best sense of that word, before it can become an universal faith. It is gradually becoming so, and therefore it may be said that the hopes of the church are brighter and the great heart of the church throbs with diviner energy to day than ever before.

Hampered as I am, by the short space which is allowed me, I can only hope, in so short an article, to faintly indicate the more prominent features of our political progress: and therefore the inference which I shall draw from the historic lessons of this period must needs be brief. A careful

study of our politics will convince the most skeptical that our Constitution has undergone a "remoulding in favor of a more healthful democracy." As a reference to their electoral systems will show, to give increased power to the people is also the tendency of every government in Europe. Who argues against the expediency of such measures antagonizes the combined wisdom of the nineteenth century and its tendencies towards broader bases of governmental policy. We have not been behind, but have lead in this great movement of humanity. The Declaration of Independence declared that all men were "free and equal," and for many years the Constitution said the Declaration was "mistaken," and continued to hold four million men in bondage. Now we all know that the Declaration was right, and the Constitution admits its mistake.

Another day has been born of blood. Slowly the great truth, that secession was wrong, is dawning on almost every mind: and the sun of this day is the greater truth that *home-rule*, in its broad sense, is *right*. Providence, the world and the war decided that no State should go out of this Union, and that every right of every State should be respected so long as they remain *in* this Union. Such progress bids us hope all things of man.

Our war-born and blood-nourished Tariff system has outlived its usefulness, and a reasonable tariff for revenue is becoming the established policy of the country. It may be termed a jeremiade by some, but even now we are in danger of the *one-man-power*. Our country has grown so large, and the patronage of the President so great, that, added to his almost numberless powers, including the veto power, he can almost dictate terms to courts and congresses. "It was by adding the tribunitial (or veto) power to the military, in one person, that the Roman Emperors consummated the ruin of the Republic." "It was by this mode" says Tacitus, "that Augustus found means, without the name of King or Dictator, to make himself superior to the legislative powers of the commonwealth."

The great battle between Labor and Capital still wages. The story of the misfortunes and victories of weary-handed labor is almost as touching and wide-related as are the chapters of that older story, love.

More than ever imparity of fortunes threaten the national life. We are oppressed by the feudality of the great capitalists. Communism is the natural result. The only cure for the evil of Communism is a slow cure. It is growth, and not legislation or force.

Nor President nor Governor can put out, by force, the fires that burn in men who, amid plenty, labor right manfully and then—starve. Unfortunately this question is without the pale of legislation. The most solemn conclave of the wisest and foremost legislators of the world would be as impotent in dealing with it, by direct legislation, as the average congress or legislature. The reason is obvious. You cannot set metes and bounds to the acquisition of property. No legislature can say a man shall stop acquiring property when he has made one million dollars, without demolishing the theory and law of property: and since this cannot be done, the man who has a great amount of capital will necessarily absorb the earnings of his entire neighborhood, to a great degree, and in that proportion will he oppress his neighbors. Time must be the remedy, and education will hasten the time. A more intimate knowledge of Political Economy—of the inter-dependence of labor and capital—will mitigate the evil. Above all, respect for the soul as superior to money must grow with our growth, before labor can hope to smile. The truest and most tragic conception of the oppression which capital practices on labor is conveyed in one word. Capital terms labor "*Hands*" instead of souls. Ah! me, that word is so full of shame and oppression that could the stones hear, I fancy they would weep with you, if you would but translate its meaning into articulate speech.

The abuse of the ballot is another glaring evil, else some hundred thousand men would not have refused to vote last year on account of being required to pay a poll tax. But, with all its abuses, there is nothing in our political history to throw doubt upon the feasibility of the system of popular elections.

The elective franchise will not be abridged. Governments may sometime withhold a certain right from the people, but when once given, that right cannot be taken away. We are placed in the position of the boy who carved his name highest on the Natural Bridge in Virginia. After he had cut his name it was impossible for him to descend, and he found safety only by scaling the top. The only safety is to extend the franchise and thus climb higher. The evils of our system will be greatly lessened when education, and not protection to property, shall be considered one of the highest offices, if not the highest office of government.

And now after this short review of the most important steps in our progress in science, society, religion and government, what shall we conclude?

Let us learn once for all that the loftiest achievements of any century are but raw materials out of which the succeeding ages shall build the real and final greatness of man. Let us be candid and at the same time hopeful. We have almost astonished nature herself by our mastery of her, but still we have higher hopes of man, and believe that the realization of a fuller life is in store for our race. We should not be like Spain when she held both sides of the Mediterranean, and boasted of the Pillars of Hercules. So proud was she of her possessions that she caused to be stamped on her coin "ne plus ultra"—"nothing beyond," thinking she had reached the end of land. But a dauntless spirit found other lands beyond, and she was forced to strike off the "ne" and left "plus ultra" —"more beyond." We are often disposed to imagine that Now contains all, but the most beautiful temple of civilization is not yet built. There is "more beyond." There comes a progress which shall be Moral. The inchoate tendencies of the times promise a day of peace and beauty: a serene Sabbath.

We all know that a potato will sprout in a cellar, almost its only light and heat coming from radiation, but it is not a vigorous growth. You can pitch a dead eagle into the air, but 'tis quite another thing to see an eagle fly. During this century we have built railroads, "harnessed the lightning," and made living very comfortable indeed; but still each one of us practically deny, oft times, that man is precious in the sight of God. There comes a time when our growth shall be more healthful and our flights higher. The hour nears us, for the raw material is at hand out of which the beautiful coin may be made. Workmen are needed. Some poet, who shall rightly interpret the songs which the great looms and wonderful machineries sing. Statesmen, who think less of party and self, and more of the culture of humanity. Philosophers, who see the true end of life, and comprehend all the relations of our being. Teachers and authors and editors, who understand the philosophy of the mind, and the philosophy of life. Such men shall live.

Faith in the future is basic. It is alike necessary to our own greatest progress and to the attainment of Humanity's ultimate possibilities.

That the present gives promise of a higher civilization in the future is sufficiently evidenced by the fact that christianity, freedom, and education have made greater progress in the last century than ever before. Christianity cannot lose strength for reasons that rest

in our natares, and from the further fact that an entire separation of church and State obtains with us. Freedom must become more secure as men become more enlightened, and education is, every day and everywhere, making princes of beggers and noblemen of poverty and rags.

Man has improved so very, very slowly. He has existed long, but in truth is just beginning to live.

No less an authority on such subjects than Mr. Beecher tells us that even now "eight million men are kept armed in Europe." That "one half of the race do not increase their wealth or ideas." They live upon the labor of others; eat, sleep, and die. Is this man's highest? Hope points to many stars, and Love says: You can reach them: let me guide you. I came from the stars." Amid the vanishing, let us grasp the stable. Few things here stand fast. In the mutations of the ages love shall last.

We may not live to see the higher civilization which we know must come, but shall we doubt Humanity's capabilities therefor? We cannot.

J. M. LEACH, JR.

Arise! for the day is passing,
  While you lie dreaming on,
Your brothers are cased in armor,
  And forth to the fight are gone.
Your place in the ranks awaits you,
  Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
  In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing;
  The sound that you dimly hear
Is your enemy marching to battle,
  Rise! rise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to brighten your weapons,
  Or the hour will strike at last,
And from dreams of a coming battle
  You will waken and find it past.

The Patriot's Hope.

Man's tyranny over man has caused the fall of countless nations. The Greek and Roman civilizations were founded on force and slavery and their decay hastened humanity towards the goal of happiness. The land of France, wet with the blood of numberless millions, should not be held in exercration; because these red handed revolutions were but waves in the stream of human progress, which has always increased and will ever increase, until at last it flows into the calm and peaceful ocean of equality. The ancient civilization was war-like; the modern is industrial. As formerly man wrested from man the products of his toil by war; so now does he rob his fellow by wit and legislation. Government is strong in the protection of its citizens, in the measure in which it insures them a just allowance for their toil and shows solicitous regard for their happiness. National power lies in the loyalty of those who increase its wealth and capabilities. The working classes are necessarily the most ignorant part of the social compact, and for this reason suffer most the indignities of oppression. They are a prey for the wealthy monopoly, which uses the products of their toil for its own advantage. This state of affairs is not a stranger to history, it is a problem of world wide importance, and even America, the boasted home of liberty, is not free from its baleful influence. No condition of labor escapes the merciless greed of oppressive wealth, which shows itself in myriad forms. It arrogates to itself the powers of taxation heedless alike of God and humanity. The taxes of the State and the nation are insignificant when compared to the royalties extorted from us by Railroads and manufacturing corporations. The cost of transportation enhances the value of the necessaries of life to such an extent that they are luxuries in the households of the poor. These robberies are not restricted to corporations alone. The farmer has felt the pitiless power of the private money lender and the merchant, to whom he has mortgaged his farm, and in many an instance has he been driven from his lowly home into the clutches of poverty by the lash of usury.

Has the laborer no friends? Can there be no emancipation for honest toil? Ignorant as the masses are, they naturally recognize no means of redress, except

brute force, but when they measure their strength, sad history shows that they are not slow to use it. We may not expect a speedy revolution at the hands of the American laborer; yet we should not forget the old axiom that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. We should not wait to see the volcanic burst of retribution. We have less cause for fear of this class than any other manufacturing country; since the extent of our territory is unfavorable to a dangerous organization. The tyranny of government has never blighted us and the voice of the people is the decree of the sovereign. The freedom of the ballot is our safeguard; and so long as it remains free, labor and capital will know no distinction in politics, but will be represented regardless of the fact that one is labor and the other is capital. Rome's proudest day was when plebean and patrician sat side by side in the consulate. England waxed strong as Norman and Saxon became amalgamated; and America is growing mightier as North and South forget the roar of cannon and the clash of arms. Strength lies only in union; but in isolation of ideas, interests and purposes there lurks decay. If the capitalist protects himself by aid of corporations and monopolies, the laborer will find some means of defence; and whenever you meet with a union of capitalists you will find a labor union directly opposed to it. One inspires and stimulates the other. The youth of our Republic is past; old age with its burden of social and political problems is upon us; and poverty has shown itself in the land of plenty. The union of labor and capital is the most vital of all these questions; and its neglect will fetter the footsteps of freedom. It is not a matter to be settled in a moment; nor can it be solved by legislation alone; and although many errors may confront us before a happy union is effected, let us not err on the side of zeal and precipitancy. That the laborer is oppressed is certain; that he should not be is equally true. He is not satisfied by a few political privileges; he needs something more; you must educate him; you must raise his labor to a higher plane; you must honor him for his efforts and requite him for his toil; you must shield him from capital's oppression. These demands are very reasonable. Why should not labor receive its just reward? Is not its work as beautiful as the paintings of a Rembrandt? as substantial as the sculptor's art? or as much to be admired as the whims and caprices of an Oscar Wild? Where does the trouble lie? It lies in the fact that speculators, who add nothing to the

general wealth, hold the wires of communication and the vehicles of trade as means for filching from the poor their scant subsistence. The farmer regards the noiseless wire as whispering something he should know. The voice of the locomotive is begining to be regarded as deadly as the cyclone's sullen roar. These pioneers of progress, which were wont to preach the brotherhood of man, have been perverted and have become merciless minions of discrimination. The money king monopolizes inventions and extortion holds them above the grasp of the poor. They bribe and intimidate weak-kneed politicians, and even thrust their polluting hands, shinging with gold, into the palms of justice. They defend themselves so completely behind the technicalities of the law and the baseness of officials, and are so guarded by the color of applause from a servile press, that he who seeks to break the legal lance with them is considered a victim of folly or desperation. This is the burden of the laborers, and yet they are considered as the dangerous class. They are not to blame, I hope, for cries of reform. These appeals will never cease so long as fear of starvation prompts men to labor; so long as the workingman leaves his children an inheritance of poverty and consigns them sadly to the mercy of monopolists and men who gamble with the food of life. No! The laborer should enjoy something more than a mere pittance for his work. He should have some recreations of culture to alleviate his sufferings. His toil should be made more associative and attractive. I would not raise him above his task, nor would I deny to capital its just reward; but both can be benefitted by a union of interest and by harmony of enterprise. Nothing can be effected so long as one arrays itself against the other. I do not rail at the ranks of capital, yet I would hail an aristocracy of these horny-handed sons of toil. Labor should be dignified so that no man who shuns manual toil by entering the professions would hesitate to leap into its arena. There should be more refinement at the blacksmith shop, at the work benches, in the harvest field, and at the flaming forges. We should see beautiful cottages smiling with the floral tributes of nature and rosy-cheeked children on their daily journey to the neighboring school. This dream may be realized, but not so long as people think that political is social reform. A continuance of oppression will only aggrevate this restless spirit of industrial strife. The politician alone can't effect this union; yet we should elect men to office who are not

blinded by shining gold; those who know the right and knowing, dare maintain. The day of the political preacher is past. North and South demand something more than a mere discussion of sectional strife. They demand honest politicians. America can best solve this great problem. We have no landed gentry; the lines of social distinction are very dim; there are no hereditary political favors, and our greatest statesmen, with bare feet, have pressed the lowest round. The higher classes are not slow to make room for merit and talent, and every one is at liberty to gain the lofty summit. Our government is a popular one and furnishes liberty enough for all. The greatest forces which are to be factors in this grand reform should not be over-looked, nor can they be too strenuously applied. These are Christianity and Education. The former inspires the latter and has proved itself to be the only religion which tempers as well as ties and organizes society. It is the key note of prosperity and the foundation of law and justice. It honors labor and incites the mind to noble daring. England and America, the working ground of Christianity, have always borne the brightest escutcheons of civil liberty. This religion of temperance, justice and truth tends to equalize the wants of all and cheapens the expense of living. It is the arch-enemy of injustice and the colleague of right. Man can never be free as long as his mind is fettered by the bonds of ignorance; and a freedom of mind will insure the emancipation of muscle. The union of labor and capital must follow the Bible and the spelling book; it is time that licensed gambling in the products of labor should cease. Let supply and demand regulate wages. Retribution must come! Grander conceptions of human worth and increasing intelligence demand it. The cries of ignorant children and starving women, who sing the song of the shirt, demand it. The empty bread-trays and tattered garments of the poor demand it. Christian society demands it, and man's humanity to man must and will grant it. Go tell the speculators and monopolists to beware. Tell legislation to heed the cry. This is not the dying groan of effete beings or shackeled slaves, but the demand of men, Anglo-Saxon men, men who have tested the sweets of liberty and know the tale of Runnymeade and Bunker Hill; men who scorn the face of tyranny—men who dare seek the temple of right and justice, though its avenue may bristle with bayonets and the body of a king block up its door. This is no vain imagery, history proves it. The Anglo-Saxon will be free.

J. T. STRAYHORN.

Gen. James Johnston Pettigrew.

When the tidings came to North Carolina in the midsummer of 1863 that Gen. Johnston Pettigrew was numbered with the gallant souls who had sealed their devotion to the Southern cause with their life-blood, a universal pang of sorrow was felt. We had watched his career with so much pride, we had hoped for so much from his extraordinary gifts and attainments, the deepest sense of disappointment was mingled with our grief. What was there he could not do? What might he not have accomplished? Not a few of us hoped and believed that in him the struggling Confederacy would yet find the leader who would conduct it to final success.

A number of hastily written notices of his life appeared at once in the public prints. None of these however, satisfied the public who wished to know more of him, around whose name had already crystalized legends and stories, such as always go to make up the popular ideal of a hero of romance. He was the "admirable Crichton" of North Carolina, and some reliable record in a permanent form was anxiously desired.

The family of Gen. Pettigrew, yielding to this wish, requested the Hon. S. F. Phillips, who was then a resident of Chapel Hill, and who had known Mr. Pettigrew in his college days, to prepare a suitable memoir of him from such material as was then at hand. This memoir was first published in the Fayetteville *Observer* in the summer of 1863. Several years afterward it was republished as an appendix in Mrs. Spencer's "Last ninety days of the War." Though brief, it was held to have done the subject justice. We can pay it no higher compliment than to say this of it, and we now present it to our readers with much satisfaction as the only adequate tribute that has yet been paid to one of the most remarkable men ever produced in North Carolina, or in any other State of the Union.

James Johnston Pettigrew, late a Brigadier in the army of the Confederate States, was born at Lake Scuppernong, in Tyrrell County, North Carolina, upon the 4th day of July, 1828. His family is originally of French extraction. At an early period, however, one branch of it emigrated to Scotland, where it may be traced, holding lands near Glasgow, about

the year 1492. Afterward a portion of it removed to the northern part of Ireland. From this place James Pettigrew, the great-grandfather of the subject of this notice, about the year 1732, came into Pennsylvania, and some twenty years afterward into North Carolina. About 1770, this gentleman removed to South Carolina, leaving, however, his son Charles, who was a resident successively of the counties of Granville, Chowan, and Tyrrell. Charles Pettigrew was subsequently the first Bishop elect of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this diocese. He died in 1807, and his memory survives fragrant with piety, charity and an extended usefulness. His son, Ebenezer, succeeded to his estates and reputation. Devoting his life to the successful drainage and cultivation of the fertile lands which he owned, and to the government of the large family of which he was the head, Mr. Pettigrew resisted every solicitation presented by his neighbors for the employment of his talents in public service. Upon one occasion only was his reluctance overcome. In 1835, he was chosen by a very flattering vote to represent his District in the Congress of the United States. At that election he received the rare compliment of an almost unanimous vote from his fellow citizens of Tyrrell, failing to obtain but three votes out of more than seven hundred. He could not be prevailed upon to be a candidate at a second election.

Mr. Pettigrew married Miss Shepard, a daughter of the distinguished family of that name seated at New Berne. She died in 1830, when her son James Johnston was but two years of age. Ebenezer Pettigrew lived until July 18th, 1848, having witnessed with great sensibility the very brilliant opening of his son's career among the cotemporary youth of the land. After his mother's death the child was taken to the home of his grandmother at New Berne, and there remained until he was carried into Orange county to pursue his education. Owing to an unfortunate exposure whilst an infant, young Pettigrew was a delicate boy, but by diligent and systematic exercise he gradually inured his constitution to endure without harm extraordinary fatigue and the extremes of weather. He was a member of various schools at Hillsboro from the year 1836, enjoying the advantages of instruction by Mr. Bingham for about four years previously to his becoming a student at the University. During this period the state of his health required him to be often at home for several months together. He was a member of the University of North Carolina during

the full term of four years, graduating there at the head of his class in 1847. From early childhood young Pettigrew had been noted as a boy of extraordinary intellect. At all the schools he was easily the first in every class and in every department of study. He seemed to master his text-books by intuition. They formed the smallest portion of his studies, for his eager appetite for learning ranged widely over subjects collateral to his immediate taskes. Nor did they always stop here. His father was amused and gratified upon one occasion to observe the extent to which he had profited by his excursions among the medical books of an eminent physician at Hillsboro, of whose family he was an inmate at the age of fourteen. In the class room at the University he appeared in reciting rather to have described to the level of the lesson, than to have risen up to it. Student as he was, and somewhat reserved in demeanor, he was nevertheless very popular with his fellows and the object of their enthusiastic admiration. Anecdotes were abundant as to the marvelous range of his acquirements, and the generosity and patience with which he contributed from his stores even to the dullest applicant for aid. Nor was it only in letters that he was chief. A fencing-master, who happened to have a class among the collegians, bore quite as decided testimony to his merits as he had obtained from the various chairs of the faculty. The commencement at which he graduated was distinguished by the attendance of President Polk, Mr. Secretary Mason, and Lieutenant Maury, of the National Observatory. Impressed by the homage universally paid to his merits, as well as by the high character of his graduating oration, these gentlemen proposed to him to become an assistant in the Observatory at Washington city. After spending some weeks in recreation, Mr. Pettigrew reported to Lieutenant Maury, and remained with him for some six or eight months.

In the occupation of this office he fully maintained his earlier promise, but soon relinquished the position, inasmuch as the exposure and labor incident to it were seriously affecting his health. After an interval of travel in the Northern States, Mr. Pettigrew, in the fall of 1848, became a student of law in the office of James Mason Campbell, Esq., of Baltimore, where he remained for several months. At the close of this period, at the solicitation of his kinsman, the late James L. Petigen, of Charleston, S. C., he entered his office with the design of being subsequently associated with him in the practice of his profession.

Upon obtaining license, Mr. Pettigrew, by the advice of his kinsman just mentioned, proceeded to Berlin and other Universities in Germany in order to perfect himself in the civil law. He remained in Europe for nearly three years. Two years of this time, he devoted to study, the remainder he spent in traveling upon the Continent and in Great Britain and Ireland. He availed himself of this opportunity of becoming acquainted with modern European languages so far as to be able to speak with ease in those of Germany, France, Italy and Spain. During this tour he contracted a great partiality for the Spanish character and history, having had considerable opportunity for studying the former, not only as a private gentleman, but also as Secretary of Legation for a short while to Colonel Barringer, then Minister of the United States to the Court of Spain. It may be proper to add here, that among the unaccomplished designs of Mr. Pettigrew, to which he had given some labor, was that of following Prescott in further narratives of the connection of Spain with America, and as a preliminary he had formed a collection of works in Arabic, and had made himself acquainted with that language.

Mr. Pettigrew returned to Charleston in November, 1852, and entered upon the practice of law in connection with his honored and accomplished relative. He profited so well by his studies in Europe and by his subsequent investigations, that in the opinion of his partner, who was well qualified to judge, he became a master of the civil law, not inferior in acquisition and in grasp of principle to any in the United States. His success at the bar was brilliant. In 1856 he was chosen one of the representatives of the city in the Legislature, holding his seat under that election for the two sessions of December, 1856, and that of December 1857. He rose to great distiction in that body. His report against the reopening of the slave trade, and his speech upon the organization of the Supreme Court gave him reputation beyond the bounds of the State. He failed to be re-elected in 1858.

Mr. Pettigrew persistently refused to receive any portion of the income of the partnership of which he was a member. Independent in property, and simple in his habits of personal expenditure, he displayed no desire to accumulate money. Noble in every trait of character, he held the contents of his purse subject to every draft that merit might present.

For some years previous to the rupture between the North and

South, Mr. Pettigrew had anticipated its occurrence, and believing it to be his duty to be prepared to give his best assistance to the South in such event, had turned his attention to military studies. Like many other rare geniuses he had always a partiality for mathematics, and so very naturally devoted much time to that branch of this science which deals with war. Even as far back as 1850 he had been desirous of becoming an officer in the Prussian army; and negotiations for that end, set upon foot by military friends whom he had made in Berlin, failed only because he was a republican. Afterward he became Aid to Governor Alston, and more recently to Governor Pickens. Upon the breaking out of the war between Sardinia and Austria, Colonel Pettigrew at once arranged his private business and hastened to obtain position in the army under General Marmora. His application to Count Cavour was favorably received, but after consideration his offer was declined on the ground that the event of the battle of Solferino had rendered further fighting improbable. He was greatly disappointed, as his reception had inspired him with hopes of seeing active service in the Sardinian army with rank at least as high as that of a Colonel. Availing himself, however, of this unexpected leisure, he revisited Spain, and after a stay of a few months returned to South Carolina. The fruits of this second visit were collected by him into a volume entitled "Spain and the Spaniards," which he printed for the inspection of his friends in 1860. It will be found to be a thoughtful, spirited and agreeable record of his impressions of that romantic land.

At the opening of the present war Colonel Pettigrew, as Aid to Governor Pickens, took a prominent part in the operations of Charleston. He was at that time also Colonel of a rifle regiment, in which he was much interested, and which became conspicuous amongst the military organizations around Charleston in the winter of 1860-'61. As commander of this body he received the surrender of Castle Pinckney, and subsequently held himself in readiness to storm Fort Sumter, in case it had not surrendered after bombardment. Later in the Spring, having failed to procure the incorporation of his regiment in to the army of the Confederate States, and believing there was little chance of seeing active service in South Carolina, he transferred himself as a private into Hampton's Legion, and early in the summer accompanied that corps into Virginia. A few days after he was recalled to the service of his native State by an

unsolicited election as Colonel of the 12th Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers, now the 22nd Regiment of North Carolina Troops. It had been Colonel Pettigrew's earnest wish to become connected with the North Carolina army, so he at once accepted the honorable position and repaired to Raleigh, where his regiment was stationed in its camp of instruction. He devoted his attention to its discipline with great assiduity, and in the early days of August was ordered into Virginia. The fall and winter of 1861 were spent by him near Evansport, upon the Potomac. He gave his whole time and attention to the perfecting of his regiment in the duties of soldiers. He fully shared in every hardship that was incident to their situation. In this new position Colonel Pettigrew became conspicuous for another characteristic necessary to eminent success in every department, but especially in that of Military life. The men under his command became devotedly attached to him. Their enthusiasm knew no bounds. Their confidence in his administration of the police of the camp was perfect, and their assurance of his gallantry and skill unqualified. He soon felt that he might rely upon his brave men for all that was possible to soldiers, and his attachment to the regiment became marked. Being offered promotion to the rank of Brigadier, he declined it on the ground that it would separate him from his regiment. Some time later in the Spring of 1862, an arrangement was made by which the 12th regiment was included in the brigade that was tendered to him, and he no longer felt any difficulty in accepting the promotion. General Pettigrew shared in the march under General Johnston into the Peninsular, and afterward in the retreat upon Richmond. On the 1st day of June, 1862, in the battle of Seven Pines, he was severely wounded by a ball which passed transversely along the front of his throat and so into the shoulder, cutting the nerves and muscles which strengthen the right arm. This occurred in a charge which he had headed with great gallantry. He was left upon the field for dead, and recovered his consciousness only to find himself in the hands of the enemy. Some weeks later his exchange was effected, and being still an invalid was placed in command at Petersburg. The exigencies of the service having required his regiment to be transferred to another brigade, he found upon his return that it had been placed under the gallant--and now, alas! lamented—General Pender. By degrees a new brigade assembled around General Petti-

grew, and such was his pains in its instruction and such was the desire among the North Carolina soldiers to make part of his command, that by the close of the year he was at the head of a brigade which, in point of quality, numbers and soldierly bearing, was equal to any in the army. He commanded this brigade in repelling the Federal raid into Martin county late in the fall of 1862, and again in General Foster's expedition against Goldsboro in December, 1862, and although the quick dexterity of the enemy in falling back did upon neither occasion afford him and his associates an opportunity of trying conclusions with them, yet upon both occasions the magnificent appearance of Pettigrew's brigade tended greatly to revive the spirit of a community recently overrun by the enemy. He was also with General D. H. Hill during the spring of this year, in his attempt upon Washington in this State; and in the very brilliant affair at Blount's Creek, gave the public a taste of what might be expected from his abilities when untrammeled by the orders of a superior. At the time of General Stoneman's raid on the north of Richmond, General Pettigrew was ordered to the protection of that city, and shortly afterward took position at Hanover Junction. His brigade subsequently made part of the Army of Northern Virginia, and accompanied General Lee into Pennsylvania. At the battle of Gettysburg he was in command of General Heth's division and won many laurels. His division was greatly cut up. The loss of his brigade in killed and wounded was so heavy as to almost destroy its organization. He himself was wounded by a ball which broke one of the bones of his hand. He regarded it so little as not to leave the field. Moving afterward with General Lee to Hagerstown and the Potomac, it devolved upon General Pettigrew, on the night of the 13th and the morning of the 14th of July, to assist in guarding the passage of that part of the army which recrossed at Falling Water. About nine o'clock in the morning of the latter day, having been in the saddle all night, General Pettigrew and other officers had thrown themselves upon the ground for a few moments rest, when a party of Federal cavalry rode into their midst. In the *melee* which ensued General Pettigrew was shot, the ball taking effect in the abdomen and passing through his body. When the enemy had been repulsed he was taken up by his sorrowing soldiers and carried across the river some seven miles into Virginia, along the track of the army. Upon the next day he was carried some fifteen miles

further to the house of Mr. Boyd at Bunker Hill, where he received every attention of which his situation allowed. Upon General Lee's expressing great sorrow for the calamity, he said that his fate was no other than one might reasonably anticipate upon entering the army and that he was perfectly willing to die for his country. To the Reverend Mr. Wilmer he avowed a firm persuasion of the truths of the Christian religion, and that in accordance with his belief he had some years before made preparations for death, adding, that otherwise he would not have entered the army. He lingered until the 17th, and then at twenty-five minutes after six in the morning died, quietly and without pain. The expression of sympathy for his sad fate was universal. Private soldiers from other commands and distant States vied with his own in repeated inquiries after his condition. Upon its way to Raleigh his body was received by the authorities and by the private citizens everywere with all possible respect and attention. On the morning of Friday, the 24th of July, 1863, the coffin wrapped in the flag of the country, and adorned with wreaths of flowers and other tributes of feminine taste and tenderness lay in the rotunda of the Capitol, where, within the year had preceded him his compatriots, Branch and Anderson. Later in the day the State received his loved and honored remains into her bosom.

It was a matter of great gratification to North Carolina when this son, after an absence of a few years, gladly returned to her service. She views his career in arms with a just pride. She will even reckon him among the most precious of her jewels; and will hold him forth as the fittest of all exemplars to the coming generations of her young heroes. Chief among his triumphs will it be reckoned that in the midst of his elevation and of the high hopes which possessed his soul, he so demeaned himself as to secure a place, hallowed by grief, in many an humble heart throughout North Carolina. His name is to be pronounced reverently and with tears by the winter fireside of many a cabin; and curious childhood will beg to have often repeated the rude stories in which soldiers shall celebrate his generosity, his impartiality, his courtesy and daring. It is true that many eyes which flashed with enthusiasm as their favorite urged his gray horse into the thick of the battle, are forever dull upon the fatal hills of Pennsylvania; but this will render his memory only the more dear to the survivors; what of his fame was not theirs originally they will claim to have inherited from the dead around Gettysburg.

If this story has been properly told, little remains to be said by way of comment. A young man of very rare accomplishments and energy, fitted equally for the cloister of the scholar and for the field of battle, has been snatched from our midst. Admirably qualified to be of assistance to the country as a soldier or as a statesman, General Pettigrew has been suddenly removed at the very commencement, as it were, of his career.

"*Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra esse sinerit.*"

Although what he has achieved is sufficient for fame, that which impresses the observer most forcibly is that such vast preparation should in the course of Providence, be defeated of an opportunity for display at all commensurate with what seemed its reasonable requirements. Under the circumstances his death looks like a prodigious waste of material. It adds a striking illustration to that class of subjects which has always been popular in poetry and in morals, whether heathen or Christian. It appears very clearly that the Ruler of all things is under no necessity to employ rare talents and acquirements in the course of His awful administration, but in the crisis of great affairs, can lay aside a Pettigrew with as little concern as any other instrument, even the meanest. Upon some fitting occasion no doubt his friends will see that the public is furnished with a more suitable and detailed account of the preparation he had made to do high service to his generation. It will then be better known that no vulgar career of ambition and no ordinary benefit to his country had presented itself to him as worthy of the aims and endowments of JAMES JOHNSTON PETTIGREW.

The Original Down in Dixie.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

I wish I was in de land of cotton,
Old times dey am not forgotten,
In Dixie land whar I was bawn in
Arly on a frosty mawnin.

Ole missis marry Will, de weaber;
Will he was a gay deceaber;
When he put his arm around her
He looked as fierce as a forty pounder.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat didn't seem a bit to greab 'er;
Will run away, missis took a decline,
Her face was de color ob de bacon rine.

While missis libed she libed in clober,
When she died she died all ober;
How could she act de foolish part,
An' marry a man to broke her heart?

Buckwheat cakes and cawn-meal batter
Make you fat, or little fatter;
Here's a health to de nex' ole missis,
An' all the gals as wants to kiss us.

Now if you want to dribe away sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow;
Den hoe it down and scratch de grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble.

CHORUS.

I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray!
In Dixie land
We'll take our stand
To live and die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down souf in Dixie!
Away, away, away down souf in Dixie!

DANIEL D. EMMETT.

Rev. Dr. James Phillips, Rev. Dr. Elisha Mitchell, once Professors in the University of North Carolina.

We extract from the very interesting works now being published, "Wheeler's Reminiscences of Eminent North Carolinians," the following notices of the distinguished Professors whose names head this column. We expect shortly to publish, in greater detail, sketches of these eminent men, who accomplished by their labors so much good for North Carolina and the South.

Connected with Gov. Swaim and Professor Mitchell of the University was Rev. James Phillips, D. D. He was a native of England, born at Nevenden, Essex County, in 1792. His father was a Minister of the Church of England.

He came to America in 1818, with an elder brother, Samuel A. Phillips, and engaged in the profession of teaching at Harlem, where he had a flourishing school. In 1826 he was appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University of North Carolina, then in his 34th year. For forty years he labored to impress broad and deep the elements of science and knowledge; how faithfully that duty was performed many now alive can testify. As his life was useful so his death was sudden and unexpected. On the morning of the 14th of March, 1867, he set out to the chapel to officiate at morning prayers. The weather was tempestuous; he ventured forth and took his seat behind the reading desk. The first student who entered the chapel after the bell commenced ringing bowed and spoke to him. The salutation not being returned, as was wont, the student advanced toward him and saw him falling from his seat, and soon he was extended on the floor in an apoplectic fit. Doctor Mallett was sent for, but in a few moments life was extinct. Such was the end of this excellent and useful man. He left three children: Rev. Charles Phillips, D. D., Professor in University; Hon. Samuel F. Phillips, Solicitor General of the United States; Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer.

Hon. Samuel Field Phillips, LL. D., son of Professor James Phillips, a sketch of whom we have just presented, was born at Harlem, N. Y., February 18, 1824. He was carefully educated, and graduated at the University in 1841, one of a distinguished class

of which he took the first honors, and in which was Governor John W. Ellis, Judge Wm. J. Clarke, Professor Charles Phillips, John F. Hoke, Robert Strange, and others.

He read law with Governor Swain and entered the profession with most flattering prospects.

He was elected a member of the House of Commons from Orange in 1852, with John Berry, Senator Josiah Turner, B. A. Durham and J. F. Lyon—and this compliment was more appreciable, as the county had presented a formidable majority against the Whig party, to which he belonged. He was again elected in 1854, and 1864, and 1865, at which latter session he was chosen Speaker of the House.*

But politics was not his appropriate sphere, and he retired from its exciting arena to the more germane pursuits of his profession. He removed to Raleigh and formed a law partnership with Hon. A. S. Merrimon. This able firm enjoyed a full share of practice. He was unexpectedly to himself and others, in 1870, nominated by the Republican Convention as Attorney General of the State. Hon. Wm. M. Shipp was elected; this was the subject of no regret to Mr. Phillips, for it left him opportunity to pursue uninterruptedly the practice of his profession. When Judge Settle resigned on the Supreme Court Bench, Mr. Phillips was tendered and declined this high position.

In December, 1871, he was confirmed by the Senate as Solicitor General of the United States, which position he now holds, with credit to himself and confidence to the country.

He married Fanny, the granddaughter of Governor David Stone, by whom he has an interesting family.

Connected with the favorite and laborious portions of the life of Governor Swain, as President of the University, it is but proper to notice Elisha Mitchell, D. D., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology. He was a native of Connecticut, born in 1793. He graduated at Yale college in 1803, in the same class with George E. Badger and Thos. P. Devereux. In 1818, by the influence of Judge Gaston, he was appointed to a Professorship in the University with Professor Olmstead, also a graduate of Yale.

For more than an ordinary lifetime, he served the institution with fidelity and zeal, and his pupils acknowledge to this day his learning and patience. He was not idle in vacations, but extended his surveys and re-

*He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1865; and the Reporter of the Reports of the Supreme Court from 1866 to 1871.

searches in every direction. No stream or mountain, no coal field, or gold, or other mineral mine, escaped his acumen. He was the first to determine by barometic measurement that the Black mountains were higher than the White mountains in New Hampshire, and his name is borne by its loftiest summit. A controversy arose between Dr. Mitchell and Mr. Clingman in regard to this highest peak, and in 1857, Dr. Mitchell again visited that mountain for the purpose of verifying his former measurement. On the 27th June, he dismissed his son Charles, who was his only assistant, and requested him to return on Monday and renew this survey; he said that he would cross the great range and descend into the valley on the other side. He never was seen again alive. His body was found below a precipice, in a pool of water about 14 feet deep, over which he had fallen and in which he had perished.

Maid of Athens, we must part,
I hear your father—I must start;
He's broken of his midnight rest;
Discretion on my part is best:
I'd better flit.

Maid of Athens, ere I go,
Kiss me once, for luck, you know;
Your father's foot is on the stair—
None but the brave deserve the fair—
The gas ain't lit.

Maid of Athens, just once more—
Little ships must hug the shore;
Hark! the dog has broken his chain,
Zounds! I am in hard luck again—
Great Scott! I'm bit.

The Late Judge Battle.

We are indebted to Major W. Wheeler for the following sketch of our late Professor of Law, Hon. Wm. H. Battle, and we take especial pleasure in presenting it to our readers. Judge Battle was long identified with the University and with Chapel Hill, where his memory will be cherished so long as men shall revere an example of great learning, unsullied honor and every Christian virtue united in one character.

The sketch is taken from advance sheets of the work just completed at the time of his death, by our late distinguished and lamented historian, John H. Wheeler. It is now in process of publication by Jos. Shillington, Washington, D. C., and will be of very great and general interest and value.—*Ed's Monthly.*

The Battle family, one of the most numerous and distinguished families of the State, had its origin in this county. Elisha Battle, the progenitor of the family was born in Nansemond county, Virginia, on Jannary 9th, 1723. He moved to Tar River in this county in 1748. About 1764 he joined the Baptists, was chosen deacon, and continued a consistent and zealous member of this denomination until his death. Equally useful was he in the affairs of State, he was elected for twenty years successively to represent this county in the Legislature; he was also a member of the provincial Congress at Halifax, which formed the State Constitution, and a member of the Convention at Hillsboro, to deliberate upon the ratification of the Constitution of the United States. In 1742 he was married to Elizabeth Sumner. In 1799 (March 6th) he died, leaving eight children.

William Ham Battle, late one of the Judges of the Supreme and the Superior Courts of North Carolina, was a native of this county, born October 17th, 1802. He was the son of Joel Battle, and grand son of William, the fifth child of Elisha Battle, just mentioned. His education was received at the University, where he graduated in 1820, delivering the valedictory, then the prize of the scholar second in rank. This was no small distinction among such scholars as Bartholomew F. Moore, Bishop Otey, Charles G. Speight and others of that class. He read law with Judge Henderson and was liscensed to practice in 1824. From his retiring and modest demeanor, his success was but slow and gave but little

promise of future eminence, and for years but few briefs engaged his services. But he persevered and finally attained the highest honors of his profession. This example should certainly afford encouragement to young and briefless lawyers. His time was occupied in constant study and in laying deep and broad his knowledge of the law. He prepared a second edition of the first volume of Haywood's Reports, greatly enhanced in value by the addition of notes showing the changes made in the course of forty years legislation, and new decisions construing the law. This edition was received by the profession with great commendation, and gave Mr. Battle such a reputation that he was appointed by the Governor, with other able jurists, to revise the Statutes of the State. After the labor of three years these "Revised Statutes" were submitted to the Legislature for ratification, and adopted.

Mr. Battle had been associated with Mr. Devereux as reporters of the decisions of the Supreme Court; on the resignaton of his associate in 1839, Mr. Battle become the sole reporter. The fidelity and accuracy with which he discharged the duties of this post won for him the approbation and applause of the profession, on the bench and at the bar, and therefore upon the resignation of Judge Toomer, he was appointed by Governor Dudley, in August, 1840, one of the Judges of the Superior Court, which appointment was confirmed at its next session.

In 1843 he removed to Chapel Hill, and in 1845 was elected by the Trustees of the University, Professor of Law, conferring upon him at the same time the degree of LL. D. On the death of Judge Daniel he was appointed (May 1848) by Governor Graham, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the State, but this appointment was not confirmed by the Legislature, although by the same body, upon the resignation of Hon. Augustus Moore, one of the Judges of the Superior Court, he was elected to fill that vacancy. He held this position for some time. In December, 1852, he was elected by the Legislature one of the Justices of the Supreme Court.

He held this high position until the civil war closed the Courts, and in 1868 he returned to Raleigh. The space allowed for this sketch does not permit any extended comments upon the judicial decisions of Judge Battle. He won by long years of diligence and labor a reputation of the highest order for modest merit, extensive learning, associated with a firm and steady administration of justice.

His moral character was spot-

less, he was a consistent member of the Episcopal Church. His death occured at Chapel Hill, March 14th, 1879. He was married June 1, 1825, to Lucy, second daughter of the late Kept Plummer, a distinguished lawyer of Warrenton. She died Feb.24, '74, loved and appreciated by all who knew her for her accomplishments and virtues. The children of this distinguished couple are Dr. Joel D. (dec'd), Susan C. (dec'd), Kemp Plummer, Dr. Wm. Ham, married to Miss Lindsay, Richard Henry, married to daughter of Judge Thos. S. Ashe, Mary (dec'd), married to William Van Wyck, of New York, Junius, killed at South Mountain 1862, Lewis, killed at Gettysburg, 1863.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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CHAPEL HILL, N. C., JUNE, 1883.

Some of the editors, on account of having to take an active part in the late commencement exercises, have been hindered from doing their editorial work in the proper time; and consequently this number of the MONTHLY has been greatly delayed.

Commencement is over, and now comes vacation! May it be a time full of pleasure and recreation for all connected with the University. May all who have not obtained their sheep skins return next fall with recuperated bodies and vigorous minds, ready to prosecute with energy the next years' work.

With this issue the present editors vacate the editorial sanctum and give place to their successors. Since the MONTHLY has been in our hands we are glad to say that we have started it on the road to permanent success; and we hope and believe that our successors will be able to push it onward to still greater prosperity. In severing our connection with the MONTHLY we bid it farewell with a sincere hope that it may sail triumphantly over the shoals and quicksands of financial and all other difficulties, and ride gallantly into the harbor of permanent success.

Let every man do his utmost to take back with him in the fall at least one Freshman.

THE FAREWELL OF THE CLASS OF '83.

This life is like a voyage over the ocean of time. The ship in which we sail over this ocean is the Ship of Change. This ship is propelled by the shifting winds of ever-changing circumstances. It often happens in the voyage of life that the wind of circumstances permits our ship to cast anchor for awhile on some one of the beautiful and happy islands which we find here and there in the ocean of Time. On these pleasant islands of few changes, hearts are knit together by fond ties of asso-

ciations, interwoven with tender bonds of friendship and love. College life is one of these happy islands at which the Ship of Change drops anchor and permits us to form a myriad of fond associations and friendships. But it seldom happens that the gale of circumstances permits our ship to rest at this pleasant island longer than four years. At the end of this happy period we must again go aboard the Ship of Change, and be borne by the winding tide of circumstances into widely separated localities. Then arrives the time at which the heart-tendrils of acquaintance and friendship which have been strngthe ning and deepening for four years must be burst asunder and our hearts left wounded, sad and bleeding. Such is the present condition of the class of '83. Commencement is over, and we have just sundered more of the fondest connections we have ever formed. We take this occasion to bid our cherished alma mater and its beloved and highly honored president and each of the highly respected and loved professors and their pleasant families a kind farwell.

In our opinion the University of North Carolina is situated on one of the most beautiful spots on the surface of our globe. At this season of the year majestic oaks, clothed in nature's dress of beautiful green leaves, wave with kingly splendor over the campus soil, which is covered with a beautiful, smooth carpet of silky, green grass. This beautiful, verdant carpet of nature's make is continuous, except where it is interrupted by the college walks which intersect each other in symmetrically arranged quadrangles and triangles throughout the campus. These delightful walks are bordered here and there on either side by shrubbery and beautiful flowers, which delight, with their pleasant nectar, the happy rambler as he saunters, enchanted, along these pleasant avenues which lead to the various points of interest throughout this highly delightful scene. To these classic shades and this enchanted and pleasant scene, with its hallowed associations, the class of '83 bids a tender farewell.

To venerable and majestic buildings which have been the training-place of North Carolina's most gigantic intellects–the training-place of men who have honored the judiciary, graced the pulpit, and shined brilliantly at the bar, and filled the highest office of honor and trust within the gift of the citizens of this grand Republic—men of whom North Carolina is justly proud—to you, with your venerable and revered associations, we also say farewell, with a sincere desire that

your walls may always be filled with North Carolina's young men preparing themselves to lead the Old North State triumphantly into the foremost ranks of the sisterhood of States in their grand onward march to a higher state of civilization.

To the Society Halls in which we have had many an intellectual combat, in which we have practiced intellectual gymnastics and, thereby had the faculties of mind expanded, strengthened and sharpened, in which we have formed strong ties of friendship and brotherly regard. To you, and your sacred memories, we bid a long farwell, with a sincere hope that if possible the hideous monster, party-spirit, may be expelled from your hallowed walls, and in its place be substituted a determination to win and bestow honor according to the standard of merit and persevering effort, without regard to party connection or the opinions of would-be party leaders. Extravagant party spirit in literary societies is the worst of enemies, not only to society morals, but also to college work, hence, happy would be the consummation if this spirit could die and be buried forever under the clods of oblivion. It is also the cause of a great deal of ill-feeling between fellow-members of the same society, all of which is subversive of the very ends for which the Societies were instituted. Hence this is another reason why this spirit should, by all possible means be stiffled, repressed and controlled. With an earnest desire that this may be done we bid you farewell.

To the libraries and to the recitation rooms around whose very benches cluster a myriad of tender memories and long-to-be-remembered associations, we also bid a long farewell, farewell!

We take this opportunity to offer to the villagers of Chapel Hill our thanks, for their kind, courteous treatment during our four year's stay in this University. Now, as our connections are severing, we bid you farewell and leave you with our best wishes.

To valleys and hills about Chapel Hill over which we have taken many a pleasant stroll along paths which lead over rippling rills and along the cool, shady course of winding brooks—how lonely it all seems now, as the last step is taken and we come to say farewell!

We part with our alma mater impressed with the belief that her fortunes and interests are presided over by a man well worthy of the high and honorable position he holds, a man in whose breast throbs as kind and as noble a heart as ever throbed in human breast. We feel sure that our best wishes for the success and

progress of the grand old University are certain of realization, because her interests are intrusted to so noble a man, helped by so worthy a corps of associates. We take this occasion to thank the members of the Faculty for the able, faithful and skillful manner in which you have expounded to us not only the books of the curriculum, but many more evinced from your own brains. . We thank you for that zealous care which you have ever taken in our welfare, and for that forbearance and love which excuses a multitude of college sins. We part with you with regret, but hope to gladden you in future years by achievments worthy of the Faculty of the University. It is hard to tell now where the tide of circumstances may drift our boats as we sail out on the sea of life, but of this be assured, that wherever we are, we are staunch friends of the University, and ready to the utmost of our ability to help onward the grand work of educating the sons of North Carolina.

Having told all the rest goodbye, we now come to our fellow-students whom we leave behind. We part with you like elder brothers leaving the old home; we go with tender memories and hearts that ache. The tie that binds us is second only to that of the family, and the interest in each other's welfare can never end while honor lasts. You have warm hearts and noble impulses, and may justly aspire to high things. The golden hopes from homes that are, and homes that may be, now clustering around you, may be more than realized in the real, living future. Keep your ranks unbroken, and strike for victory's richest wreath. If the way seems long, turn not aside where the mediocre vegetate and the ignoble die; if the work is hard, remember that fibre and muscle are demanded for the work beyond; if finances fail, live upon a crust and win the prize; if coveted employments are offered, let them go, or await your time; if beauty burns the heart, remember that beauty slowly fades and patiently awaits its hero. Be true to yourselves, the Unversity and the Lord Jehovah. We bid you farewell now, but not many years hence hope to meet you in the world of work. Farewell! Farewell!

1883

COLLEGE RECORD.

For weeks and weeks the whole College, from the President down to the Freshman, has been counting the days to Commencement and anxiously awaiting its arrival. Every heart was lightened after the terrors of the examinations were passed, but cheer was added to a light heart by a much needed rain (that layed the dust and cooled the atmosphere) that fell on Saturday night.

Monday was spent by all as a day of rest, all except the marshals and the ball managers, who were busily making preparations for the exercises and festivities that were soon to come off. As they hurried to and fro, ordering this, attending to that, they seemed to be some Mercuries—without wings—weighted with the solemn mandates of awe-inspiring Jove. With the arrival of Kissnich's band from Richmond, on Tuesday, Commencement proper came. Even the hard student, who had been reading after he laid aside his text-books for the vacation, clings no longer to his book, but comes out of his room and joins the crowd to listen to the grand tunes of "Dixie" and "The Old North State." All now realize that the long-looked-for, long-hoped-for Commencement is here at last, because the band has come, and what is a Commencement without a band?

On Tuesday night each Society held its meeting, and the Alumni cracked their jokes and gave their usual dose of advice, and good advice too, to the members. The jokes will be remembered long after the advice is forgotten; for any one can give good advice, but to be really witty, really humorous, is not given to every one.

Wednesday opened cloudless and warm. The first thing on the programme for this day was the address before the two literary societies. Hon. H. Manning, L.L. D., Chief Justice of La., was the chosen speaker. Mr. H. H. Williams in a few chaste and appropriate remarks introduced him. Mr. Manning is a man of very fine physique. He looks a little older and somewhat stouter than his portrait over the President's chair in the Philanthropic Hall. He commenced his speech by thanking his introducer for the eulogies that he had lavished upon him, and then proceeded to the discussion of his topic. His theme was the need of moral reform in politics. To give even an abstract of what he said is needless. It is enough to say that the oration was polished, logical and classical, containing much sound coun-

sel and advice not only for the school boy, but for the old man—for every one in every sphere in life. Having much depth, abounding in striking truths, the speech was well worthy of the brain from which it emanated.

After dinner the people came together to hear the Baccalaureate sermon delivered to the Senior Class. Rev. A. D. Hepburn, D.D. L.L. D., President of Davidson College, was the preacher. He took his text from the 1st Epistle of John, 2nd chapter, 14th verse, and delivered a sermon that fully came up to the great expectations that were formed of him.

On Wednesday night, though, was *the* occasion of the whole Commencement, for the Representatives from each Society contended for a medal offered to the best speaker. Everybody seemed more interested in this than any other thing. The wit and beauty of the village and surrounding towns were assembled. The Chapel was filled to overflowing. Bouquets were seen everywhere that were brought by fair hands and loving hearts for the favored Rep's.

J. R. Herring, Jr., was the first speaker. He spoke of "The Mission of the Jews in Europe." He spoke with fire and energy, and told in a fascinating manner of the wrongs and woes of the persecuted Jew.

J. A. Bryan's subject was "The Benefits of Organized Charity." He told of the rise and gradual growth of charitable institutions, and of the many woes of humanity mitigated by them. He entered into his speech with spirit and did well.

J. C. Slocumb discoursed on "The Destiny of the Indians." He spoke of the slow but sure extinction of the poor Red Man, became quite enthusiastic in the description of his inevitable ruin, and enlisted the sympathy of the audience for his fate.

"The Perils of Infidelity" was the subject upon which J. B. Hawes dilated. Mr. Hawes spoke of the different ways by which infidelity has tried and is trying to undermine Christianity. His delivery was impressive. He made a vigorous defence of Christianity as the bulwark of civilization, and grew very eloquent over the evils that would arise from the suprememacy of infidelity.

W. T. Dortch made an effective speech on "The Rebound of Extremes in Public Sentiment." He extolled moderation in our views, and condemned intolerant and violent opinions. He cited many instances from history to strengthen the position he had taken.

Z. B. Walser spoke on "Shall the Land of Washington Survive?" He pointed out the strong pillars upon which our government is

founded, and did not agree with the down-hearted that our government is destined to rapid decay and ruin.

Thursday was the last day of Commencement Week—the big Commencement Day. Many of the country people date all their doings from this day. Early in the day the Chapel was crowded and remained so during the exercises. The marshals tell us that there were more country people and visitors to this Commencement than to the last one. By the by, while we are quoting the marshals, we might as well say what we think about them—that they attended to all their trying duties with such courtesy and skill as to merit the applause of all. The graduating class spoke on this day. The Seniors spoke in the following order—their subjects being opposite their names.

H. H. Williams: "England's Middle Class." He said that when the other nations were in anarchy England was surely and slowly imbibing the principles of representative government—that the middle classes were emphatically the factors of English growth. He gave a fine description of the Puritans. He said that Puritan fanaticism was necessary to grapple with Catholicism—that freedom, courage and philanthropy sprang from the middle classes—that the triumph of the middle class was the triumph of reform—that the middle class was the patron saint of law, order and enlightenment.

C. U. Hill: "Influence of the Crusades on Modern Civilization." He said that the era of the Crusades was an exceedingly interesting one. He described the condition of the nations at the Crusades, and told of the many reforms that were the outgrowth of the Crusades.

Preston Stamps: "The Final Verdict on the Character of the Regulators." He gave a vivid description of the first time Americans fought in battle against the representatives of the Crown of England—defended the Regulators—gave them equal honor with the patriots of the Revolution—said that their resistance was the first utterance that grew at last to the grand remonstrance of '76.

I. T. Turlington: "The Immoral Influence of Our Literature." He told of the many benefits of good literature, but condemned the evils of a corrupt literature quite severely—did not wink at immorality even in Shakespeare and Byron—declaimed against the modern "woman" novel.

Thomas Radcliffe: "The Ideals of the Great Civilizations." He said that all nations have had some ideals which they have fondly pursued—mentioned the

ideals of the Greek, the Roman, the Monk, and the Knight, that represent four great civilizations, and asked what is the ideal in America.

C. L. Riddle: "The Priceless Heritage of our English Blood." He related the circumstances of the formation of the English race from Norman, Celt and Saxon—claimed that the English has reached the greatest height of any nation—favored immigration from every shore—said that the old blood still could be kept pure—contended that our minds are not so strong as our fathers' of yore were.

N. F. Heitman: "Liberty and Law in North Carolina." He said that there were two great tyrants in North Carolina—Ignorance and Intemperance—showed a difference between license and true liberty—said that license should be contracted and law expanded—pitched into anti-prohibition—plead for compulsory education.

J. T. Strayhorn: "A Patriot's Hope." He discussed the labor question—spoke against oppressive wealth—took the side of the laborer—is a happy speaker and tells the laborer's story with fervor and eloquence.

Several Seniors were excused from speaking by the Faculty.

The Report of the Secretary, showing the grades of the students in the different schools, was read by Prof. Winston.

Gov. Jarvis delivered the diplomas to the graduating class. In his address he said that a new and larger chapel, he hoped, would be built before the next commencement. This should be done by all means, as our present chapel is not near large enough. One of the noticeable features in the delivery of the diplomas was that the degree of A. M. was conferred for the first time since 1875, to a man, Mr. Horace Williams, of Gates county, who had worked for it. The Bibles were delivered to the graduating class with a few appropriate remarks from Dr. Hepburn.

The following honorary degrees were conferred:

Doctor of Laws—Hon. John Manning, Prof. H. E. Sheppard, Hon. A. M. Shipp, Rabbi S. Mendelsohn.

Doctor of Divinity—Rev. J. E. C. Smedes.

Master of Arts—Hon. Alexander Graham.

The medals and prizes were awarded as follows:

The Chemistry medal to J. L. Love.

The prize in Moral Science to N. F. Heitman.

The Mathematical prize to E. D. Monroe.

The Greek medal for highest

scholarship was awarded to B. C. McIver and S. C. Weill.

The Greek medal for the best advancement was awarded to W. H. McNeill.

The Representative medal was awarded to N. F. Heitman.

The Medical prize was awarded to J. C. Perry.

Dr. Hepburn dismissed the assembly with the benediction, and the audience filed out into the lovely campus to talk of business, the events of the day, the Commencement exercises, and of love —mostly love. The next morning we wandered sadly and listlessly into the old Chapel, the scene so recently of bustle, joy and confusion, and upon looking around us we espied on the floor a crushed rose, a torn fragment of tarlatan, a piece of ribbon, and that was all—for the commencement of 1883 had gone!

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The lamp of genius though by nature lit,
If not pruned, protected and fed with care,
Soon dies or runs to waste with fitful glare."
—WILCOX.

The Cornell *Daily Sun* sheds its rays upon our table as usual.

The *Trinity Magazine* is before us. We congratulate the editors upon the improvement they have made upon it. It now consists of 35 pages of good reading matter; and its outward appearance is splendid. To say the least, it reflects credit upon the institution which it represents.

Mr. A. J. Garriss, of Hertford county, and a student of this College, was the successful competitor among the applicants for the appointment to West Point from the First Congressional District. —*Wake Forest Student.*

Now, we are willing that Wake Forest shall have all the honors that belong to her students; but we know beyond a shadow of doubt that Mr. John James, of Pitt county, a student of this institution was the successful applicant for the above named po sition Mr. James is a member of the preparatory class; while (rumor says) Mr. Garriss had attained the dignity of a Senior at Wake Forest. We do not deny that the last named gentleman was among the number of *competitors*.

The *Student* will please correct the mistake.

At Home and Abroad continues to make its appearance. This journal is always replete with excellent reading matter.

Among the noticeable articles in the April number was one entitled "Cotton Is Not King." It contains many suggestions which might be of great value to the agricultural class of North Carolina. We deem further comment not necessary.

We have lately received Vol. 1, No. 1 of the *North Carolia Teacher*, a monthly magazine devoted to progressive education in North Carolina. The Old North State has long felt the need of just such a journal. It presents a neat appearance and contains forty pages of excellent reading matter. We heartily recommend it to all the teachers of the State.

It is published by Alfred Williams & Co., of Raleigh, at $1.00 per year.

Hon. Robt. P. Dick's Sunday Afternoon Lectures before the Greensboro Law School, on Hebrew Poetry, are excellent.

Thanks to him for sixteen of them in pamphlet form.

Each class of the Ohio State University is well organized. We admire this plan.

The *Lantern* claims that it has done much to keep alive the interest in college doings. So much has it created a spirit of rivalry that the Fresh of that institution have challenged the Sophs to a literary contest.

The Virginia University *Magazine* is one of our best exchanges.

We are inclined to be compasionate upon second rate College Magazines, as long as they keep within their own sphere; but when we see one whose Editorial Staff seems void of the calibre necessary to keep within the bounds of consistency, we cannot desist from exposing it.

The Jan. number of the *Occident* says: "We have looked over the contents of the UNIVERSITY MONTHLY from North Carolina, and close the Magazine very much disappointed. The *outside* looks *first rate*, but the matter is hardly commendable, &c. A later number of the same *sheet* refers to it as the Monthly with the *yellow*, *dirty back*, and tries to "craw fish" out of the first statement by saying that they referred to the *University Monthly* of Mississippi. Reader, draw your own conclusions.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Mayworth College in Ireland, is the largest ecclesiastical college in the world. It now has more than 500 students, candidates for the priesthood.

Inducements are not wanting at Brown University. The student who passes the best entrance examination is presented with $3000.

Bowdoin College has furnished to the nation a President, 22 Senators and Representatives in Congress, 14 Judges of High Courts, 9 Governors of States, 18 College Presidents, a Longfellow, a Hawthorne and a S. S. Prentis.—*Ex.*

Ohio has just the same number of Universities as France and Germany together.—*Ex.*

The Legislature of the State of Ohio lately made an appropriation of $21,000 to the State University.

We feel no delicacy in predicting that, so soon as our Legislature realizes fully what great work this institution is doing, it will follow the example of its northern sister.

Prof.'s motto: "*Veni, vidi, flunki.*"

At Rutgers they are clamoring for cushions on the chapel seats.

Last year Lafayette College received $44,400 and expended $43,380.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology has the finest laboratory in the world.

The Canadian Universities are seeking to obtain representation in the Dominion Parliament.

There is talk of changing the course at Harvard from four to three years.—*Ex.*

The total number of students in German Universities is put down at twenty-four thousand, of whom twelve per cent. propose to take orders in the Protestant, and three per cent. in the Catholic Church. Forty per cent. belong to the Faculty of Philosophy, next comes Jurisprudence; but the favorite study of all is medicine.—*Cornell Sun.*

The University of California has about forty instructors.

The University of Virginia has lately received an endowment of about $12,500.

The Johns Hopkins University conducts five journals, devoted to original investigations in various fields.

In 1830 there were only 4,021 College students in the United States; now there are 62,425.

Princeton has received upwards of $25,500,000 since Dr. McCosh took charge. Dr. Musgrave recently gave $80,000.—*Ex.*

A $60,000 chemical laboratory will be one of the latest improvements of Yale College.

Wise and Otherwise.

Sir William Thompson follows Dr. Thomas Reid in ascribing to man six senses instead of five, namely: the sense of fora, of heat, of sound, of light, of taste and of smell.

After a Miss has celebrated one score and a half of birth-days her age becomes a profound mistery.

Why do girls kiss each other while boys do not? Because the girls have nothing better to kiss —the boys have. CADET.

An eminent linguist on his death-bed, regretted that he had not in his life-work confined his study exclusively to the dative case. Some of our boys are taking advantage of his experience, and are strictly confining their attention to the feminine gender.—*Adelphian.*

Recent observations show that some parts of Greenland are slowly but steadily sinking. On the other hand, there are evidences that the lands of Norway and Sweden are steadily rising.

"As the British Constitution is the most suitable organism that has proceeded from progressive history, so the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

Ivy will not cling to a poisonous tree or other substance. What a pity the tendrils of a woman's heart have not the same wholesome and salutary instinct.

He—"I wish you were an opportunity." She—"why!" He—"Because I've been told to embrace every opportunity."—OLIO.

Erection of buildings at night by means of electric light is becoming quite a common thing all over the country.

Over 100 graduates from other Colleges are in attendence upon the present session of Johns Hopkins University.

Every man's roof covers a little corner of a paradise, unless he has a scolding wife, in which case the climate changes.

PERSONAL.

Spring poetry in abundance.

Photographer on the Hill. "Secure the shadow 'ere the substance fade."

Cram thou, for the day of examinations is at hand.

Tuck will play the *role* of masher during the Normal School. Beware, Tuck, or some of those coy school-ma'ams of *just eighteen* (?) will prove too much for you.

The "Invalid" seems to be very weak during recitation hours; but we notice the dinner bell possesses the same attractions for him as of yore. Who is it, Clem?

The dam has been washed away; and now disconsolate "Jording," sitting on the little creek waiting for a nibble, dreams of the happy days, when plenty of perch and "shiners" made glad the angler's heart.

Commencement moustaches are all the rage; and many, who have been carefully shaving all the session, now anxiously await the appearance of the "darling moustache."

The local Gas Club meets every evening, just after supper on the front steps, West entrance of the South Building.

The Prof. of mathematics has a summary way of dealing with inattentive students. When he notices any one disposed to create a disturbance, he suspends the exercises and orders him personally to stop his disturbance or leave the class-room. As a result, he has remarkably good order.

"Necessity" made his maiden speech in the Moot Court a few nights since. Although his knees shook a little at the outset, yet he made a brilliant speech, and we predict for him a bright legal career, notwithstanding the adage that "Necessity knows no law."

The many friends of Mr. W. Fred. Brodnax regret to know that he will not be with us again next session. He will enter the machine-shops at Laurel, Md.

One of our Professors is very much given to using circumlocutions. On a recent occasion, when the Fresh Class indulged in a little applause, he requested all those who could not restrain their *kicking* and *braying* propensities to leave the class-room.

The following compliment from a high source was recently paid a distinguished graduate of the University. The *Virginia University Magazine*, commenting on an address recently delivered at that Institution by Maj. Robert

Bingham, says: "We have heard most of the talent of this State at the bar, in politics, and in the pulpit, but we know of no instance where the speaker impressed himself more deeply on his audience. The distinctive feature of the address was its great practical value and interest, and the way in which the speaker drove home into the hearts and minds of his auditors his thoughts, by a graphic and vigorous manner of illustration, has never been surpassed in the experience of the writer."

The recent Faculty decisions with regard to "making up" studies have given a decided impulse to cramming. Delinquents seem to realize the fact that if they fall now, they are *gone*.

Six hours a week in the Botany Laboratory, with examinations so near, is right hard on some of us; but Prof. Holmes, by his careful instruction, renders it not only instructive but very interesting.

"Skid" and a cigarette are one and inseparable·

We are sorry to learn that Mr. W. T. Dortch is not coming back next session. The University loses one of its most popular students, and the Phi. Society one of its most efficient members.

Dr. Mangum pays the present Junior Rhetoric Class quite a compliment. He says it is the best class since the reorganization of the University. This is but the natural result of the Dr.'s intense zeal in his department; for he not only gives a full exposition of the text, but enforces it by lively illustration and close questioning.

For reasons unknown to us, Mr. T. B. Cherry, who was one of our Marshals for Commencement has been suddenly called home. The vacancy was filled by the election of Mr. W. L. Norris, who will doubtless perform his duties with credit to himself and satisfaction to his friends.

W. F. Lewis is an applicant for the appointment as cadet in the United States Naval Academy.

Laz. was a witness in a recent case of assault and battery, tried before the village Justice. He acquitted himself well.

Betsey has dissolved partnership with Fennell, and now stars as belle of the first floor.

Prof.—"What was Milton's masterpiece ?"

Fresh.—"The Psalm of Life." In extenuation of this, however, the Fresh says that he is not an aspirant for literary distinction.

Messrs. Sam. Osborne, McGeehee and several others will remain during the Normal. We predict many mashes.

We learn that Lydia Pinkham is dead. Peace to her ashes, and a rest on that picture.

We fear that the D. C. is no more. Let's have a reunion boys.

The "Avenging Furies" are on the war-path. Look out, ye luckless victims.

Hardest examinations ever known since the reorganization. It is impossible to get through without a thorough knowledge of the subject.

Locke Craige, '80, a promising lawyer of Bertie county, is on the Hill.

James S. Manning, '79, is practicing law in Durham. We notice some excellent letters by him on "Graded Schools," and "The University."

Jas. Cole Taylor, '77, is the trusted chemist and business man of a mining company near Charlotte, N. C.

W. B. Phillips, '77, is the chemist of the ———Guano Company, near Wilmington. Recently, when the barge which carries him to his daily work, was sunk, Phillips, with true University pluck, swam out and proceeded to his sweet-scented labors.

F. B. Dancy and H. B. Battle, '81, are employed in the North Carolina Experiment Station.

Rev. Robert T. Bryan, '82, is a student at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.

Frank L. Cline, '81, is a promising lawyer of Hickory.

Geo. W. Whitsett, '82, has just returned from a medical college in Baltimore.

David S. Kennedy, of the same class, has a flourishing school at Magnolia.

We welcome two others of the same class, A. W. Allen, Principal of an Academy in Pitt county, and F. N. Skinner, Principal of the Bethel Academy, Lenoir co.

Richard B. Henderson, '79, is studying medicine in Baltimore, Md.

W. P. Cline, '78, is teaching in the Catawba High School at Newton. He is in a flourishing school and has a flourishing baby—its name is *Kemp*.

Robert E. Caldwell, '78, is a Presbyterian minister in Guilford.

Joseph C. Dowd, '80, is in business in Tarboro. He is also president of the Y. M. C. A., a position to which he did not aspire while with us, as legend hath it.

Thomas H. Battle, '80, is State's Attorney of the Superior Court of Edgecombe.

Julian M. Baker, M. D., '77, is a very successful physician of Tarboro.

Robt. L. Payne, optional, '76, another disciple of Æsculapius, has achieved great success in his profession at Lexington, N. C. University boys always come to the front.

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REMINISCENCES OF N. C.

We have been informed that Mr. Joseph Shillington, the veteran Bookseller and Stationer of Washington City, will publish the manuscript upon which Col. Wheeler spent so many hours—days—years, under the above title. The manuscript is very voluminous, and arranged in Counties, as was the History of North Carolina, published in 1851, by Colonel Wheeler. By those who have gone into it, we are informed that it bears all the evidences of research, industry and accuracy for which the lamented Author was noted. The prospectus shows that the work will be issued in sections of about 100 pages each, four (4) sections in all and the pages will be quarto size. The edition will be limited to the actual subscription lists. A copy of this prospectus has been forwarded to each Clerk of the Superior Courts, and nearly every Postmaster in the State, who, we believe, will forward all orders, if requested.

Mr. Shillington deserves to be patronized by all interested in North Carolina history, and we bespeak for him a prompt and ample subscription list.